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VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES:

Old Halls, Battle Fields,

AND

SCENES ILLUSTRATIVE OF STRIKING PASSAGES

IN HISTORY AND POETRY:

CHIEFLY IN THE COUNTIES OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND," "BOY'S COUNTRY BOOK," ETC.

SECOND SERIES

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CHEVY-CHASE.

WITH UPWARDS OF FORTY HIGHLY FINISHED WOOD-CUTS FROM DRAWINGS MADE ON THE SPOT FOR THIS WORK, BY MESSRS. CARMICHAEL, RICHARDSONS, AND TAYLOR.

M M. h. 30

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great success of the former volume of Visits has justified all my expectations, and incited me to fulfil my pledge, in that case, to continue the work. There are still many glorious views and subjects in England, to some of which we may yet devote another volume or two, if the public continues to express the same gratification in the prosecution of this object. In the first volume I gave a miscellaneous collection of visits, with the purpose of rather shewing the variety of matter which the field offered, than of indicating the general plan to be pursued in occupying it. I have now taken one particular portion of the kingdom as the subject of the present volume; a portion which seemed to me too rich in scenery and legend—in poetry and manners—in history and historic sites—not to fill a volume with the most interesting matter. Northumberland and Durham,—with all their Border fame—with their battles and their ballads,—are the very strongholds and native ground of English popular poetry and romance. The Douglas and the Percy—Chevy-Chase and Otterburne—are names which not only stirred the heart of Sir Philip Sidney, but are charmed sounds in the souls of us all, in our youngest and most imaginative years.

There were, says Leland in his time, more castles than churches in these counties, in order to defend this kingdom from the Scot; and though these castles now, for the most part, stand solitary monuments of past ages and conditions of things, yet around them still linger the fame of heroic deeds, and the twilight melancholy of once absorbing woes.

Travellers, passing generally along the eastern portion of these counties on the Great North Road, and diverging little to the right or left, take up a very natural, but a very erroneous idea, that it is all a flat and scantily diversified district. They have no conception of the lovely scenes that lie all around them, as they hurry along, and gaze only on great corn-fields. If they went westward they would find mountains and dales wild enough in all conscience; but, to the very eastern sea, there lie hidden from the passing eye the most delicious and fairyland valleys. This is one of the great features of all this northern tract, that its rivers wind through the most charming scenery of the kind that the kingdom can boast. The Tees, the Coquet, the Wear, the Aln, the Wansbeck, the Tyne, the Tweed—what lovely scenes do they run through! What fine old castles and towers still rise on their banks;—what beautiful ruins of abbeys and convents nestle in their hanging woods! These rivers seem to have been especially empowered to take fine circular sweeps and reaches, between high, sloping, rocky and wooded banks, which formerly afforded the picturesque eye of the anchoret and the monk the most alluring situations, and now equally surprise and delight the lover of nature.

In order to do justice to these scenes, and to the famous castles and old historic towers that lie amongst them, and at the same time to evince my sense of the popular favour shewn to me, I have engaged at a much increased expense, artists of high reputation, who are natives of, or have been long residents in these counties, and are full of enthusiasm for their natural beauties and ancient fame. The Designs for this volume, made by the Messrs. Richardson, and Mr. Carmichael, of Newcastle, with one or two by Mr. Weld Taylor, of the family of Mitford of Mitford, will, I trust, be found to give an attractive idea of the scenes they represent; for than these artists no men can be more familiar with them, nor more anxious to do them justice. The Drawings have been transferred to the Wood by Mr. G. F. Sargent.

Whatever verbal or typographic inaccuracies may occur, the reader will excuse, from the circumstance of the volume having been printed during my absence abroad.

W. H.

Heidelberg, September 1, 1841.

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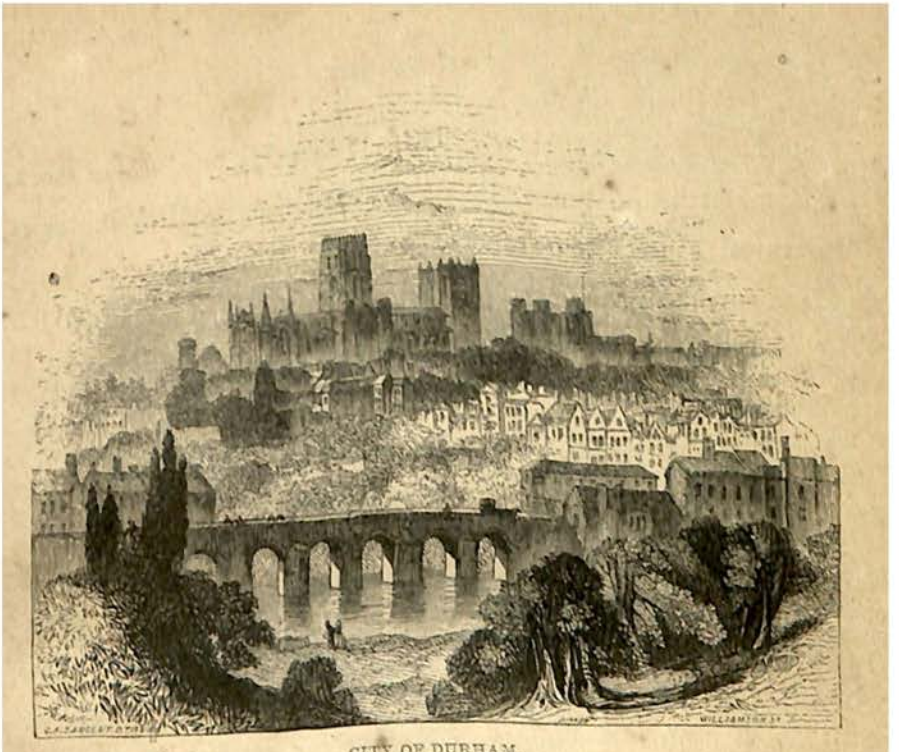


CITY OF DURHAM.

VISIT TO THE CITY OF DURHAM.

THERE are few cities in our noble island which are qualified to command a deeper interest in the English heart than Durham. It is at once striking to the eye and to the mind. It is boldly and beautifully situated. A cloud of historical associations hovers over it, like a perpetual canopy. Legend, ballad-song, and faithful story of mighty events surround it. A twilight of antiquity, as it were, seems to linger there. Time, indeed, has passed on with its incidents, but does not seem to have removed so far off as from most of our busy and growing towns. The taste and the fashion of the past, still lie fresh on the senses. The memory, and every thing which keeps alive the memory of

other times, are still there. There is this characteristic of most of our cathedral towns, that they have changed less in their outward aspect than others; and you would imagine that Durham had not changed at all. As we remarked of Winchester, it has grown, not in bulk, but in a grey and venerable dignity. The ancient cathedral, the ancient castle, the ancient houses, all are there. The narrow and winding streets, nobody has presumed to alter them; the up-hill and the down-hill, no one has presumed to level them. The very bridges, built by Flambard and Pudsey, upwards of six and seven hundred years ago, are still there. A stillness, full of the past, reigns around you; and while I write this in my inn, the solemn tones of the organ from the ancient minster-choir, on its distant hill, remind me that the daily worship of many ages is still going on there, and that the waves of stately music find in the city no bustle and thunder of a mighty multitude to obstruct them, but flow audibly, and as with a deep murmur of many long-enduring thoughts, over the whole.

Whichever way you approach Durham, you are first struck with the great central tower of the cathedral peeping over the hills that envelope the city. It looks colossal, massy, and silent. Anon you lose sight of it; but again you mark it, solemnly breasting the green heights, like some Titan watcher, and it well prepares the mind for the view of the whole great pile, which presently opens upon you. Every traveller must be sensibly impressed with the bold beauty of Durham in the first view. As he emerges from some defile in those hills which,

farther off, hid from him all but that one great tower, he sees before him a wide, open valley, in the centre of which a fine mount stands crowned with the ancient clustered houses of Durham; the turrets and battlements of its old and now-restored castle rising above them; and again, above all, soaring high into the air, the noble towers and pinnacles of its Norman minster. Around recede in manifold forms, the higher hills, as if intended by nature to give at once beauty and retirement to this splendid seat of ancient religion. From various points of these hills, the city looks quite magnificent. The old town, with its red roofs, runs along the ridges of the lower hills, and these higher ones are thrown into knolls and dells, with their green crofts and wooded clumps and lines of trees. The whole surrounding scenery, in fact, is beautiful. My visit there was in the middle of May. The grass had a delicious freshness to the eye; the foliage of the trees was of spring's most delicate green; and the bluebells and primroses, which the hot weather in April had entirely, a month before, withered up in the south, were there in abundance in all their dewy and fragrant beauty. Through all the finer seasons of the year, however, the environs of Durham are delightful. I have passed through it when the haymakers were busy in those hilly crofts,—when fragrant cocks of new hay, the green turf, which became every moment visible beneath the rakes and forks of merry people, and the sun shining brightly over the old buildings of the city, and the tall trees that quivered their green leaves in many a fair slope, made me think that I had rarely witnessed a more charming

scene. What adds vastly to the pleasántness of these environs is that they are so accessible. Unlike the condition of many a beautiful neighbourhood in many a part of England, where you may peep into paradise, but may not enter; here almost wherever the allurements of the scene draw you, you may follow. Footpaths in all imaginable directions strike across these lovely crofts. You may climb hills, descend into woody dells, follow the course of a little stream, as its bright waters and flowery banks attract you, and never find yourselves out of the way. In all directions, as lines radiating from a centre, deep old lanes stretch off from the city, along which you may wander, hidden from view of every thing but the high bosky banks, and overhanging trees, and intervening sky. Other lanes, as deep, and as sweetly rustic and secluded, wind away right and left, leading you to some peep of antiquated cottage, or old mill, or glance over hollow glades to far-off hills, and ever and anon bringing you out on the heights to a fresh and striking view of that clustered city, its castled turrets, and majestic cathedral. It would seem as if the amenities of this sweet neighbourhood had from earliest times been fully felt, and that the jealousies and restrictions of property had here never dreamed of hedging the public out from them.

It is, however, when you enter the city, that you become still more sensible of this agreeable fact, and of the noble features of the place. Dr. Johnson, in passing through Durham on his way to the north, wrote that Mr. Thrale had told him to take particular notice of Durham, but that for his part he could

see little in it worth notice, adding with a solemn simplicity which must now create a smile—"The Bishop's Palace has the appearance of an old feudal castle (it *was one* actually!) built upon an eminence, and looking down upon the river, over which was formerly thrown a drawbridge (really!), as I suppose to be raised at night, lest the Scots should pass it. (How profound a thought!) The cathedral has a massiness and solidity such as I have seen in no other place. It rather awes than pleases, as it strikes with a kind of gigantic dignity, *and aspires to no other praise* than that of rocky solidity and indeterminate duration."

So spoke the great oracle of his age, who carried a tolerable share of "massiness and solidity" about with him in his own person, and therefore had a kindred feeling with those qualities; but when he felt the *awe* which the noble pile inspired, how near was he stumbling on the perception of its stern beauty! So far as the mere internal aspect of the city is concerned, the surly old Lexicographer was right enough. You would imagine that nothing had been done to it since the days of Anthony Bek. When you call to mind the immense wealth which for ages has been possessed by this see, and that Durham was long not merely the seat of a bishop, but the capital of a palatine princedom, one wonders how it can have been possible to expend so little on its general improvement and adornment. But in all that nature has done, and in much that art and taste have done here, the learned Doctor made a grand mistake. The situation of the city is extraordinarily fine. The river Wear,

which has the beautiful propensity to take the most splendid sweeps, here has executed one of its most magnificent ones. It flows in a noble circle round the hill on which the city stands, enclosing it in what wants little of being a perfect island. It not only does this, but it flows too between sloping banks of at least forty feet in height; and here taste and public spirit have seconded the beneficence of nature, so as to produce the most delightful effect. These banks are clothed with hanging woods of the tallest and most noble trees, amongst which the ash and sycamore present themselves of a grand magnitude. Through these woods, which cannot extend themselves round the city less than a mile, walks broad, and kept in the finest order, are cut at various heights, affording the most charming promenades conceivable. You find, as you proceed, seats at convenient distances and agreeable points; here you come to a stream dashing down the rocks, or cliffs overhung with trees; you may ascend into the most private paths, or go out above in green fields or a suburban churchyard. At your feet rushes on the beautiful river with a cheerful sound, and opposite to you hang other wooded banks; delicious gardens, with their pleasant terraces and pleasant dwellings above, shew themselves; and at every step of your progress in that picturesque city, its turreted castle and majestic minster take some new form of beauty. In the possession of such beautiful and extensive public walks, together with such picturesque and accessible environs, I know of no English city that can bear the slightest comparison with Durham. The inhabitants, moreover, appear

quite sensible of these advantages, and by their presence on summer days, and especially on Sundays, give to these fair scenes a gay and most social aspect. When you take your stand too on Framwell-gate bridge, with the city steeps on your left hand towering above you, with their ramparts, bastions, battlements, old gables, and cathedral towers, the rushing river with its overhanging woods, its picturesque mills seated on the water edge; and then on your right, the fine hills stretching away towards Neville's Cross, and the Newcastle road, you look on a scene which for boldness, richness, and amenity of features, is not readily to be paralleled.

But if Durham be interesting in itself, how much more so is it when we call to mind its wealth of history. The whole place and neighbourhood are thickly sown with the most lively reminiscences. From the days of the Saxons to those of the Revolution, Durham felt no trifling portion of the military tempests that from age to age have swept over this island. Scarcely one of those great transactions that have agitated the North, but brought Durham into its range. In and around it has, in fact, concentrated itself nearly the whole history of the country; and we cannot give a true impression of the thoughts and sentiments which necessarily spring up in a visit to Durham, unless we take a sympathising though a rapid glance at its most prominent events. Its civil and ecclesiastical history are inseparably united, and in tracing that of its principal prelates we are thrown upon every great occurrence which has marked its chronicle.

Its importance at once arose with St. Cuthbert. Before his

time Durham was a spot unknown. That remarkable man was one of those who in a dark and semibarbarous age achieved the most extraordinary celebrity, and gave birth to the most extraordinary events, by the simple power of sanctity, real or assumed. In those times, when war, learning, and saintship, were the three sole avenues to fame and influence, it was only by the last that any considerable number could advance. Military fame waited on the noble—learning was the rarest of all things; a Bede was the one solitary star of a wide hemisphere; yet men, with little talent, but a good fund of fortitude, perseverance and cunning, could rise into the honours of saintship, achieve a wonderful power over the superstitious multitude, and even make monarchs their stepping-stones and their slaves. When a haughty and arbitrary temper was combined with ambition, strange enough were the scenes which successful saints enacted, and the calendar is full of the oddest mixtures of patience and impatience, temperance and intemperance, solitary seclusion and display in palaces, the shunning of mankind for half a life, in order to tread on them for the other half, which human history has to shew. St. Cuthbert is not to be classed, however, with the Beckets and Dunstans. The superstition of the times has surrounded him with a host of miracles and absurdities, and interested monks made a stalking-horse of him, as of many others, after his death; but if we find it difficult to believe that he shut himself for ten years together in a desolate island for the sole enjoyment of the pleasures of holy meditation, and had not one eye, at least, open to the applause of a world intent on

the admiration of his severe abstraction, he yet seems to have been one of the most harmless and exemplary of devotees. He appears to have known how to govern with authority, and yet to make himself beloved by his monks and the people; to have been generous, modest and retiring—qualities which could not but tend, in a man of his eminence, greatly to the civilization of the barbarous population around him. His history is, moreover, full of the peculiar romance of a saint of the Middle Ages; and it is sufficient assurance of his being no ordinary man, that his life and eulogium employed the pen of Bede.

St. Cuthbert flourished in the seventh century. He began his life, like king David of old, by keeping sheep; and if the influence of solitary watching and wandering in the moorlands after his flock, while a boy, did not make a poet of him, it so far excited his imagination as to make him a saint. Oswald, the pious king of Northumberland, had embraced Christianity, and in order to convert his people, had invited the holy monk Aidan, from Iona, to plant the cross in his kingdom. Oswald had given Aidan choice of his whole realm in which to erect a monastery, and Aidan, led possibly by the similarity of wildness and desolation in the scene, and partly by its vicinity to Bamborough, the then capital city, had made choice of the island of Lindisfarne. Aidan had wrought wonders of peace and refinement amongst the turbulent nobles of the north, and had acquired a high fame as a saint. This holy man, the boy-shepherd, Cuthbert, as he tended his sheep on the banks of the Leder, saw in a vision ascending into heaven,—

Hæc inter teneros lectis dum collibus agnos
Pasceret, ecce vigil nocturnis cernit in hymnis
Ignea sidereis fulgescere castra maniplis,
Atque polis sanctam rutilæ per gaudia pompæ
Ferre animam.

Bede.

The heavenly spectacle seized on his mind with inextinguishable power. He resolved to devote his life to that holiness which brought such glory in its train. He became a brother of the house of Melrose, where for fourteen years he led a life of the most exemplary sanctity. In the meantime various holy men had lived in the stormy solitude of Lindisfarne, and laboured amongst the rude natives of Northumberland. But the domineering spirit of Rome had now reached it; and raised fierce contentions for dominion over it. The holy men of Iona, scorning to submit to the Italian hierarchy, had withdrawn to their ancient sojourn, and after various changes, Cuthbert followed his friend Eata from Melrose to Lindisfarne, where Eata had been appointed abbot. This wild spot, in the midst of a tempestuous sea, was after the very heart of Cuthbert. Here he strengthened himself by continual prayer and meditation; and from time to time issuing forth on long and arduous rambles through the moorlands and wild mountains of the Northumbrian kingdom, he preached to the more than half-savage population, in glens and fortresses where the sound of the gospel had yet never reached, or where it had been planted, but from the distractions of the church and the barbarous condition of the country had fallen again into neglect. For these great services, and for his general sanctity, Cuthbert was made prior,

and his friend Eata advanced to the dignity of bishop, Lindisfarne being erected into a see. But increase of dignity relaxed not Cuthbert's labours; on the contrary, he still, at home and abroad, toiled incessantly in the work of reformation. Discipline was maintained in his house; and the fierce hunters and warriors of the northern woods and dales were taught to lower their spears before the Cross, and become less ferocious in their manners. After fourteen years of these labours, which were crowned with amazing success, St. Cuthbert felt himself drawn to the exercise of a more severe self-discipline, and a more uninterrupted communication with heaven. At a few miles distance, and farther out in the ocean than Holy Isle, lay the desolate islands of Farne. These melancholy islands are rather a group of stern basaltic rocks, for the most part bare of herbage, black, and hard as iron, with a dangerous sea roaring round them, which even now, in stormy weather, renders them inaccessible for days and weeks together. To the largest of these, which is about twelve acres in extent, St. Cuthbert retired. The greater part of this islet was, like the rest, a naked and iron-like rock, with no other inhabitant than thousands of screaming sea-fowls. Here, swept by wild winds, amid the hoarse roar of the waves and the clangour of gulls and puffins, St. Cuthbert prepared to raise himself a habitation. This was only to be done by scraping from the more sheltered hollows of the island, its patches of scanty turf, and with that and such loose stones as lay about, erecting his uncouth walls. Imagine the solitary man from day to day labouring on thus alone, with

the dreary scene and the hoarse cries we have mentioned around him, and with the feeling that with these were mingled the laughter and howls of demons, with which the savageness of the spot, and the superstition of the period, had plentifully peopled the place. His hut consisted only of two very small rooms; the windows, or rather inlets for light, and the door also, placed so high that he could see nothing but the heaven above him. This was purposely constructed to check the wandering of his thoughts and desires, and to direct his whole attention to the world on high. There was, however, a larger building erected at the landing-place north of the island, opposite to Bamborough, for the reception of his religious brethren who came to visit him, especially as the weather, changing in a moment, might confine them there for days. While the saint thus cast all his thoughts into eternity, he compelled himself to feel the constant necessities of time. He drew—his historian tells us—his food from this most adamantine and inhospitable crag. At his command a spring of pure water appeared, gushing from the rock, and which flows still; at every stroke of his hoe, vegetables appeared, and herbage of the richest kind followed his footsteps. Certain it is, that if the holy man contrived to live there without the aid of Bamborough bakers and butchers, he must have possessed powers of the most miraculous kind. At the present day, the winds would snatch away any seed or corn more effectually than the harpies cleared the table of Æneas; potatoes were not then *invented;* and even a little cabbage-bed would require a good high wall round it to prevent every unlucky pot-herb from

being blown into the sea. Be this as it may, here St. Cuthbert spent nine years of his life. After that, through the pressing solicitations of king, nobles, and clergy, he was drawn back for a time to assume the bishopric of Lindisfarne, but soon again withdrew to his beloved oratory in Farne, where, two months afterwards, he died. Great as had been his fame in life, it became twofold after his death. His body was carried to Lindisfarne, and enshrined near the high altar. It was in time discovered to be perfectly incorruptible; wonderful miracles were wrought at his tomb; but when the Danes began to visit the coast, and to ravage the kingdom, it was found that the relics of St. Cuthbert were not potent enough to restrain *them;* and in obedience to his commands, delivered on his death-bed, the monks fled for ever from Lindisfarne, bearing his corpse in a stone coffin along with them. Seven stout brethren bore this sacred weight, which, however, needed no carrying where there was water, but floated merrily away, leaving the saintly fugitives nothing to do but to trudge after it and wonder. All the world has been made familiar with the story of St. Cuthbert's floating coffin. Sir Walter Scott, in the second canto of Marmion, has revived its marvellous history.

How when the rude Dane burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years St. Cuthbert's corpse they bore.

* * * * * * *

In his stone coffin forth he rides,
(A ponderous bark for river tides),
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tillmouth cell.

The intention of the holy brethren was to have fled to Ireland with the miraculous coffin and corpse, but heaven, which knew very well that without the possession of these treasures, Durham never could become Durham, and that certain lines in an old Saxon poem, which say of it—

> This city is celebrated
> In the whole of the empire of the Britons.
> The road to it is steep;
> It is surrounded with rocks,
> And with various plants;
> The Wear flows round it—
> A river of rapid waves:

never could be written, drove back the fugitives by tempests and other rough compulsions. They eventually settled at Chester-le-Street, where the body of the saint rested one hundred and thirteen years. Again the fierce Danes compelled it to travel, and it sought a temporary refuge at Ripon. Chester-le-Street beheld the saint no more; a loss which was too vast ever to be forgotten. To this day it continues to rankle in its heart. When lately viewing the church there, the sexton pointed to an old effigy of the saint, and said, that is the image of St. Cuthbert, which used to lie on his tomb here, and has continued here ever since the monks *robbed the church of his body.** The chagrin is natural. What wealth and honour has Chester-le-Street lost in being robbed of this body. But then Durham could not have been Durham, and doubtless that noble hill was made from the creation for its reception. Returning

* Since when, according to the distich,—

> "Durham lads hae gowd and silver,
> Chester lads hae nou't but brass."

from Ripon after the departure of the Danes towards Chester-le-Street, that coffin which had formerly breasted so lightly the waters of the Till now glued itself to the ground on the top of Wardon-Law, where a fine view of the vale of Wear presented itself. The monks, casting their eyes down that rich expanse, might know what the saint would be at, but it was not without a vision that they learned that they must carry the body to Dunhelme, and there the holy St. Cuthbert would take up his final rest, after his very unsettled condition for a couple of centuries. Where Dunhelme might be, had not come within the range of the brethren's geographical knowledge; but in those days, Providence was wont, by a very ingenious mode, to point out such sanctified locations. Dunhelme was pointed out to the monks just as Finchall afterwards was pointed out to St. Godric, and Dale Abbey, in Derbyshire, to the pious baker who went thither to commence hermit. The bearers of the holy body were proceeding in a state of great anxiety, when they heard a woman inquiring after her cow, and another woman answer that she had just seen it in Dunholme; the fathers had thus only to follow the good dame, and when she found her cow, they found Durham. From that hour began the glory of the patrimony of St. Cuthbert. A minster was raised by St. Alduve, in which to shrine his remains. A more noble one afterwards was begun by Carilept, and completed by Flambard; the present one, and a long line of ecclesiastical princes and of great events succeeded. Amongst these, the following are a few of the most celebrated.

The Scots, from its earliest establishment, made inroads

into the territories of the church, plundered its people, and destroyed its soldiers; but the Danes, who had so long been its terror, now became its benefactors. The nation beheld the celebrated Canute come hither on pilgrimage to St. Cuthbert's tomb. The whole country between the Tees and Tyne, had been conferred by Guthred the Dane, on the bishopric, and had received the especial sanction of Alfred. Many nobles had given great estates to the see; and now came Canute, and dismounting with his train at Trimdon, five miles from the city, with naked feet, in pilgrim habit, and divested of every emblem of royalty, walked humbly to the sacred shrine. There he made to the church a free-gift of the manor of Staindrop, with all its appendages, no less than twelve villes and estates. Soon after, the bones of the venerable Bede were transferred from Jarrow to this cathedral, and just before the Conquest, Tosti, the Earl of Northumberland, and his wife, presented that great crucifix, rich with gold and jewels, which was so speedily to be thrown down and rifled by a new power in England—the Norman.

The fame of the Conqueror's cruelties and devastations in the north of England has been handed down through every subsequent age, both by history and tradition. The Danes in large bodies having been planted there by Alfred, their bold and unbending demeanour particularly excited William's jealousy, and it seemed to be his intention to extirpate them, and at the same time to place a desert between his kingdom and the Scots, who, besides their general propensity to the plunder of the English borders, made about this time a more feasible claim on

England itself, Edgar Atheling, the Saxon heir to the crown, having fled into their country, and Malcolm, their king, having entered into alliance with him, and married his sister Margaret.

William had sent one of his nobles, Robert Comyn, to bring the North into subjection; and Comyn, rashly despising both the people and the admonitions of the clergy and nobility, soon found himself surrounded in Durham by a host of exasperated peasantry, who speedily burst open the city gates, dispersed and massacred his soldiers, and burnt over Comyn's head the house to which he had retreated. On the receipt of this news, William himself immediately marched into the North; and to use the words of Surtees, "from York to Durham, a tract of sixty miles, the march of the Norman was traced in characters of blood; the inhabitants were devoted to indiscriminate slaughter; the villages were left smoking in ashes; and even the convents and monasteries were involved undistinguished in the common destruction. The ecclesiastics of Durham escaped the storm by flight. Directing their course northwards, they halted successively at Jarrow, Bedlington, and Tughill; and on the fourth evening, reached in safety the isle of Lindisfarne. After the retreat of the Normans, glutted with spoil and vengeance, the ecclesiastics prepared to return through scenes which, at every footstep, presented traces of destruction; the country lay waste and desolate; the monastery of Jarrow had been fired, and the treasures left at Durham, in the precipitancy of flight, had been plundered and profaned. The royal troops were scarcely withdrawn, when Malcolm, king of Scots, penetrated

at the head of a marauding army through Cumberland into Cleveland, and the Bishopric; carried desolation down the course of the Tees, and burned the towns and monasteries of Hartlepool and Wearmouth." It was in this expedition that Malcolm discovered Edgar Atheling, and his sister Margaret, concealed in some small vessels in the harbour at the mouth of the Wear. To effect the complete subjugation of the North, and to fortify it against this formidable Scottish alliance, William now erected Durham into a Palatine province, as he had done Chester, as a defence of the kingdom on that side against the Welsh. He conferred on Walcher, the bishop, all the powers of an independent prince within the Palatinate, and thus became Durham that sovereign as well as ecclesiastical state which it long remained. But the favour of this savage king, and his own harsh severities, soon put a period to Walcher's greatness. The people rose and assassinated him at Gateshead, and William once more swept the province with his exterminating troops, and built the castle of Durham to hold the rebellious population in check.

Between this period and 1153, Durham saw, as bishops, Carileph, Chief Justice of England, who laid the foundations of the present cathedral, and the fierce Ralph Flambard, Justiciary and Procurator-General of the realm, who raised it; and, besides other erections in the city, built Framwell-gate Bridge: the strong Castle of Norham on the Tweed, and the Hospital at Kepyer, which he endowed, are also his monuments. Then came the pacific Galfred Rufus, in whose days was fought, in this

territory, the celebrated Battle of the Standard; and Durham alternately saw in the course of their contests, the army of King Stephen and the presence of the Empress Maud. From Galfred the Cumins, Bruces, and Baliols, names afterwards famous in Scotch history, forcibly usurped this see, garrisoned the castle with their troops, and lorded it sternly over the principality. This violence was carried on into the time of the mild and eloquent William de St. Barbara, the ferocious Cumin exercising a variety of tortures on those who fell into his hands; and from the fortress of Durham, which he made his den, rushing from time to time over the country, with all the tyrant's luxuries of carnage and devastation.

The accession of the splendid but ambitious Hugh Pudsey, in 1153, to the throne of the Palatinate, marks one of the most striking points of the annals of Durham. He was one of those able and aspiring prelates who, with much personal pride, had the sagacity to combine his name with works which would bear it with honour to many generations. To him we owe the Galilee, one of the most curious and beautiful portions of the cathedral. "In it," says Surtees, "he erected a sumptuous shrine for the reliques of the Venerable Bede, and contributed to the ornaments of the church a cross and a chalice of pure gold. The city of Durham owes to him the restoration of the borough of Elvet, destroyed during the usurpation of Comyn; the building of Elvet bridge, and the completion of the city wall along the bank of the Wear, from the north-gate of the Bailey to the water-gate in the south. He repaired and

strengthened the castle of Northallerton, and added the keep or dungeon-tower to the fortress of Norham. He founded and liberally endowed the hospitals of Sherburn, and of St. James near Northallerton. He restored or augmented the foundation of the collegiate church at Darlington, and built the beautiful church still extant there, with a mansion for the occasional residence of his successors; and he left in complete repair all the other manorial residences belonging to the see." Besides these, Surtees enumerates many other liberal public acts of Pudsey, as his granting their first charter to the citizens of Durham, and the incorporation of the boroughs of Gateshead and Sunderland. But in his political character he was neither so respectable, nor so fortunate. He supported the rebellious sons of his sovereign against their father, and was severely punished for it. He spared no exactions to fill his coffers; and such was his wealth, that he purchased of King Richard the Earldom of Durham, and prepared to accompany that monarch to the Crusades in such splendour as astonished the whole kingdom. His celebrated galley, built for the purpose, was of most unusual magnificence, furnished with a throne of silver, and household and culinary implements of the same costly metal. The fame of these splendid preparations made the king, who could not afford such for himself, barter with him for their surrender the offices of Justiciary of England and Governor of Windsor; but in the king's absence, these and other profitable offices, with his newly-purchased Earldom of Northumberland, were wrested from him by his rival Longchamps, the Bishop of Ely,

and Regent of the south of England. He furnished two thousand pounds of silver towards the ransom of Richard, when detained by the Emperor of Germany; but, on the return of the Lion Heart, only encountered fresh fines and exactions. He set out towards London, to arrange matters with the king, and on the way was arrested by the hand of death. A more liberal, unprincipled, aspiring, yet unlucky prelate, is not often met with, even in the singular annals of the Church.

No name in the chronicle of Durham could compete with that of Hugh Pudsey, till Anthony Bek, nearly a century afterwards, ascended the episcopal throne. Bek was a first-rate specimen of the military bishop of the early times. The prince, the warrior, and the prelate, were curiously blended in him. By the gifts of the wealthy, the contributions of the people, and the magnificent grants of the crown, the palatinate was now become very wealthy. The prince-bishop could afford to live in high state, to keep a long retinue of household officers and attendants, an open and luxurious table, and a powerful army for the defence of the ecclesiastical territory. Anthony Bek was not a man to possess such capabilities in vain. He was not the man to neglect one attribute of state, or to leave unasserted any prerogative or power. One day he might be seen in the pulpit, the next at the head of an army, and on the third negotiating for his sovereign some matter of national importance, and haranguing on his behalf the ambassadors of other kingdoms. "His life," says the historian, "was spent in the court and the camp. In 1292, he was sent into Germany to

conclude an alliance with the Emperor Adolph against France; and in 1295 he distinguished himself by his eloquence and address in a conference with two cardinals whom Boniface VIII. sent into England to treat of a reconciliation between Edward and the French monarch."

But it was in the affairs of this kingdom that he had the greatest influence. It is said to have been chiefly through his suggestions and persuasions that Edward I. commenced those attempts on the crown of Scotland, which caused such torrents of blood to flow in both kingdoms; which ravaged Scotland for so many years, called forth the glorious patriotism of Wallace and Bruce, and ended in such disgrace to the honour and the arms of the usurping power. Bek had been one of the commissioners, who, in 1291, contracted the treaty of marriage between Margaret the heiress of Scotland, with the son of Edward, and was appointed one of the five regents of Scotland, when Edward was chosen by the Scottish states as the guardian of the future youthful sovereigns. The death of the Fair Maid of Norway, the heiress, opened the way to various competitors for the Scottish crown, and Edward determined, when appealed to, to arbitrate in the question, not to adjudge the respective claims justly, but to seize the prize for himself by main force. He speedily appeared on the Scottish frontiers; summoning the Northern Barons to assemble each with his due quota of military force. Bek appeared foremost in the field "with all the pomp and splendour of a Prince palatine; twenty-six standard-bearers of his own household, and one

hundred and forty knights, forming his train; and one thousand foot and five hundred horse marching under the consecrated banner of St. Cuthbert, which was borne by Henry of Horncaster, a monk of the house of Durham. These troops figured conspicuously in the future campaigns, and the Bek himself in the decisive field of Falkirk led the second line of the English army with thirty-nine banners."

It was at the castle of Norham, where the Scottish states had met the English monarch in convention before the commencement of these transactions, that he openly harangued the Scottish nobles in the king's name, and then privately advised the monarch to favour the claims of Baliol in preference to those of Bruce, on the ground that Baliol would prove a convenient tool and cover for the English plans, whereas nothing but resistance could be hoped from the higher nature of Robert Bruce. Like the political Pudsey, Bek, however, with all his cunning counsels and battling for the crown, could not escape its sharp visitations. The very splendour and wealth which he displayed in his behalf, brought on him the eye of Edward's jealousy, and many were the checks and confiscations of property which he experienced from him. With the Prior of Durham and his subjects, Bek also found plentiful causes of quarrel, and was summoned to Rome to answer ecclesiastical charges against him. In the reign, however, of Edward the Second, he found means to add to his other dignities those of the King of the Isle of Man, and Patriarch of Jerusalem. Yet with all his pomp and political ambition, he was in his own

personal habits, simple, chaste, and temperate; and while the court of Durham exhibited all the appendages of royalty, while he was addressed by nobles kneeling, and knights, instead of menial servants, waited in his presence-chamber, and at his table, bareheaded and standing, he indulged in no pleasures except indeed the sports of the field and a series of splendid progresses from one manor to another, adding all the while to, instead of wasting, his revenues. "In the magnificence of his public works," says Surtees, "he rivalled the greatest of his predecessors. Within the bishopric of Durham he founded the colleges of Chester and Lanchester, erected the towers at Gainford and Coniscliff, and added to the buildings of Alnwick and Barnard Castles. He gave Evenwood Manor to the convent, and appropriated the vicarage of Morpeth to the chapel which he founded at Auckland. In his native county of Lincoln, he endowed Alvingham Priory, and built a castle at Somerton. In Kent, he erected the beautiful manor-house of Eltham, the ruins of which still speak the taste and magnificence of its founder. Notwithstanding the vast expense incurred in these and other works, in his contests with the crown and with his vassals, in his foreign journeys, and in the continued and excessive charge of his household, he died wealthier than any of his predecessors, leaving immense treasures in the riches of the age: gallant horses, costly robes, rich furniture, plate and jewels."

Had Anthony Bek lived a little longer he would have had plenty of employment for his military propensities, and for all his treasures. In the pontificate of his successor, Kellow, the

dishonest policy of Edward I., and the weak and calamitous administration of his son, had produced a plentiful harvest of bitter consequences. The Scots repeatedly invaded England, to repay the carnage and atrocities committed in Scotland. Bannockburn humbled the pride of England; Bruce and Douglas swept the northern provinces with fire and sword. The dales of Wear, of Tees, and Tyne, again became the highways of the Scots to English plunder. They laid the suburbs of Durham in ashes, destroyed the beautiful seat of Beaurepaire, burnt down Hartlepool, and by years of havoc and harassment reduced the whole North into the most lamentable condition that it had been in since the days of the bloody Conqueror. The lawless moss-troopers, the thieves of Liddiesdale and Tynedale, and of many another savage fastness, issued forth in swarms, and levied contributions on the inhabitants at pleasure. Famine fell on the kingdom in addition to, and, no doubt, in consequence of, its intestine commotions, and misery and starvation were universal. Prisoners devoured each other in gaols, and mothers hid their children, lest they should furnish an equally horrid repast. The North especially suffered.

The pontificate of Lewis Beaumont, the successor of Kellow, furnishes some striking instances of the lawlessness of the times, and of the insolence of the Scots and the marauders of the North. This bishop who, contrary to the will of the chapter, had been thrust on the throne of Durham through the influence of his kinswoman, the queen of Edward II., was a nobleman of high family, allied in blood to the royal house of France, and

brother to Lord Beaumont, well known in the north for his bravery. Lewis Beaumont, however, was so ill qualified for the office of bishop, that he excited at once the ridicule and indignation of the clergy. He was so ignorant that he vainly attempted to pronounce many words of Latin instruments which he had to read or repeat at his installation, and even cursed them in French. He was vain, volatile, avaricious, and despotic; but the circumstances to which we allude, regard himself less than the times. The first, which occurred immediately on his entering his bishoprick, is thus related by Surtees, on the authority of Graystanes:—

"Lewis Beaumont, proposing to be installed at Durham, in September, on the high festival of St. Cuthbert, began his progress for the North, attended by his brother, Henry Beaumont, two Roman Cardinals, who were charged with a specific embassy into Scotland, and a numerous and splendid retinue. At Darlington he was met by a messenger from the convent, to warn him that the road was in the possession of marauders; but the high rank and sacred dignity of Lewis and his companions, seemed to place danger at defiance, and the friendly rustic was treated with neglect, or suspicion. A few hours verified the prediction. At the Rushyford, midway betwixt the small villages of Woodham and Ferryhill, the road crosses a small and sullen rivulet, in a low and sequestered spot, well calculated for surprise and the prevention of escape. Here a desperate band anxiously awaited the arrival of their prey, and the bishop and his companions had no sooner reached the ford, than they were

enveloped in a cloud of light horsemen, under the command of Gilbert Middleton, a Northumbrian gentleman, whom the necessities of the times had driven to adopt the lawless life of a freebooter, and who, on this occasion, is said to have added motives of private resentment to the desire of plunder. After rifling the whole party, Middleton restored the Cardinals' horses, and suffered them to proceed on their journey to Durham. The bishop meanwhile, and his brother, Henry Beaumont, were carried off with the rapidity of a border raid, across a tract of sixty miles, through the heart of the bishoprick and Northumberland, to the castle of Mitford; of which, says Graystanes, Middleton was the keeper, not the proprietor. The treasures of the church were cheerfully lavished for Lewis's redemption; and after giving security for the payment of a heavy ransom to the successful freebooters, both the captives were liberated. Middleton's good fortune soon after deserted him; he was surprised in his stronghold of Mitford by some neighbouring chief, who had suffered from his depredations, betrayed into the hands of government, and executed at London. His followers, neither reclaimed nor dismayed by the fate of their leader, fled to range themselves under the banners of Walter Selby, one of Middleton's associates, who still held the little fortress of Horton."

The other event occurred immediately on the accession of Edward III. It is one which more than almost any other marks the bold insolence of the Scots at that period. They had, in fact, driven the late king from the very gates of Edin-

burgh, and out of Scotland, and pursued him with such activity into his own kingdom, that he himself narrowly escaped falling into their hands. They had followed him to within twenty miles of York, plundering towns and abbeys, and now overran the North with a haughty impunity. "An attempt," continues the same historian, "was made to surprise Norham Castle on the night of Edward's coronation. Some efforts to negotiate followed, but both parties treated with arms in their hands, and Bruce, unwilling, if he could not obtain the security of peace, to forego the advantages of war, planned a formidable invasion into England. Twenty thousand Scottish horse assembled on the western marches, under the command of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and Lord Douglas. These were not, however, the same species of troops that constituted the splendid cavalry of an English army. The leaders alone possessed chargers; their followers were mounted on hardy nags, accustomed to the passage of bogs and mountains, and equally fitted with their riders to endure the severities of a campaign; each such as Sir Walter Scott has described—

> A small and shaggy nag,
> That through a bog, from hag to hag,
> Could bound like any Bilhope stag.

With this force, not so formidable from its numbers as from the adventurous spirit of the soldiers, and the skill and experience of the leaders, the Scottish army entered England about Midsummer, and crossing through Cumberland and Hexhamshire, occupied the wild and mountainous passes of Weardale. Their progress into the champaign country was checked by the

arrival of Edward into the North with a powerful force. The young king was at Durham on the 15th of July, and immediately moved forward in pursuit of the enemy. Their track was discovered by the smoke of burning villages; but amid the defiles of a mountainous country, the native habits of the Scots easily baffled the efforts of regular troops, and after a fruitless and desperate pursuit of three days, Edward crossed the Tyne, determined to guard the fords, and intercept the retreat of the invaders.

"The wary enemy kept the hills; and the English army, after enduring seven days of disappointment and distress, drenched with rain, and destitute of regular supplies, recrossed the river, which, from the floods, they were obliged to ford seven leagues higher, and again recovered traces of the Scots—ruined hamlets and wasted corn-fields. Irritated by an enemy whose ravages only were visible, Edward proclaimed a hundred pounds a-year in land as the reward of the adventurer who would bring him within sight of the Scots, when he would force them to engage. The prize was gained by Thomas Rokeby, who in the course of his wanderings fell in with the advanced posts of the enemy, and was made prisoner. On explaining the purpose of his adventure, the Scottish leaders, with characteristic spirit, immediately released him, and ordered him to carry the desired intelligence to King Edward. The English army halted that night near Blanchland Abbey, and at daybreak placed themselves under the conduct of their guide, who brought them before noon within sight of the Scottish army, encamped in

Stanhope Forest. The Scots occupied a hill, at whose base the river Wear, a shallow but impetuous stream, offered a dangerous and uncertain ford, amidst loose rolling stones and shelving rocks. On the appearance of the English, the Scots rushed from their huts, and forming into three divisions, ranged each above the other, prepared with stones and javelins to contest the passage of the water. The English hesitated on the brink, checked by the uncertainty of the ford, and the difficulty of forming on the opposite bank. The armies remained thus opposed to each other for three days; during which, mutual defiances were exchanged, and several adventurous knights crossed the river from both camps to skirmish, or to engage in feats of arms. On the third night, the Scots made false fires, and abandoned their camp. The English scouts discovered them next day, at the distance of five leagues, posted on a more elevated height, which, like their former station, rose precipitately from the river, and was further strengthened by a wood and a morass. Edward followed their movements on the opposite bank, and the armies again encamped in sight of each other, separated by the river, and each dreading to hazard the attack. Meanwhile several desperate feats of individual valour were achieved, but they were all eclipsed by the daring attempt of Douglas. On a moonless night, he crossed the river above the encampment, with two hundred horse, penetrated to the royal tent, and though repulsed and surrounded, hewed his retreat through the English camp, and led back his band of adventurers with trifling loss, amid the slaughter and confusion

of a midnight surprise. The armies had observed each other without changing their respective positions during three days. The English vainly hoped to reduce the Scots by famine; while the latter, unable to advance without hazarding an unequal contest, began to feel the irksomeness of restraint and inaction, and to meditate the means of retreat. A Scottish knight was made prisoner, who confessed, with seeming reluctance, that his countrymen were in motion, and that the troops were under orders to follow the standard of Douglas at the hour of vespers. The exploit of this formidable chieftain was freshly remembered, and the English lay all night upon their arms, expecting the attack. The morning discovered the deception. The Scots had quitted their camp at midnight; and by means of branches of trees and hurdles of brushwood, which they threw into the broken parts of the bog as they advanced, had led their horses across a quaking moss, two miles in extent. Two Scottish trumpeters were purposely left behind to insult the English with the intelligence. Pursuit of such an enemy was hopeless: in three days they traversed Northumberland and Cumberland, and on the third night crossed the Scottish border. Whilst the young king lamented with tears the escape of his enemies, his soldiers amused themselves with visiting the deserted camp, and speculating upon the simple or savage manners of their adversaries."

Froissart, who gives a circumstantial account of this singular retreat, asserts that the army of Edward, which was thus mocked and baffled, consisted of no less than sixty thousand

men; and that the soldiers were not a little astonished at what they found in the evacuated camp; viz.—500 head of cattle, which the Scots had slaughtered, as too heavy to carry away with them; 1000 wooden spits, loaded with meat for roasting; 300 cauldrons made of the skins of the slaughtered cattle, filled with water, and suspended on cross stakes over the fire for boiling; 10,000 shoes, or brogues, made of raw hides; and lastly, ten girdles for baking oat bannocks.

We cannot pause, in these eventful times, when the contests between England and Scotland were continually marking their progress on the border lands of Durham, to dwell on the chivalrous adventure of Lord Henry Beaumont, the bishop's brother, in Scotland, when he and his associates had well nigh conquered the kingdom as it were by miracle; and the subsequent triumphs of Edward, including the battle of Halidon-Hill, both which events fell in Lewis Beaumont's days. We must pass also the pontificate of the princely and learned Richard Bury, the friend of knowledge and of learned men;* the sage statesman and affectionate patron of the young and the refined; the Chancellor and High Treasurer of England, at whose installation the king

* "His palace," says Surtees, "was the asylum of learning; and he maintained there all the splendid and expensive apparatus of early literature—illuminators, binders, and transcribers. His chaplains were selected from the most distinguished students of the age; and many of them owed their future fortunes to his patronage." Bury employed the ample opportunities which his high offices and frequent embassies afforded, in the collection of a vast store of manuscripts, which were plentifully distributed in his different residences. To perpetuate these treasures to future ages, he founded a noble library at Durham College, Oxford; and compiled, under the title of *Philobiblion*, a series of regulations, still extant, for its management.

and queen of England—the martial Edward, and the magnanimous Philippa—Baliol king of Scotland, two archbishops, seven bishops, five earls, and all the northern nobility, sate down to a magnificent feast in his hall. Even the beneficence and the splendour of his rule is eclipsed by an event which occurred in the days of his martial successor, Bishop Hatfield—the proudest event in which a bishop and clergy of Durham ever were concerned—the battle of Neville's Cross.

BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS.

This battle was fought on the hills west of Durham, where the remains of Neville's Cross yet stand—a conspicuous spot within a short walk of the city. It was the more glorious, because it was maintained by the nobility and clergy of Durham,

Northumberland, and Yorkshire, in the absence of their own king in France, against David Bruce, king of Scotland, at the head of one of the most powerful armies that ever crossed the border. The Scots were naturally vehemently embittered against England, from the long series of outrages committed upon their country, and indignities offered to their sovereigns by the three Edwards. The last and most powerful of those monarchs was now pursuing his victorious career in France, and had made himself master of the person of its king. France, thus pressed, urged the king of Scotland to make a diversion in its favour by a powerful inroad into England. David, who had been sheltered in that country for ten years from the hostile pursuit of Edward, from whom he had experienced nothing but one long series of injuries and humiliations through his whole life, was but too ready to listen to counsels of retaliation, and deemed this a peculiarly favourable moment to inflict a severe blow on his ancient enemy. He assembled a great army, and passed the borders in the middle of October, 1346. After storming the Tower of Liddel, on the water of Yrthing, and beheading its governor on the spot—that same Walter Selby who had been a comrade of Gilbert Middleton, the captor of Bishop Beaumont; burning Lanercost Abbey, and sacking the Priory of Hexham on the way, David came to Beaurepaire, or Bear-Park, about three miles west of Durham, and there encamped.

But the nobles and clergy of the North, in the absence of their monarch, had not watched the progress of the Scottish king with idle fear. With their accustomed spirit, they had

called all their vassals to arms; and scarcely was David at Beaurepaire, when the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln, and Carlisle, with the Lords Neville and Percy, encamped in Auckland Park with an army of 16,000 men. On the 17th of October, they marched forward to attack David in his position. Falling in with a foraging party, which they speedily put to flight at Ferry-on-the-Hill, the alarm was given to the Scottish monarch, who met them as they still continued their march over the Moor near Neville's Cross. Here a furious battle commenced.

The Prior of Durham had, according to Davies, been commanded in a dream the night before the battle, "to take the holy *corporax cloath* wherewith St. Cuthbert did cover the chalice when he used to say mass, and to put the same holy relique like unto a banner-cloth upon a spear point, and on the morning after, to go and repair to the west part of the said city of Durham, called the *Redhills,* and there to remain and abide till the end of the said battle." Accordingly, the Prior and a body of his monks repaired to the spot, where, on a little hillock in the depth of Shaw's Wood, called the Maiden's Bower, they hoisted this sacred banner of St. Cuthbert, and kneeling around it, in sight of both armies, continued to pray for victory during the whole battle. Other brethren from the top of the great campanile, or bell-tower of the cathedral, sung hymns of praise and triumph, which says Knighton, "were miraculously heard by the combatants, as distinctly as if they had been close behind them, which very much encouraged them

to strike and pursue the Scots." Others of the clergy were valiantly engaged in the hottest of the battle. Froissart says, that the Bishop of Durham led off the first division with Lord Percy; the Archbishop with Lord Neville, the second; the Bishop of Lincoln with Lord Mowbray, the third; and Baliol brought up the reserve. It is perfectly consistent with the character and habits of Hatfield, who was a brave man, and had been a soldier in his youth, that he should take a distinguished part in the fray. Certain it is that both armies and their leaders fought desperately. David himself, fought with prodigious bravery and effect, and victory for a long time appeared to hover over the Scots; but Baliol, by a skilful flanking attack of cavalry on the High Steward of Scotland's division, turned the scale, and following up the charge on that of the king, the whole body of Scots gave way. The third division under the Earl of Moray, was cut to pieces on the field, and David himself, refusing to flee or yield, stood surrounded by the greater part of his nobles, who fought with fury, and seemed determined to perish in his defence. Only eighty of these brave men, in fact, were left alive, when after many attempts to seize the king, he was captured by John Copeland, a Northumbrian esquire, a man of great stature and strength, but not before the king had received two arrow wounds, and had knocked out two of the front teeth of his captor, by a blow of his steel gauntlet. With the king, surrendered the Earls of Fife and Monteith, and Sir William Douglas; the Earls of Moray and Strathern, John and Allan Steward, and a long list

of Scottish nobles, were slain. Of the leaders of the English, fell alone Lord Hastings.

It may be imagined what was the joy of the city of Durham on this signal victory. The miraculous Black Rood of Scotland, studded with jewels, and surrounded by the banners of the fallen or defeated Scottish nobles, was offered at the shrine of St. Cuthbert. "On the west side of the city of Durham," says Davies, "where two roads pass each other, a notable, famous, and goodly cross of stonework was erected to the honour of God, for the victory there obtained in the field of battle, and known by the name of Neville's Cross, and built at the sole cost of Lord Ralph Neville, one of the most excellent and chief persons in the same battle." He adds that, in the night in 1589, "it was broken down and defaced by some lewd, contemptuous, and wicked persons." A broken shaft of stone, however, still marks the spot. Copeland, who took the king, was very careful not to yield him up lightly, except to the proper authorities; some authors contend, not even to Queen Philippa herself, lest another should claim the honour which he had so hardly won. For this signal feat, he was made a banneret, had 500*l.* a year given him, till a suitable estate of that value could be purchased, and became governor of Berwick and sheriff of Northumberland.

Queen Philippa, who had won such distinguished reputation, for her bold and successful conduct during the absence of her lord, now secured her royal prisoner in the Tower of London, and hastened to meet Edward at Calais, to share in

his French triumph, and to bring him the news of her own at home.

With a rapid pace must we now stride over many a proud pontificate, and many a circumstance which cast its passing glory on this ancient city. The still continued contests between England and Scotland, for many an age, caused news of stirring deeds often to fly through its streets; hostile bands and ravaging fires, to be seen from its walls; and many a noble and renowned personage to be received in state into its halls, and there feasted with princely magnificence. Here often sate the greatest statesmen of the kingdom, in consultation over some measure of high consequence to the peace or fame of the realm, and here came the good and the beautiful, on whom we would now give much to look. Here ruled Fordham, one of those counsellors who are said to have misled and ruined Richard II., and whom Shakspeare thus addresses:

> You have misled a prince, a royal king,
> A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
> By you unhappyed and disfigured clean.

But in his time the Percy chastised the Scots at the celebrated battle of Otterburne. Here sate, as bishop, Walter Skirlawe, the son of a poor sieve-maker, and made himself noble by many noble works. Here, in Cardinal Langley's days, came James I., that poet-king of Scotland, whose story of love and imprisonment at Windsor have become part of the Romance of History. What young hearts have not read how the young and royal author of "The Quair," looking from his prison-window into the court, where the ladies of the queen used

to disport themselves, became doubly a captive, through the shining beauty of Jane Beaufort, of the royal house of Lancaster. How the king of England generously gave him at once his liberty and the lady of his heart, and sent commissioners to sit with the commissioners of the youthful king in hoary Durham. Here then, came James and his lovely wife, while these grave statesmen made a solemn league between the kingdoms, and for a month were royally feasted by the Cardinal Prelate, surrounded by the Percys, the Nevilles, the Dacres, and all the noble houses of the North, and then conducted by them on their way in gorgeous and joyous procession as far as the Abbey of Melrose. Here, Robert Neville, the son of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, and Joan, sister to Henry IV., received as a royal visitor the unfortunate Henry III., and lived to see that discord break out between him and the house of York, which ended in his ruin. The pontificate of Bishops Booth, Dudley, and Sherwood, saw many a bloody deed and violent change of dynasty in England, till, during the latter, Henry VII. became firm on the throne. In his reign, Richard Fox, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and the patron of Wolsey, transacted many a masterly deed on the borders between the rival kingdoms, till he finally accomplished the marriage of James IV. with Margaret the Princess of England; against whom, nevertheless, Bishop Ruthall, only eleven years afterwards, had to send the forces of the Palatinate to Flodden Field, where that unhappy king fell, with all his nobility,

> Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield.

Wolsey, amongst his almost numberless promotions, held Durham for a brief while; and then came the venerable and mild Tonstall, the uncle of Barnard Gilpin, in whose time the Roman hierarchy was abruptly expelled from the church of England, and the worthy old bishop ended his days in a sort of easy imprisonment in Lambeth Palace, having witnessed all the strange strippings and overturnings in the church during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. In her reign, and in the pontificate of Bishop Pilkington, fell the only event to which we shall refer at any length—THE RISING OF THE NORTH; being the last great national movement which had its origin in, and more particularly affected, this district.

The violent overturning of the Catholic hierarchy in this country by Henry, had not been witnessed by its adherents with indifference. It was one thing to convince, and another to tear down the religion of large masses who remained unconvinced of its error. And large masses of thorough Catholics there were in many parts of England, who, though they could not resist, saw with desperate indignation the monasteries stripped, their lands given to what they regarded an heretical church, or to a greedy nobility; their churches denuded of all those sacred emblems with which their fathers had adorned them, and the precious wealth which they had piled upon their altars, thrown into the hands of the vulgar and the rapacious. In no part of the kingdom did the ancient religion retain a stronger hold than in the North, and consequently nowhere did these restless feelings more prevail. The Border country, always accustomed to arms, was more

disposed to defend the old state of things with its hands, than to search into the merits of the new by the laborious process of mental inquiry. There were few Protestant preachers there; and even the priests partook so much of the border character, that "they went with swords and daggers, and such coarse apparel as they could get, not regarding colour or fashion." These men saw with peculiar resentment, that even the Catholic queen of Scotland, and the next heir to the English crown, was held in severe captivity by Elizabeth, and the re-ascension of their church and power thus placed in imminent jeopardy. They saw the Duke of Norfolk, a stanch Catholic, committed to the Tower for no other reason than for wishing to marry this captive Catholic queen; and immediately afterwards, their own two great chieftains of the North—the Percy and the Neville—summoned for their countenance of this nobleman's proposal, to the presence of the jealous queen of England. That put the whole Catholic population of this reign in a ferment, and they strongly urged these noblemen not to trust themselves in the hands of Elizabeth, but at once to raise the standard of resistance and restitution. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland was, when revolving in his mind whether he should not throw himself upon the grace of the queen, suddenly startled into open rebellion by this stratagem. He was at his house of Topcliffe in Yorkshire, when his servants, at the instigation of the Catholic insurgents, hastily appeared before his bed in the night, with the alarming report that his two mortal enemies, Vaughan and Oswald Ulstrop, were at hand, and about to

seize his person. The Earl immediately started from his bed, and fled in the darkness to a lodge in his park, where he concealed himself till the next night, when he escaped to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth Castle. There he found the Earl in a similar state of alarm. He was already arming and calling out his tenants and retainers. The people were rushing to arms, the bells were ringing backwards, and the whole country was already in a condition of open rebellion. They hastened first to Durham. Old Richard Norton, of Norton-Conyers, summoned the greater part of his nine sons, bearing before them a banner on which was displayed the Cross,

And the five wounds our Lord did bare.

Entering the cathedral at Durham, they tore the Bibles and Common Prayer-books, trod them under foot, and having celebrated mass, marched on to Clifford Moor, near Weatherby, where they mustered 4000 foot and 600 horse. They proposed to reach York, and then march to London, nothing doubting that the Catholics would, all the way, swell their body to an irresistible multitude. But at this juncture they found that not only had the most powerful Protestant nobles of the North, but the Catholic ones also, risen against their project, and for the crown. The Earl of Cumberland and Lord Scroop had fortified Carlisle; Sir Henry Percy, the Earl's own brother, and Sir John Forster, had secured Berwick and the East Marches; Sir George Bowes, a man of great sagacity, of a very active and determined character, was raising a force in the very bishopric itself; and meanwhile, the Earl of Sussex, with 3000 men, was

advancing from the south against them, followed by the Earl of Warwick with a much larger power. This struck a consternation into them, which was the more augmented when they looked into their stores and exchequer. The two earls were accustomed to exercise the most unbounded hospitality in their respective houses; they were greatly beloved throughout their own country; and the nobility and gentry who flocked about them found always a free table and a warm welcome. They had, therefore, seldom much ready money in hand; and they now found that the Earl of Northumberland had brought with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmorland nothing at all. In this critical juncture, instead of striking a bold stroke by marching upon Sussex, and falling with honour, or by defeating him raising the hopes of the Catholics, and gaining time and means for prosecuting their great plan, they turned to attack Sir George Bowes, who retreated into Barnard Castle, and held out eleven days, by which time the queen's forces had reached Northallerton. They now fled precipitately; their forces were scattered on all sides; and themselves fleeing into Scotland, met with those strange fortunes to which we shall refer in another place. A scene of bloody executions, confiscations, and license of soldiery followed, which reduced the northern provinces to the most lamentable condition imaginable. The princely house of Neville never rose again, and the noble halls of Raby, Brancepeth, and others, with vast manors and estates, where for ages hospitality had reigned, went into other hands.

Such was the convulsion occasioned here by the grand

change from Popery to Protestantism. One more shock awaited Durham—it was that in which both monarchy and the church of England were to go down together, in the transition from Episcopacy to Puritanism. But in this it suffered in common with the whole kingdom. This singular revolution occurred in the pontificate of one of the best bishops who had ever sat on its throne, Bishop Morton—a man that, for sincere piety and active benevolence, was worthy of comparison with Barnard Gilpin himself. Early in life he distinguished himself by his bold self-devotion during the great plague at York. The poorer people were removed to a Pest-house, where it was no easy matter to find attendants on them. Bishop (now Mr.) Morton, however, not only made it his business to visit them, in order to pray by, to instruct, and to comfort them, but he used to saddle his horse, and carry a sack of provisions with him for their use. He would not suffer his servants, or anybody, to run the risk which he ran himself, and therefore, not only saddled and unsaddled his own horse, but had a private door made, so that he could pass in and out of his farm without coming in the way of others and endangering them.

In the discharge of his episcopal duties he was equally exemplary. His character, as drawn from the evidence of those who knew him best, was a luminous example to all future prelates. "His palatinate prerogative he exercised with the utmost mildness; for weeks he never demanded more than an acknowledgment sufficient to preserve the rights of his successors; in deodands and forfeitures, of which several important

instances occurred during his pontificate, he never claimed above one-fourth; and in every case of peculiar distress, he remitted the whole forfeiture. In the still more important privilege of wardship, he conducted himself with the most exemplary kindness and forbearance, considering himself bound to act as a parent and a guardian, both to the person and estate of the minors. Fines, on the renewals of leases (one chief source of the ecclesiastical revenue), he never settled himself, but referred them to the arbitration of four indifferent and neighbouring gentlemen; and with the view of preventing the possibility of misrepresentation or imposition, either from his steward or servants, as often as he quitted his diocese he left a commission with the high-sheriff and some other gentry, to determine all differences which might arise in his absence betwixt himself and tenants. Temperate, or even rigidly abstemious himself, he exercised a noble hospitality towards others, and a perpetual charity to 'poor scholars, strangers, and travellers.' Lastly, he enriched no relative, and never purchased one foot of land, nor other temporal possession in all his long life, notwithstanding his plentiful income; but as his revenues were increased, so were they expended, in hospitality, and in charitable and other Christian purposes."

It was in this good man's time that the evil days of civil strife came. He twice entertained Charles I. as his guest, in his castle of Durham; a few years after, Charles, after the fatal defeat of Marston Moor, was brought through the same city a prisoner of war; the good bishop was fled, never to return to

his diocese; the cathedral, and the houses of the clergy, were all deserted; the shops in the city were for the most part shut; repeated passage of lawless armies had consumed the provisions of the inhabitants, and annihilated trade; and nothing but misery and desolation appeared, where, a few years before, he had been received with joy and splendid hospitality.

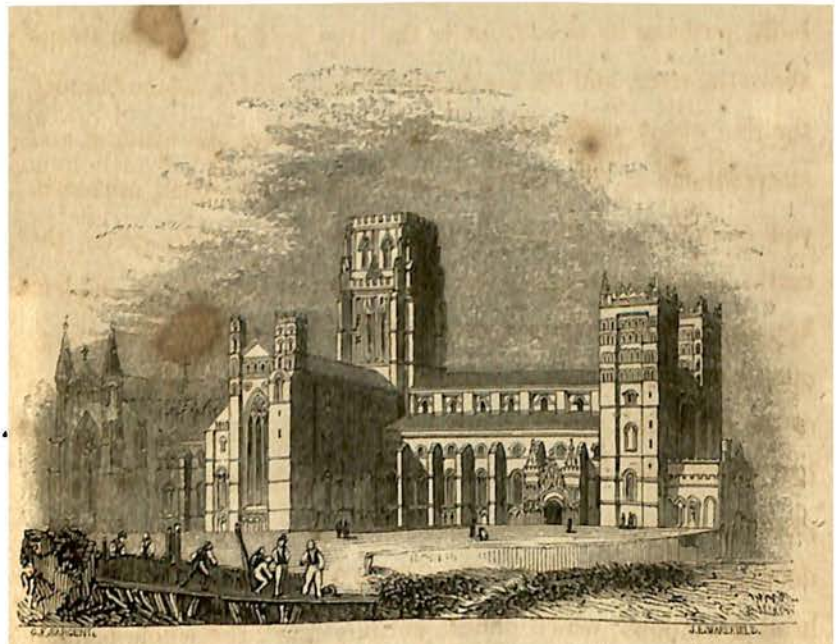
In 1646 the see was dissolved, and its estates sold for something more than 68,000*l.* The venerable prelate himself, after passing through many troubles and much poverty, lived on to the great age of ninety-two years. With his characteristic sense of duty and contempt of dependence, he refused high offers of domiciliation, and preferred to earn his livelihood by teaching, as private tutor to the sons of gentlemen. He lived principally in the country in his advancing years, thinking that quiet and country air were better for him than the city. There are few circumstances in the reverses and the closing careers of remarkable men, more striking than the one which is recorded by Hutchinson, of his last engagement. "As Bishop Morton was riding towards London, with about 60*l.*, which was then his all, he was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton, who being known to the bishop, though the bishop was unknown to him, fell into discourse with him, and asked him who he was. The bishop replied, 'I am that old man the bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes;' for Sir Christopher had too much complied with the times. Whereupon, Sir Christopher asked where he was going. 'To London,' replied the good old bishop, 'to live a little while, and then die.' On this, Sir Chris-

topher entered into further discourse with him, and took him home to his house at Easton-Mauduit, where he became tutor to his son, afterwards the very learned Sir Henry Yelverton." This Sir Henry had the affection of a most tender child for the good bishop. There the noble old man died, and was buried, at his own request, in the chancel of the parish church. On his deathbed he gave the small remnant of his estate, 40*l.*, to one of his servants, who attended on him in his last illness; 10*l.* to the poor of the parish of Easton; and to the chapel, lately built there by Sir Henry Yelverton, his sacramental chalice and paten. The remainder of his property, not exceeding 100*l.*, was sufficient to discharge his funeral expenses, and to provide a small monument to his memory, in the church of Easton-Mauduit.

When we add, that since the restoration of the see, it has numbered amongst its prelates, Cousin, Lord Crewe, the testator of the munificent public charity of Bamborough Castle and lands; Bishop Talbot, of the Staffordshire family; the amiable and learned Bishop Butler, the author of "The Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion;" John Egerton, grandson of the third Duke of Bridgewater, and, by his mother, of the Duke of Portland, and father of the Earl of Bridgewater; Thomas Thurlow; the Honourable Shute Barrington; and at present, Dr. Maltby; it will here not be necessary to say that they have not been wanting in high rank, either worldly, literary, learned, or religious.

With this slight review of the deeds, and the men that have cast their fame round Durham; let us now take a nearer

cognizance of the venerable pile which has stood through all these events, and beheld the coming and going of all these personages in their day and generation; which has raised its stately head, now for nearly 700 years, and will, probably, endure for 700 more.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

We have already spoken of the noble site of this fine old building. It is well described in the Legend of St. Cuthbert, written and published in the year 1626. "This reverend Abbey is seated in the heart of the citty, advanced upon the shoulders of a high hill, and encompassed again with the higher hills, that he that hath seene the situation of this citty, hath seene the map of Sion, and may save a journey to

Jerusalem. Shee is girded almost round with the renowned river Weer, in which, as in a glass of crystall, shee might once have beheld her beauty, but now the ruin of her walls." Its position is, in truth, very bold and striking. It occupies a sort of table-land, on the summit of the hill on which the city is built, pushing its west front to the very brow of the bold steeps above the river, and its towers overlooking with a solemn dignity the fine country around it. Ascending from the winding and steep streets of the city to its north front, the usual approach, you emerge into the open space called the Palace-green, the castle or palace rising on the north behind you. Right and left, houses and offices for the business of the see, bound this large open space, the farther end of which is occupied by the north front of the cathedral, which stands before you in all its greatness. A low wall divides this space, enclosing the churchyard, or burial-ground, through which a flagged walk conducts you to the door of entrance in the north aisle of the nave. The rounded-headed windows, which almost entirely mark the whole body of the cathedral, with the exception of the eastern end, as high as the roof, pronounce it at once, without referring to any record of its date, as a fabric of the Norman period; and the two beautiful western towers, richly ornamented with alternate tiers of round and pointed archwork, seem to have been erected at the very period when the pointed arch was beginning to contend for an existence with the ancient round. The whole body of the building, except the eastern transept of much later date, strikes the eye as having been completed only to the roof in the first

instance, and the towers afterwards added at the leisure of the builders. In the body of the building there is a decidedly and conspicuously greater plainness. The line of the termination of this style is at the spring of the roof, and is so marked as not to require seeking, but forces itself on the eye. The western towers are of much richer workmanship, and the great campanile, or central bell-tower, is evidently still more modern; the tall pointed windows, with perpendicular tracery and elegant spandrels, are the work of another day; and yet more recent are the five large windows, and lantern towers, with their exquisite niche-work, of the eastern transept. The beauty and variety of the whole are great. The lofty and massive majesty of the great central tower; the stately richness of the two western towers; the light grace of the niched turrets of the northern transept, one of which is square and the other octagon, and the varied form and embellishment of the towers of the east end, though attesting the hands of different architects, blend, by the unity of their spirit, into one noble whole. As in most of our ancient ecclesiastical buildings, we see, indeed, the incongruous patchings and repairings of after men and times, when the spirit and knowledge in which these great structures were raised had expired, but they have not been to such an extent as to injure the general integrity. The most repulsive, as well as the most modern, of these gothecisms, is the plastering of the upper story of the campanile with Roman cement, which has already acquired a green hue, and the extinguisher-like spires on the eastern towers do not merit the honour of being borne aloft

by such lovely erections as bear them. Every one of these four towers of the east transept is differently ornamented with arches, niches, and pinnacles. On the north-western one, in a large niche, is a sculptured representation of the legend of the Durham Cow. There is the old cow, looking as quaint and ancient as need be; and, after the manner of old painters, the two women in the very presence of the cow itself, are putting and answering the question where the cow was to be found. Above it, is a very graceful smaller niche, containing a figure of a female saint, or the Virgin. The two at the south-east are peculiarly beautiful; and would furnish to architects of new churches, models for steeples, such as it would be difficult to strike out now, and which would convey a gift of loveliness to many a neighbourhood, where it might rise for ages a charming object to the eye of the inhabitant and the traveller, instead of the bald heaps of stone that too commonly present themselves as modern Gothic. Since being struck with this, it gave me no common pleasure to see that the same idea had not only occurred to the architect of a new church at Blackburn, but had been acted upon to the public benefit.

The most singular thing in the external aspect of the cathedral is a small building with battlemented roof, raised in the very face of the western front, where in other cathedrals is found the main portal. This is a chapel, called the Galilee, built by Hugh Pudsey. It blocks up the great original doorway, and is pushed out to the very brow of the river bank. Above it appears the great western window, presenting the

curious aspect of an old Norman round spandrel, enclosing a pointed light, adorned with the richest flowing tracery. The chapel itself exhibits the perpendicular windows of the fifteenth century, while within, it is supported by round arches and Norman zigzag. But before we enter even the Galilee, we must just take one turn amongst the graves which are scattered over the turf of the churchyard. Many a warrior and dame of the old times lie here; Lumleys, and Nevilles, and once proud men and women of many of the great families of the North, and some ancient sculptures which covered them, are still to be seen. But there is one grave that arrested my steps and seized on my attention more vividly than any of them. It was the tomb of Robert Dodsley, the author of the Economy of Human Life, of the Toyshop, and various other works. Who in his youth has not read and reread the Economy of Human Life, and faithfully held it to be the work of some holy Brahmin, as it professed to be? How many miniature copies of that little volume are there still scattered about in country houses, and in the drawers of pious ladies, old and young, and of pious and poetical boys to boot! Dodsley was born of poor parents at Mansfield. Many and many times have I passed that house, now a public house, bearing the sign of the Brown Cow, and looked on it with reverence as the birthplace of Robert Dodsley; and here I found him lying. I honour now the terminus of his career, as I honoured years ago the spot of its commencement, for Robert Dodsley was a genuine poet, and an honest man. Dodsley was not only the writer, but the publisher of great works. He was

the protegee and friend of Pope, and his shop was the resort of the wits and literati of the time. Spence, the author of Polymetis, was much attached to him. He persuaded him, in the decline of life, to quit London and come hither, where he himself had a prebend. Here he died; and Spence placed this inscription on his tomb:—"If you have any respect for uncommon industry and merit, regard this place, in which are interred the remains of Mr. Robert Dodsley, who, as an author, raised himself much above what could have been expected from one in his rank of life, and without learned education; and who, as a man, was scarce exceeded by any in integrity of heart and purity of manners and conversation. He left this life for a better, Sept. 23d, 1764, in the 61st year of his age." The inscription might have been better. His name, a single line from his Economy, and the date of his death, were worth a dozen of it. It smacks too much of the learned canon and the classic. Genius cares nothing about "rank in life." It springs up as freely in the cabin as the hall, and even without "a learned education" can do wonders; as witness Chatterton, and Burns, and Hogg, and Allan Cunningham, and many an other; nay, with all Spence's erudition, we will venture to assert that Robert Dodsley, and his Economy of Human Life, shall fairly distance him in the race of fame. Already we begin to smell the mouldiness of the library, the grave of great books, about Polymetis; but the Economy is a little treasured tome, and is continually springing fresh and young again from the popular press.

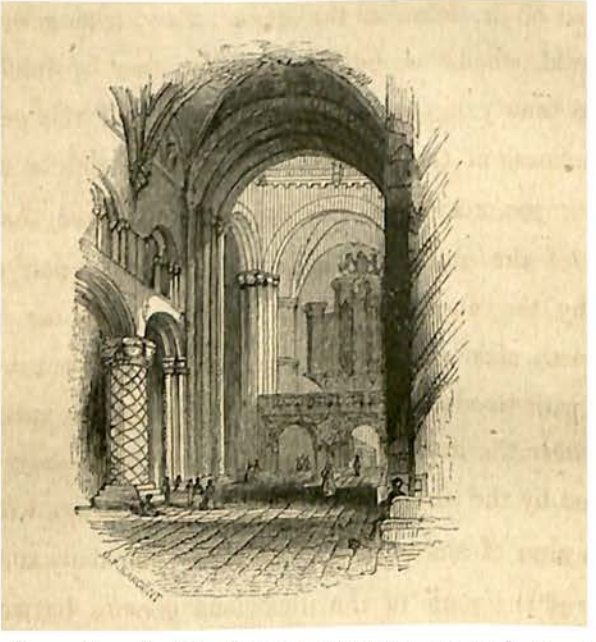
Let us now take in our hand a small neat volume, modestly styled "A Brief Account of Durham Cathedral," and with that step into this noble dome. With it we need no other guide. It can tell us every history of its erection, and point out every stone that has deserved a note of admiration; for if we mistake not, it is the work of the learned and excellent librarian of the cathedral. We need not say, that the Rev. James Raine, the historian of North Durham, is familiar with all the antiquities, and knows how to value the splendid specimens of ancient art in the varied architecture of this place, but we will say that this is just the sort of guide to such things that such things should have.

We are at the door;—but what Gorgon head is this which glares at us? It is like a savage knocker, that has seen the Marquis of Waterford, or some of his champions advancing to wrench it off, and glares, and grins, and sets up all the iron bristles of its head, as if possessed with the fury of a dozen fiends. Or did it catch this grim look sympathetically? for it was by this very iron head, and ring which it holds in its mouth, that the murderers and malefactors, even of the Norman times, were wont to thunder on the door, and call for admittance to the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert. "Within," says Mr. Raine, "over the doorway were two chambers, now removed, in which dwelt, day and night, men ready to hear the knocking at the ring, and admit malefactors to the sanctuary."

As we step into the spacious and lofty nave of the cathedral of Durham, we are struck, but with a different feeling to that

which affected us at Winchester. There, the later date of the nave, the light-pointed arches of the roofs, the large and lofty windows, the exquisitely carved shrines of ancient prelates, and the great number of mural monuments disposed round the walls, gave you a feeling of elegance and beauty; here, all is plain, naked, and sternly majestic. The massy walls, almost bare of even mural tablets; the strong and lofty pillars, their shafts scored and ploughed into a variety of patterns, and great round arches; the side aisles, having upper tiers ornamented with the zigzag; the wide open floor, cleared of all shrines, chapels, altars, and other obstructions, and the very pavement levelled from even the old brasses and carved gravestones, give to your view the aspect and the amplitude of the great structure in its original simplicity. One cannot help a feeling of wonder, that in this ancient and most richly-endowed church in all the land, such should be the case. We look for the monuments of the grand prelates that raised this august fane; and many of which, in like churches, are usually to be found standing on the floor of the nave in ancient state. Most of these, we learn, were interred in other parts of the building; and in 1563, the wife of Dean Whittingham, a sister of Calvin, exerted her zeal in having monuments defaced, funeral brasses torn up, and stone coffins and holy-water stoups converted into troughs for curing her bacon, and other domestic uses! The Scotch prisoners, after the battle of Dunbar, were confined here for some time, in a state of great misery and destitution, many perishing from cold and hunger. In their own trouble, they

forgot not to destroy monuments, and warm themselves with the woodwork of ancient stalls. And finally, in the memory of man, the floor was levelled, and re-paved, and most of the memorial brasses and stones taken away, or placed in obscure corners.



The Reformation had before swept away many holy piece of obstruction. "A partition-wall," Mr. Raine informs us, "extended across the east end of the middle aisle, from the one to the other of the western pillars which support the central tower. In front of this wall, on the west, stood a splendid altar, called Jesus Altar, at which mass was sung every Friday. A small doorway at each end led to the transept; and upon the altar itself stood a *pax*, or folding tablet, and during mass, containing a representation of the Crucifixion, in brilliant colours. Above the altar, upon the face of the wall, were carved in stone

and gilt, the history and passion of the Redeemer; still higher, were figures of the Apostles in the same material; and above, upon a richly-ornamental parapet, 'the most famous rood in all the land,' with the picture of Mary on one side of our Saviour, and that of St. John on the other. Two archangels, glittering with gold, stood, one by Mary, and another by John; so that, for the beauty of the wall, the stateliness of the picture, and the liveliness of the painting, it was thought to be one of the grandest monuments of the church." Between the next two pillars of the same aisle stood a loft, with a pair of organs, used by the choristers when mass was said at the altar. The north aisle was separated from the transept by folding-doors, with wooden work, surmounted with iron spikes, carried up to near the groining of the roof; and the south aisle was occupied by the chapel or chantry of the Nevilles, within which was an altar of alabaster, at which mass was daily sung, for the repose of the souls of the illustrious persons buried beneath. Thus the nave was completely cut off from the view of the transept and choir, and the *tout ensemble* of the interior must have been wofully destroyed by this sacred masking, especially as the space between the Neville chapel and the door leading into the cloisters was enclosed, and over it placed a chamber for the bellringer. Westward, the nave was as completely occupied with different erections. As you turned from the great northern door of entry, towards your right hand stood an enclosed chapel of the Virgin, containing an altar, called the altar of Our Lady of Pittee, the name thus given to Mary, being sufficiently indi-

cated by a painting of her holding the Saviour on her knees in the state in which he was taken down from the cross. In the recess under the western tower was St. Saviour's Altar; over the north door were the chambers already mentioned of the perpetual watchers for the fleers to sanctuary; and on the floor beneath the western tower was the sanctuary itself, "where murderers, and rogues, and vagabonds from every part of the nation, met with protection until they obtained a pardon from the crown, or quitted the kingdom. The culprit, upon knocking at the ring affixed to the north door, was admitted without delay, and after confessing the crime, with every minute circumstance connected with it, the whole of which was committed to writing in the presence of witnesses, a bell in the Jubilee-tower ringing all the while to give notice to the town that some one had taken refuge in the church, there was put upon him a black gown with a yellow cross upon its left shoulder, as the badge of St. Cuthbert, whose *girth* or peace he had claimed. When thirty-seven days had elapsed, if no pardon could be obtained, the malefactor, after certain ceremonies before the shrine, solemnly abjured his native land for ever, and was straightway, by the agency of the intervening parish constables, conveyed to the coast, bearing in his hand a white wooden cross, and was sent out of the kingdom by the first ship which sailed after his arrival." Mr. Raine adds, that the records of these transactions are still kept, and the gentry of Northumberland were frequent suitors for the protection of the saint, after border or more domestic bloodshed.

All the erections here enumerated have long vanished, and the eye wandering over the ample nave, meets only with the large and antique font; the two shattered tombs of the Nevilles, and a recent monument to the Rev. James Britton, late master of the Durham School. The tombs of the Nevilles bear equal testimony to their former grandeur and the *animus* with which the Scottish prisoners battered them. The victor of Neville's Cross, and his son, Lord John Neville, with his wife, Lady Matilda Percy, the daughter of Hotspur, raised too many vivid memories of defeat and disaster to their nation, in the hearts of men then smarting under the immediate sense of similar humiliation in their own person, to escape their wrath. The monument to James Britton, erected in 1836, presents a figure of the deceased leaning on his elbow, who, if in person and character such as this sculpture asserts and implies, must have been a man of the highest endowments of mind and intellect. The figure is admirably executed, but the head and face are eminently noble. The head is splendid in its development, and the countenance wears the expression of deep thought, uncommon dignity of spirit, and benevolence of feeling.

The transept was anciently full also of shrines and chapels, dedicated to different saints, whose images stood upon brackets affixed to the adjoining pillars; in all these chapels mass was celebrated at distinct and stated times; and when, as our historian observes, we are informed that in the cathedral altogether, there were at least forty altars, themselves rich in ornaments, and that the monks performed their ceremonies in robes of a most

splendid and gorgeous description, some of which remain, we may form some idea of the pageantry of the church in those days. In the transept now, the most striking things are two monuments; one on the western wall of the south aisle, that of Bishop Barrington, by Chantry, well worthy of the artist; and one in a recess of the north aisle, an Anglo-Gothic shrine, by Rickman, in memory of Dr. Carr, master a few years ago of Durham School.

We now stand before the choir-screen, an object which strikes the eye the moment you enter the nave, and unluckily strikes it disagreeably. In this, one of the most vital parts of the *coup d'œil* of a Gothic cathedral, where grace should most essentially exist, and where accordingly in many of our minsters, we have screens of singular beauty,—here the sight falls upon one of the most incongruous objects imaginable. It is a wooden screen in an *Anglo-Norman* church, intended to be *Grecian;* in itself a sufficient enormity, but which is neither Grecian, nor Roman, nor English, nor Heaven knows what! It is a thing of figures, half caryatides, half pilaster, with round shoulders, and stupid faces, and great streams of garlands and festoons of fruit and flowers running down from them, and amongst them. It is a monstrosity thrown up by Bishop Cousin, in the days of Charles II., the most wretched era of all but classic architecture in our whole history; the profoundest midnight of all knowledge of the beauty and glory of our inimitable and most poetical church architecture,—a period in which such fantastic tricks were played in our finest minsters, even by such men as Wren and

Inigo Jones, as make us groan. Thank heaven! many of those lamentable memorials of the confined tastes of those great men have vanished before the restored light of taste and nature; and works worthy of their situation, and in harmony with it, have arisen in their stead. But here is Durham, with all its wealth; with its distinguished body of learned dignitaries, that to this hour, with light and knowledge pouring in upon them on all sides, has tolerated this horror, this foulest abortion of ignorance and discordant taste, that is to be found in any cathedral in the whole kingdom. Here, where a screen in spirit and principle according with this grand old Norman fabric should rear itself aloft, mingling the harmony of its features with the harmony of sound flowing from the noble organ that crowns it, and salute the spectator from the moment that he entered, with a vision of grace—stands this dingy trophy of architectural folly.

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Let us turn back, and take a peep at another sort of thing —the Galilee; that, having nourished our indignation by a contemplation of its beauty, we may have the satisfaction of returning and bestowing another hearty curse on this "horrible shadow," yet only too "real mockery," before we enter the choir.

This is a scene lovely enough to soothe the most ruffled feelings. We are at once in a genuine chapel of the days of Richard Cœur de Lion. The eye glances forward, and roves with a delightful sense of having flown back at once into the

purple twilight of sainted ages. It luxuriates on a vision of clustered shafts, bearing round arches richly fretted with Norman zigzag, and still touched with hues of vermilion and of purest white, which once brightened those fair mouldings. It is a hushed and charmed oratory, fit for the devotions of prince, or paladin, of antique queen of stately beauty, or princely maiden, the prize of chivalry. Where are those two gorgeous shrines, which stood, one on each side of the door, at which bent many such high personage in devotion? They are gone; but still from the walls above, gleam the tall figures of Pudsey and of the lion-hearted king, rich relics of the glory of past times. But what tomb is this, that looks so simple yet so conspicuous an object in this ancient place? Read that inscription on its surface:

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA—Bædæ venerabilis ossa.

Ah! 't is the very tomb of Bede! It is a treasure worthy of the place, and a place worthy of the treasure. If any spot should be honoured with his death, besides his beloved Jarrow, whence kings, nor popes, nor promises of highest allurement could draw him during life, surely no place were fitter than this. The precious shrine of gold, and silver, and jewels, with which Hugh Pudsey marked his profound reverence for the morning-star of British literature, has long vanished; but the fame of Bede is a spiritual shrine, hidden from sordid spirits and inviolable to greedy hands, yet covering the little heap of his remains, a tabernacle of light. Here too lies, as near him as possible, his ardent admirer, Richard of Barnard Castle;

here rests too, Bishop Langley, who in the purest taste of his time, the fifteenth century, added light and finish to the architectural riches of this chapel. We need not say more. He who would have a full idea of what the Galilee is, and what it contains, must see it; and if he wishes to worship there, he will, any Sunday evening during the summer, find a numerous congregation in it, listening to one of the popular preachers of the place.

Let us now retrace the nave, and winking that we may not injure our eyes with another sight of Bishop Cousin's thing, properly called a screen, seeing that it has no beauty of its own, and is set to hide that which has, so enter the choir. This is a noble and a stately place. It has not objects of equal interest with the choir of Parker, the tomb of Rufus, and the mortuary chests of the old Saxon kings; nor is its roof so gorgeously embossed with armorial shields, but it is, in a word, a noble choir. The first thing which strikes the eye, is its altar screen—of pure Gothic stonework, as light and graceful and consistent as Bishop Cousin's screen is ugly. This screen was raised chiefly at the expense of John Lord Neville, in 1380. It is said to have been carved in London, out of stone brought from France, and conveyed to Durham in detached portions, at the expense of Lord Neville. It was embellished with statues of alabaster in its niches; the three upper ones being occupied by those of the Virgin, King Oswald, and St. Cuthbert. Its airy canopies and pinnacles are especially beautiful. The throne and tomb of Bishop Hatfield do great honour to the taste of

that prelate who raised them, and as little to some of his successors, who have by a wainscot partition hidden his fine effigy from the view of the choir, and shut it out into the south aisle. Mr. Raine tells us of the daring acts, and meditated acts of Wyall, the architect, in this church, by whom this and other equally interesting portions of the building, were threatened with the most Bœotian ravages. Bishops Beaumont, Pilkington, and James, are buried in this choir. Of the ancient splendour of this place, in its catholic glory, we might give a long account. Its high altar, with its gold and jewelery; its curtains of white damask, set with pearls and precious stones; its front of red velvet, ornamented with large flowers in gold; its splendid canopy, containing a pix of pure gold, with its covering of lawn embroidered with gold and red silk, with tassels of gold at its corners. Its LIBER VITÆ, or BOOK OF LIFE, lying on the altar, covered with gold and silver, containing the names of all the benefactors of the see, once a-year gratefully recited during the solemnity of mass; and then, its monks bowing before it, in stoles and copes of golden tissue, and legendary figures in richest colours; all the pomp of high mass and other mysteries, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection at Easter,—who does not see it all? At present, the grand attraction, independent of the celebration of divine worship, is the masterly chanting, perhaps unrivalled in the empire. There, amongst the prebends, I observed a venerable looking old man in a black skull-cap, who strongly reminded me by his features of the Duke of Wellington, and on inquiring found that it was his brother.

The north and south aisles, in those days, had also their stately chapels and their storied windows; nay, in the northern one was a hermitage, in which dwelt "an anchorite, whom the priors, successively visited, induced by the excellency of the place, and its contiguity to the altar and the shrine." Time has swept all these out, and we therefore hasten to the last and most important part of this sacred pile—the shrine of St. Cuthbert.

To reach this, you descend a few steps from one of the aisles of the choir, and find yourself in one of the most beautiful portions of the cathedral. This is the eastern transept, or Chapel of the Nine Altars; and it is a work of the thirteenth century, began by Bishop Poor and Prior Melsonby, and completed in forty years. Stripped as it is of its nine altars, of its glowing windows of painted glass, and numerous rich armorial shields of the great families of the North, it yet retains, almost entire, its architectural integrity, and is one of the finest erections of the ornamented Early English in the kingdom. Its length—of 130 feet, its loftiness, the light spring of its shafts and arches, whose capitals and groinings are sculptured with foliage and flowers; and its numerous lofty windows, produce an instantaneous impression of pleasure on the beholder. There are fifteen noble windows in its eastern range, and the large one to the north is very fine. Formerly its nine altars, ranged beneath the eastern windows, and dedicated each to two saints, had each its separate screen, ornamented with branches and flowers, and other imagery-work, in paint and gilding:

they were continually lit by nine cressets, during the darkness of the nights, the year through; and wine and bread were supplied to the officiating monks by the Sacrist from a neighbouring closet. In front of these altars stood the stately tombs of two celebrated prelates, Richard Bury and Anthony Bek. In the centre of the roof is a circular aperture, or ventilator. Through this, on occasion of repairing the roof some years ago, a rope was suspended from a pulley, by which to draw up materials; a boy employed by the workmen, forgetting the opening, walked through it, and fell to the pavement below—a depth, I believe, of about seventy feet—but, strange to say, without being killed. His leg, which was found severely cut, was supposed to have caught in the rope, and by some means broke his fall.

The Ferctory, or Shrine of St. Cuthbert, abutting on the eastern end of the choir at the back of the high altar, projects into the centre of the Nine Altars, and is only separated from it by a sort of open-work and crocketed screen. You ascend into it by a side door, up a few steps, and behold in the centre of the pavement a plain slab, which marks the spot where stood the celebrated shrine of the saint, and beneath which now rest his remains. Around stands a curious group of ancient images of saints, kings, and martyrs, on grim and decaying stone, as if they had all descended by the might of some miraculous spell from their various stations in, and on, and about the cathedral, to watch over the long slumbers of the holy man, since ruthless Protestantism has destroyed his shrine, chased away prior,

monks, and devotees; extinguished every lamp, and hushed the measured chant of all the fair altars of his noble fane. There stands his royal friend King Oswald; and there stands himself, with his crosier in one hand, and the head of King Oswald in the other—a singular sculpture. There lean gigantic figures; there fights St. Michael with the Old Serpent, and St. George with the Dragon; there St. Christopher, still carrying the infant Christ; St. Anthony with his bell; and pious queens and sainted abbesses look astonished at finding themselves within that sacred shrine whence St. Cuthbert himself would have chased them in the good Catholic times, even if he had shook the church down to do it. The times are wonderfully changed, and saints and spirits deign no longer to exhibit their power before an unbelieving world. St. Cuthbert, it is well known, had a desperate antipathy to women. In his life-time, his honour had been aspersed by a fragile princess, whom the earth at his prayer opened its mouth for, and swallowed up, and only at his intercession again opened its mouth, and gave her back to life; thenceforth he banished all women far from him. Nay, after his death, no woman was suffered to set foot on his shrine or his abbey. This small grace was conceded to them, that they might not be utterly left to the power of Satan; they might enter the most western portion of the nave of the cathedral, where a blue mark in the pavement still shews the boundary of their toleration. Came they nearer, the indignant Saint shook himself in his grave, and made the fabric totter above their heads. Even when the noble Philippa, by mistake, had taken

up her quarters in the abbot's house with her husband, the victorious Edward III., the monks in alarm roused her from her slumbers, and gathering her clothes hastily about her, she was forced to fly in the darkness to the castle. Hugh Pudsey began to build a chapel where now stands the Nine Altars, for the use of women, forgetful of the saint's inveterate antipathy; but the sturdy St. Cuthbert speedily refreshed his memory. He shook the very walls to their foundations, and made the workmen fly terrified in every direction.

To describe all the splendour, the ceremonies, and the legends connected with this shrine of St. Cuthbert, would require a volume. Of its fame we have yet abundant testifying effects. The cathedral itself, and all the broad lands of the see of Durham, and comfortable houses and incomes of so many dignitaries, are the fruits of St. Cuthbert's renown. To this spot, on which we now stand, when St. Cuthbert's dead, yet conscious and undecaying body had chosen it as its perpetual dormitory, came princes and people of all degrees, eager to do homage to the saint, to offer lands, and money, and jewels, and holy relics of more value than money, because they were everlasting magnets that drew money itself to the shrine from all quarters. Here came Canute; here came Alexander of Scotland; here came even the fierce Norman Conqueror; all seeking the benefit of the saint's intercession. The whole county was bestowed on the saint, with its rule, and civil honours and privileges. Not even the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket could outblaze that of St. Cuthbert in wealth, splendour

or reverence. The coffin stood on a fine table of marble, supported by nine pillars, the gift of the Scottish Alexander. Lamps burnt perpetually before it. It was covered with a costly cover of wainscot, splendidly gilt, and painted with holy pictures, and covered with images of birds, dragons and curious beasts, which on the saint's day, or when holy pilgrims who could pay for such a treat came, was hoisted by a rope and pulley fastened to the roof above, and ascending, revealed the shrine of the saint, amid the prayers and pious ejaculations of the spectators. The shrine itself was one glitter of costly jewels. Around the Feretory hung many relics and rich gifts of kings and princes; and numerous others were laid up, in little crypts or almries of wainscot, varnished and finely painted and gilt, with little images. At the end of the shrine stood the celebrated banner of St. Cuthbert, that carried victory where it went, as at Flodden Field, at Neville's Cross, and many another hard-fought field. Around, fastened by their staves to the rails of the Feretory, stood also the banners and ancients of the king of Scots, of Lord Neville, and of many other noblemen. The body of the saint himself lay arrayed in gorgeous and costly robes, the gifts of famous men and royal ladies.

We need not now repeat all the stories of the incorruptibility of the saint's body, by which the monks gulled the whole world, and kept up the pious and profitable farce till the very Reformation. We have an account of the opening of his coffin even then, in which the same tale is perpetuated; but Mr. Raine has satisfactorily shewn that when the coffin was last opened, in

1827, its contents proved that nothing but a thorough skeleton could have been in it on its former inspection in Henry VIII.'s time. Many curious articles were found therein; amongst others the hair of the saint, which used to be periodically shewn to the people by the monks, as glittering like gold, and which turned out to be real gold wire. These articles, amongst them a comb of ivory, which must be of Saxon manufacture, and therefore very curious, are now to be seen in the library.

Here then let us leave the saint to his repose. The day of the monkish jugglery with his body is over; but if the good man does not live in his grave, as he was for ages believed to do, he has enabled many other men to live above and around it. The splendid patrimony of St. Cuthbert still testifies to the efficacy of his remains; and, according to the old adage, let those now laugh at his miraculous power who have won substantial comforts through it.

Were we to go through all the buildings connected with this great establishment, and which are worthy of observation, the notice would far exceed our limits. The cloisters, the abbot's kitchen, the chapter-house, and many an old gateway, and door, and window, beautiful with the architecture and sculpture of ancient times, would long detain us. The library of the Dean and Chapter in the cloisters is deserving itself of a close and curious inspection. Here are about 8000 valuable works, and portraits of celebrated men connected with the see. But Mr. Raine, the learned librarian, can best speak of its *curiosa*. "There are nearly 700 MSS. upon various subjects, of

five hundred of which an elaborate catalogue has been printed by the dean and chapter. The rest are music, bequeathed to the library by Mr. Falle, one of the prebendaries, in 1742. The contents of the closet on the left hand, with the exception of one or two gifts of modern times by the late Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, etc., and the purchase a few years ago of a very early copy of the works of Laurence, Prior of Durham from 1149 to 1154, of which the library had previously merely a transcript, comprise as many books of the monastic church of Durham as were preserved at the Reformation. Among these are some of a very remote antiquity. There is a copy of the Vulgate New Testament, written before the year 700. Another, upon good authority, *in the handwriting of the Venerable Bede;* a Cassiodorus super Psalterium, *transcribed by the same pen* (v. p. 79); and there is a Latin Ritual called King Alfred's Prayer-Book, of a still higher date than even the MS. first mentioned. But we suspect that it has been misnamed. It contains a Saxon interlineation by *Aldred*, a monk of Lindisfarne, whose name might easily be confounded with that of Alfred, and the prefix would then follow as a matter of course. Among many brilliantly-illuminated books, there is a magnificent copy of the Vulgate in four volumes, given to the monks by Bishop Pudsey, and containing his autograph in every book. These volumes still retain their original binding, exhibiting externally all the Norman ornaments of the period to which they belong, and internally many splendid illuminations;—one in particular, an initial in the book of Maccabees, gives a distinct representation,

not of one, but of numerous warriors, arrayed in the armour and costume of Pudsey's period. These are valuable data; and prefixed to the last volume, that of the New Testament, are illuminations, exhibiting every architectural variety of the Norman arch, pier, and shaft, and pedestal, during the time of the donor. These specimens of ancient art and taste are now safe; for *college nurses are not now permitted to go into the library in wet weather, and cut out illuminations to amuse the children under their care!* Such things were; and this book, in particular, has suffered severely. Other volumes, brilliantly illuminated, have been shamefully despoiled of their decorations. *It was Dr. Dobson's nurse* (1695—1718) *who is said to have been guilty of these abominations!"*

In this closet are preserved, under glass, the relics removed from the grave of St. Cuthbert. Such fragments of the inner coffin as could be collected, are kept in boxes made for the purpose, in that on the opposite side.

The other MSS. are chiefly topographical. Those of Dr. Hunter were purchased by the Chapter in 1756, for forty guineas; and those of Randall and Allan in 1823, for 150*l.* The library is rich in early-printed books, and can boast of Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, and of more than one *editio princeps* of the Classical authors. It contains a copy of Sir George Wheler's Travels, well benoted by Mr. Reed; a Strype, with valuable additions and corrections by Mr. Baker of St. John's College, Cambridge; a copy of Neal's History of the Puritans, with numerous caustic remarks by Bishop Warburton,

at the time he held a stall at Durham; a Twysden's "Scriptores," with collations and corrections, etc., by Mr. Reed and Dr. Smith, the editor of Bede; and other books which prove themselves to have passed through the hands of men of learning. "The Roman altars, etc., were found at different periods, in the counties of Durham and Northumberland. The greater part of them belonged to Warburton, the author of the Vallum Romanum." Besides these, are collections of coins, and numerous other curiosities; and also the splendid copes used by the prebendary and minor canons in the communion-service, till Warburton's time (1755), who refused to be clad in such popish habiliments, and they were then laid aside. One of them, says Carter, was presented to the monks by Queen Philippa, after the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346; and Mr. Raine claims equal antiquity for others of them. One of them, singularly enough, upon which is embroidered David holding in his hand the head of Goliath, was the gift of Charles I. to the church, who, not only in the natural melancholy of his aspect, but in his very presents, had something prefigurative of his fate. The decorations of two or three of these copes are highly interesting, as exhibiting specimens of the arts of needlework and embroidery as they existed many centuries ago; and their gorgeous colouring and rich gold texture, enable the imagination to bring back, more than a thousand descriptions, the splendour of pageantry and pomp of ceremony with which this celebrated church was filled in the days of its glory. We may add, with Mr. Raine, that we know no other cathedral in possession of similar relics.

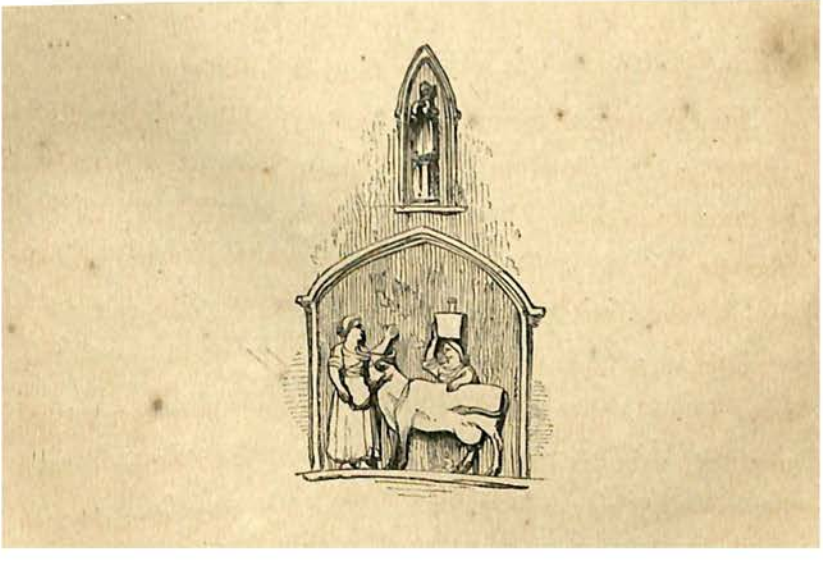
The Castle of Durham, standing opposite to the cathedral, and shewing its lofty keep and battlements conspicuously in every view of the city, is an object full of interest. Dating its origin from the Conqueror, it has been the residence of the bishops of the palatinate till recently; and has received within its walls, at one time or another, many of the most martial sovereigns, and fair dames, and celebrated men of the nation. It has some grand specimens of ancient architecture yet remaining: a Norman chapel, now appropriated to the use of the college; finely ornamented Norman doorways; and the dining-hall of Hugh Pudsey, now used as the college hall, with various old portraits and other paintings in it, which give it a great air of antiquity. The keep has just been restored in good taste, and is fitted up as college chambers. This fact brings us to the last great change in Durham. During the Commonwealth, a college was established, with every prospect of great service to the public, but on the restoration of monarchy it was dissolved. Many persons have, however, of late years, been anxious to see a college existing here again. The distance from the southern universities, and the comparative cheapness of this neighbourhood, it was imagined, would ensure certain success, and enable numbers to give their sons an academical education who would hesitate to send them into the south. The experiment has been tried, and with every prospect of realizing all that was hoped from it. It was opened in 1833, and now contains numerous students. Its funds are drawn by Act of Parliament from the superabundant wealth of St. Cuthbert's patri-

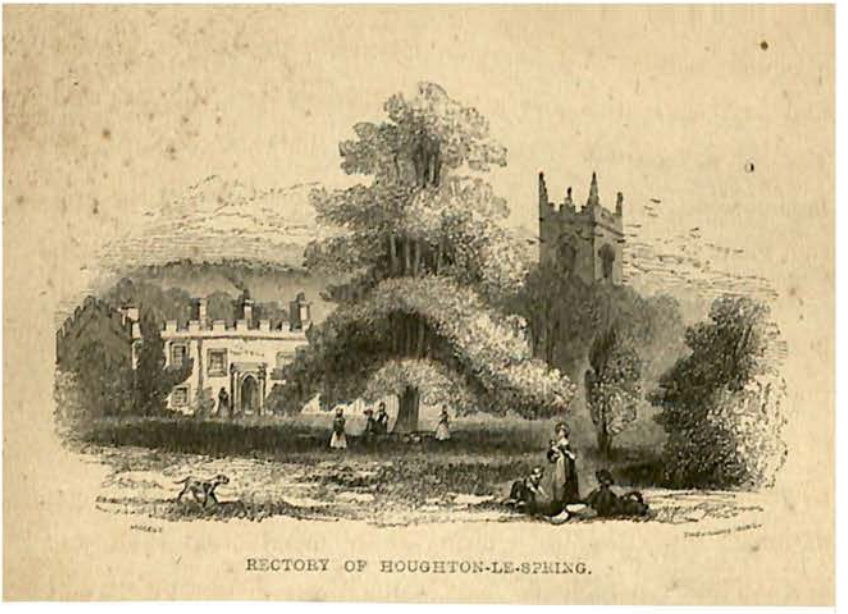
mony; and its professors are men who have distinguished themselves in their respective departments of art, and science, and literature, in the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. The students wear caps and gowns similar to those of Oxford; and as they sit at table in the old hall of Pudsey, or wander through the streets of this ancient city, they seem a fitting portion of its inhabitants, and might, did we not know the contrary, very well pass for part and parcel of its antiquity. Durham has been shorn of so much of its ancient life, picturesque pomp, and festive galas, since the Reformation, that even the gowns and caps of the collegians seem to be a degree of restitution rather than an innovation, while they predicate a diffusion of knowledge that did not belong to the days of pilgrims and processions. And yet how striking must have been the spectacle of those processions as they moved along the streets of this quaint old city, while "crosiers, and mitres, and images, and shrines, glittered along the line!" With a glance at one or two of these, from the pages of Mr. Raine, we will take our leave of Durham.

"Annual processions were made by the prior and convent on St. Mark's Day to the church of Hillary in the North Bailey; on Monday in Ascension-week, to St. Oswald's; on Tuesday, to St. Margaret's; and on Wednesday, to St. Nicholas'; in each of which churches was a sermon preached by one of the monks to the assembled laity. On Ascension-day itself there was another procession, which far surpassed those above mentioned in pomp and splendour. Two crosses, one of solid gold, with a

staff of silver, and the other of silver double gilt, having a staff of wood, led the way. Then came the precious banner of St. Cuthbert, which waved over the heads of kings and nobles upon many a well-fought battlefield, and had invariably brought home with it victory. The prior, generally an aged man, advanced next in the procession, bearing a cope so heavy from its embroidery as to require the support of attendant esquires. The crosier in his hand was of silver, double gilt, and the mitre upon his head was splendid with decorations. The shrine of Venerable Bede next succeeded, supported by four monks; and other monks in succession, bore a statue of King Oswald, of silver, double gilt; the cross of Margaret, the sainted queen of Scotland, and other relics and banners, in a long and silent line of stately magnificence. The procession left the church by the north doorway, crossed the churchyard, went down Dun Cow Lane, and along the North Bailey to the Abbey Gate, returning to the church through the cloisters. Like processions, and with the same accompaniments, were made on Whit-Sunday and Trinity Sunday; and on Corpus-Christi Day, the church and the town united in a solemn procession of a somewhat different nature. The banners belonging to the various gilds and fraternities of the citizens were brought to the cathedral yard, and arranged in a line to the west side of the footpath extending from the north door of the church to the opening which communicates with the banks at the end of the grammar school, then called Windy-hole Gate, a most appropriate name, which it has since lost. On the eastern side of the footpath were

arranged, in a corresponding line, the lighted torches, which, according to the custom of the time, were appropriated to these banners. The Corpus-Christi shrine, belonging to the church of St. Nicholas, and containing the consecrated elements, was then brought into the churchyard from the city by four priests, and when it had proceeded a few paces beyond the end of the present grammar school, it was met by the prior and convent, attended as on Ascension-day, and was carried into the church, accompanied by the banners and torches we have mentioned. After divine service in the choir, a procession of the whole congregation, lay and clerical, was made around the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and then the townsmen departed with their idol, and laid it up in the vestry of St. Nicholas, until it should be again wanted in the annual solemnity in which it enacted so conspicuous a part."





RECTORY OF HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.

VISIT TO HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING;

THE ABODE AND BURIAL-PLACE OF BARNARD GILPIN,

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

Around the old city of Durham lie many places of historical interest, and the pleasantness of the country makes a walk or a drive to them doubly agreeable. The picturesque ruins of Finchall Abbey; the sweet retirement of Beaurepaire, which, out of the ordinary track as it now seems to stand, has been visited by many a rough party and fiery salutation; Brancepeth, the once noble castle of the Nevilles, and restored by its present owner to more than its ancient strength and splendour; Aukland, the stately palace of the palatine bishops; the hospitals of Sherburne; the Roman citadel of Lanchester, celebrated for the relics which it has yielded of its ancient

masters; Lumley and Lambton Castles, with all their present and past associations, with all their woods and legends; and Houghton, the tomb of Barnard Gilpin. These, and many other famous spots, powerfully draw us towards them; but at the present moment we are decided to take the last-mentioned one first.

The fame of Barnard Gilpin had from my earliest youth been in my mind one of the most golden and sunshiny fabrics, that are built of wonder, love, and veneration, in the heart of childhood, by reading or by story, of what is great, and picturesque, and beautiful. The idea which lived in my imagination of him, firm and glowing as the imagination itself, was of a tall and venerable old man, wandering over vast heaths and moorlands with his Bible in his hand, ready to confront the marauder in his way, and awe him with a word of heaven's truth; to sit down by the swift stream of his Northern valleys, and talk in language of peace and affection, and divine hope, with the solitary fisherman, till he forget his angle, and let his line float idly on the water, his thoughts having flown far into the regions of paradise; to sit too by the wayside-well and the village-cross, and hear the troubles of weary wayfarers, and then comfort and relieve them; to enter farms and cottages, and be recognised and received as the prophets and apostles of old, with smiles and courtesies, and a running to and fro to cover the table for his refreshment, and spread the news of his arrival. I saw him stand with his hand on the head of some lovely child, speaking to its companions on the village green, with the bright eye and smiling countenance of a most childlike

benevolence, and blessing them all in his heart. I saw him too in the more solemn hours and duties of his office and his life; now sitting by the bed of crime and of coming death combating despair, and teaching the affrighted wretch where only in the whole gloomy hemisphere the eye of Mercy glanced through the clouds; now rebuking the fierce brawlers and scorners of the savage haunts that he visited; and now from some antiquated pulpit, or steps of an ancient grange, pouring over the wandering crowd the eloquence of the heart and the news of heaven. Perhaps the name—Apostle, gave no small vividness to these ideas; and as years advanced, I learned to love his memory too for the grandeur and fortitude of mind which made him bold and faithful against those worldly influences, of whose seductive or daunting potency a child has no conception. In that respect, as in others, he was framed on the model of a primitive Apostle.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheared,
Nor to offend the rich offender feared,
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,—
A living sermon of the truths he taught;
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrines which they heard;
"For priests," he said, "are patterns to the rest,—
The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed:
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust."
The prelate for his holy life he prized;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.

Patient in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he designed,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn,
In purple he was crucified—not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Chaucer, revised by Dryden.

So thought Barnard Gilpin, and on this basis he built up his character and practice. He was born in Westmoreland, and educated in Catholicism. At Oxford, at an early age, he publicly disputed against Hooper and the celebrated Peter Martyr, who were not only struck with his learning and ability, but much more with his obvious conscientious honesty; and they prayed earnestly for his conversion. This, from further inquiries, became the case. He was advised by his uncle Tunstal, bishop of Durham, to go abroad for a year or two, to converse with the most eminent professors of both faiths. But here a difficulty presented itself—the expense. The bishop told him that his living would, in part, supply that; but Gilpin's conscience could not tolerate the idea of it; his notions of the pastoral care were so strict, that he thought no excuse could justify non-residence for so considerable a time as he intended to be abroad; he therefore resigned his living to a suitable person, and set out. "*Father's soule!*" exclaimed the good bishop—"Gilpin, thou wilt die a beggar." But Gilpin respectfully persisted, and Tunstal, with his accustomed mildness, made no further opposition. He spent three years in Holland, Germany, and France; and returned during the period of the Marian persecution.

His uncle presented him with the rectory of Easington, and made him archdeacon of Durham; but his conscience would not let him hold them; he resigned them, and accepted the rectory of Houghton, a pastoral charge more consonant to his notions of ministerial duty. This rectory was worth about 400*l.* per annum—a large sum for that day; but it was proportionably laborious, being so extensive as to contain no less than fourteen villages, overcast with the darkness of popish ignorance and superstition. He preached and laboured with the zeal and affection of a primitive apostle; the people flocked about him with enthusiasm; and received from him at once temporal and spiritual blessings; and his enemies were as much exasperated. He was pointed out as a proper victim to that monster of all priestly butchery, the "Bloody Bonner;" and was speedily apprehended by the emissaries of that detestable wretch. His friends had not failed in time to warn him of his danger, but he refused to fly. He had even a garment made in which he might go decently to the stake, and used daily to put it on till he was taken into custody. Fortunately the queen died before he reached London; and he returned to his parish amid the joyful acclamations of his delighted people. Here he continued to live and labour in all good works. He established schools, obtaining his masters from Oxford, and when he met a boy upon the road he would make a trial of his capacity by a few questions; and, if he found him to his mind, he sent him to school, and if he there kept up his first promise, afterwards to the university. Many of his scholars became ornaments to

the church and nation,—amongst them Henry Ayrey, provost of Queen's College; George Carlton, bishop of Chichester; and Hugh Broughton.

His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country; and strangers and travellers met with a cheerful reception. Even their beasts had so much care taken of them, that it was humorously said, if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the rectory of Houghton. Every Sunday, from Michaelmas to Easter, was a sort of public day with him; that is, through the worst part of the year, when such comforts were the most needed. During this season he expected to see his parishioners and their families; whom he seated, according to their ranks, at three tables; and when absent from home, the same establishment was kept up. Lord Burleigh, when Lord Treasurer, unexpectedly visited him on his way into Scotland, but the economy of Mr. Gilpin's house was not easily disconcerted; and he entertained the statesman and his retinue in such a manner, as made him acknowledge he could hardly have expected more at Lambeth. Lord Burleigh made him great offers of advancement, which he respectfully, but firmly declined, feeling persuaded that he was in a far more useful sphere than a bishopric. On looking back from an eminence, after he left Houghton, Burleigh could not help exclaiming, "There is the enjoyment of life, indeed! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, happier, or more useful to mankind?"

"Mr. Gilpin's labours," says his worthy descendant and biographer, the late Rev. William Gilpin, "extended beyond his own parish. He every year visited divers neglected parishes in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland; and that his own flock might not suffer, he was at the expense of a constant assistant. His flock, in fact, lay in all these places, for he had obtained a licence from government to travel anywhere throughout the kingdom, to find out where the people were the most neglected, and there to preach and instruct them. In all his journeys he did not fail to visit the gaols and places of confinement; and by his labours and affectionate manner of behaviour, he is said to have reformed many abandoned persons, in those abodes of human misery. He had set places and times of preaching, in the different parts of the country, which were as regularly attended as the assize time of a circuit. If he came to a place in which there was a church, he made use of it; if not, of barns or any other large buildings, where great crowds were sure to flock,—some, probably for his bounty,—but he had a sort of enthusiastic warmth in his addresses, which turned many to a sense of religion, who had never thought of anything serious before. The dangers and fatigues attending this employment were, in his estimation, abundantly compensated by the advantages accruing from them to his uninstructed fellow creatures. He did not spare the rich, as we shall see when we come to speak more particularly of his actions. Thus lived and died this 'good and great man;' he is said to have amassed, by unwearied application, a vast stock

of knowledge; to have been ignorant of no part of learning in esteem at that time; to have been more than usually skilled in the classic languages, history and poetry, in which he excelled; but every thing he made subservient to the more ennobling and advantaging of his Christian ministry."

He bore his great commission in his look,
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the Gospel rather than the Law,
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.
Now through the land his cure of souls he stretched,
And like a primitive apostle preached;
Still cheerful, ever constant to his call,
By many followed, and admired by all.
Such was the saint, who strove with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his lively image was expressed,
And his own work, as in creation, blessed.

Chaucer's Good Parson.

It was with great pleasure that I set out to visit the spot where this noble example of Christian greatness had lived, and laboured, and died. I found it was about eight miles out of Durham, and as it was May, and I had the day to it, I pleased myself with the prospect of a country walk thither. The country, as country, however, was not much to boast of. Houghton lay direct on the Sunderland road, and the landscape on either hand, as I proceeded, though presenting a varied surface had no very striking features, and was very bare of wood. But if it was not attractive as country, it was curious enough from its other features. It is a mining country, and its great objects

of notice on all sides, are the tall engine-houses of its collieries, and its trains of coal-wagons, or corves, as they call them, running up hills and down dales, as if of their own accord. The sights and sounds were altogether such as must strike people from the south, that is, those who have not been accustomed to a coal country, as very strange. Wherever reared themselves those tall engine-houses, also towered aloft two vapoury columns, one of black smoke, and one near it of white steam. These neighbouring columns, like the ghosts of Ossian, slanted themselves in the wind, and wavered spectre-like in the air, each like some black demon with a pale spirit in his keeping, whom he was compelling to enormous labours; and such noises filled the air, as served to confirm the belief of it. Some of these engines were groaning, some puffing, some making the most unearthly sighings and yawnings, as if the very Gouls and Afrits of the Eastern stories, were set to stupendous labours, and were doing them in despair. At the same time, here and there, you saw careering over the plain, long trains of coal-wagons, without horses, or attendants, or any apparent cause of motion, but their own mad agency. They seemed, indeed, rather driven or dragged by unseen demons, for they were accompanied by the most comical whistlings and warblings, screamings and chucklings, imaginable. When you came up to one of these mad dragon trains, it was then only that you became aware of the mystery of their motion. They ran along railways, and were impelled by stationary engines at a distance, which stood often in valleys quite out of sight. A huge rope running over

pulleys raised a little above the ground in the middle of the railway; and these pulleys or rollers, all in busy motion on their axles, made the odd whistlings and warblings that were heard around. In truth, the sight of these rollers twirling, and the great rope running without visible cause, was queer enough. Amid all these uncouth sounds and sights, the voice of the cuckoo and the corncrake came at intervals to assure me that I was still on the actual earth, and in the heart of spring, and not conjured into some land of insane wheels and machinery possessed by riotous spirits.

Instead of the usual accompaniments of an English landscape, the road-side was bordered with long rows of colliers' houses. These were not scattered, or detached cottages, but continuous lines of them, of the most plain and bold construction, dingy and grim, and placed close up to the edge of the road, without the ornament of a little garden before them; as our country cottages usually have. Some of these rows were nearly half a mile in length. As I looked into them, I observed that their interiors were much superior to their outer aspect. They had unusually good furniture; their chests of drawers, each with a japan tea-tray reared upon it against the wall; their clocks, good chairs, corner cupboards, and shelves of crockery, some of them had even pieces of carpet, and all seemed to pride themselves on a good four-post camp bedstead with mahogany posts and chintz hangings. Numbers of young men were also standing about playing at quoits, so clean and well-dressed, that I was half disposed to suppose them colliery clerks,

but I found, on inquiry, that they were merely colliers. These were indications of a much more prosperous class than the colliers of the Midland counties are, and I entered several of their cottages, and conversed with them on their matters. I found that, though they complained, and like most men lamented over the good times that once were, they got much higher wages than the colliers in the south, and had a most contemptuous idea of them. "Some years ago," said they, "we were obliged to make a strike, as the coal-masters were pulling down our prices of labour, and they sent into the Midland counties for colliers to take our places. Lord! what poor wretches they were! They came trooping here, with an old flannel jock a-piece, and a pit-cap without ever a brim. They had no furniture to put in their houses; many of 'em had left their wives and children at home, till they saw how things went, and worn't they finely off. They had in their houses a log of wood to sit on, and a bundle of straw to lie on; they eat fat mutton and drank ale, and looked as black and melancholy as a tame raven with his wings clipped, and three or four children to maul him with their play. They seemed no better than Irish. They didn't understand this sort of coal-field neither; and some of them we helped off pretty hastily with sticks, and stones, and hootings; and all were soon glad to make themselves scarce."

I could not help recognising too many features of the poor but honest colliers of the Midland counties, where the combination amongst the masters places the workmen entirely at their mercy; where work is confined, consequently, to a few days,

that the price of coals may be kept up; and where the poor working people live on a miserable pittance, in miserable huts, often dark and dingy. Had they established themselves in the North on the wretched wages to which they are accustomed in their own counties, they would have carried that poverty there which now devours them, and all these well-dressed men and well-furnished houses would speedily have vanished. The greater intelligence and union of the northern colliers saved them from this irretrievable and dismal fall. The women complained that their daughters were not quite so successful against their masters. That the farmers hired them for house servants, but always put in a condition where they could, that at any time that they should happen to be short of a labourer, the girls should go out and work in the fields; and then said the mothers, with indignation, the girls generally find that the farmer is *always* short of a labourer, and then, the poor girl that expected to do only house-work, must, summer and winter,

> Go to barn and byre,
> Plough-tail and mire,
> Dig potatoes, cut corn,
> As if she Jack or Tom was born.

I was disposed to believe that these northern colliers, as they managed to get more money, so they saved more than the southern ones, or how came they by such mahogany bedsteads, and such houses crammed with furniture altogether; but I soon found that the collier is, in that respect, the same everywhere; he cannot save. He has his club, or friendly society, into which he pays his monthly pittance against illness and old age;

and there is a class of furniture dealers who supply a young couple on their marriage with that indispensable article to a nothern collier, a mahogany bedstead, and all other requisites, for which he receives every fortnight an instalment, till the whole is worked off. He comes to some public-house in the place, where all those who have been supplied by him come on the Saturday, washed and cleaned, pay him his required sum, and take a pipe and glass with him.

With these occasional pauses amongst the collier population, I soon found myself on the brow of a descent, with a broad valley lying before me, and the large village, or rather small town, of Houghton-le-Spring, in the midst of it. This slope was that Rainton Hill, where Burleigh had turned his horse after his visit to Barnard Gilpin, on his way to Durham, and after gazing at the quiet scene, the broad still landscape, the spreading village, and the picturesque old parsonage, said he did not wonder that Gilpin refused to be made a bishop. The scene, after all, has nothing very striking in it, except its repose, but it has been considerably deteriorated since Burleigh's days. The parsonage then stood a fine old object, with its towers and turrets, its chapel, its rambling projections and peering gables of dark-red brick. That has been completely swept away; a modern house reared in its stead, and the grounds around it made to correspond. It has lost at once its antique aspect and its association with Gilpin. The house looks out well enough from amongst its trees, with the church tower just above it, on the right hand; a few red roofs about, and rising beyond the

high bold range of Wardon Law, where St. Cuthbert fixed his coffin fast to the earth till the monks understood that he meant to be located at Durham. Green meadows shew themselves about the parsonage, and here and there rises the white smoke of a lime-kiln, or the engine tower of a colliery. Nay, so far has the activity of modern times reached Barnard Gilpin's once retired regions, that you hear the sound of a railway train not far off, and see an omnibus bringing passengers from the station to the village. When you come to Houghton, there is little except the parsonage, the church, and school, to interest you. The village is very extensive, and is chiefly inhabited by colliers, limeburners, and such like. The parsonage is, as I have said, a good parsonage, with ample and pleasant grounds. It is occupied by the present rector, a nephew of old Chancellor Thurlow, but has no single monument of Gilpin left about it. Some splendid old hawthorns on the lawn may, perhaps, be considered as the most legitimate relics of his time. But one would fain enter these old and twilight rooms where he lived and studied; where he renewed his knowledge of the classical labours of his youth, and indulged in "music and poetry, in which he excelled." Where he prepared his heart-warm addresses to his people; where he prayed for them, as he rose up and lay down, who in their own humble habitations, far and wide, on many a wild mountain, and in many a hidden dale, blessed him daily in their hearts before God. We would fain see that ample, if rude, hall, in which from Michaelmas to Easter, every Sunday, the tables were spread for all his flock; and

where, no doubt, as they sate together at meat, many a discourse passed—many a question was asked of the doings and sufferings of simple life, and many a quaint relation was made, that it would do one's heart good to hear now. One would like to see, in one's mind's eye, those "four and twenty scollers," sitting at their place at table by him, "whom in his own house he boarded and kept, sometimes fewer, but seldom; the greater part poor men's sonnes, upon whom he bestowed meat, drink, and cloth, and education." One would like to see where that great pot hung, "which he took order should, every Thursday, throughout the yeare, be provided full of boyled meat, for the poor of Houghton." One would like to image where and how sate and looked the great statesman Burleigh, and his train, with that venerable Apostle at the head of the table, which astonished Burleigh, "who took of such diligence and abundance of all things, and so compleat service in the entertainment of so great a stranger, and so unlooked-for a guest." "His parsonage," says his protegee and biographer, George Carleton, bishop of Chichester, from whom we quote, "seemed like a bishop's pallace; nor shall a man lightly find one bishop's house among many, worthy to be compared to this house of his, if he consider the variety of buildings, and neatness of the situation. Within, his house was like a monasterie, if a man consider a monasterie such as were in the time of St. Augustine, where hospitality and economy went hand in hand, and the doors were always open to the poor and the stranger."

What a thousand pities that modern taste has swept all this

away! Who shall now be able to stand and say, in this room, and on this spot, that great and good man did so-and-so, and so-and-so befel him. "A man," in the language of the grateful Carleton, "most holy and renowned amongst the northern English." One would like to imagine where he walked to and fro in that garment which he had ordered the steward of his house, William Ayrey, another of his scholars and his relative, to have made for him to go to the stake in Queen Mary's days, when the Bloody Bonner had summoned him. We would see the room in which Bishop Barnes confessed to him, that base detractors had caused him to wrong him, and where he made such noble amends. We would hear too, in fancy, those curious relations which he was wont to give of the things which happened in his many wanderings in rude and distant districts. But every object which could conjure up these images is gone; and though, no doubt, Mr. Thurlow finds the present house much more to his taste, we go away wishing with all our hearts that the old one had never gone down.

The church of Houghton, where Gilpin so long preached, and where he lies, is a large and handsome old church, with a low tower and spire. The churchyard is large, and finely shaded with avenues of lime-trees, under which you approach the church. At the top of the churchyard stands the Kepyer School, founded by Gilpin, and named after his true friend, John Heath, Esq., of Kepyer, and the almshouses begun by him, and extended and completed by his successor the Rev. George Davenport, and George Lilburne, the cousin of the

celebrated Colonel John Lilburne. The sight of Gilpin's school calls to mind some of the noblest of his deeds, and the bitterest scenes of his life. In this school he assembled the children of both rich and poor, so that sound knowledge might be diffused through the district, and able men be raised for the service of their country and their kind. Like most such institutions, it has long ceased to be a school for the poor, but few such schools in such places have suffered so much. It has always been supplied with first-rate scholars from Oxford, as masters, and has sent out a great number of soundly-educated men. In Gilpin's own time it produced a plentiful harvest, some of whose names we have already mentioned. We have also alluded to Gilpin's custom of taking into it poor boys that he encountered in his travels, and whom he imagined capable of being raised into instruments of national usefulness. Some of these grew into a full realization of his hopes, and amply repaid him by their virtues and prosperity, for his care of them. Such a one was George Carleton, who became bishop of Chichester, and who wrote his life with the glow of a most grateful and honourable mind. But Gilpin was not exempt from the chances of such a lottery as this world is, and others of his scholars grieved him most deeply by their base ingratitude. The journeyings of Barnard Gilpin, and the strange incidents which befel him on the Borders, we shall refer to when we reach those regions in *our* wanderings; but, before we visit his tomb, we must notice the most eminent instance of ingratitude towards him from his pupils, and its consequences.

In one of his journeys near the borders of Wales, a ragged lad running by his horse's side and begging, Gilpin, who was struck with the lads intelligent look, fell into conversation with him, and being as much pleased with his clear, sharp answers, sought out his parents, and with their consent took him home with him, educated him in his school, and afterwards sent him to Queen's College, Oxford. In time, this Hugh Broughton became a very learned man, maintained a theological controversy with the celebrated Beza, and was acknowledged to be the best Hebrew scholar of his time, and skilled in all the learning and traditions of the Rabins. Great, however, as was his erudition, his heart was base and ungrateful. He joined himself to the enemies and enviers of the good man who had raised him from rags to honour and comfort. The worthy uncle of Barnard Gilpin, Tunstal, had now long been banished by the Reformation, from the see of Durham; James Pilkington, a Protestant bishop, had succeeded him, and had been a kind and steady friend of Gilpin; but now came Richard Barnes, the companion of Broughton, and chancellor of Durham, whose mind was speedily poisoned against him by his relative and the ungrateful Broughton. Barnes suspended him from all his ecclesiastical offices, and summoned him to meet him and the rest of the clergy in the church at Chester-le-Street. This is the relation of what followed by George Carleton.

"'Master. Gilpin,' saith Bishop Barnes, 'I must have you preach to-day!' Gilpin pleaded that he was not provided with a sermon, — and his suspension. 'But I can free you,' saith

the bishop, 'from that suspension, and now do free you; and well know that you are never unprovided, for you have now gotten such a habite of preaching, that you are able to performe it even upon the sodaine.' Master Gilpin remained immoveable, answering, 'that God was not so to be tempted; and that it was well with him if he were able to performe anything in this kinde upon mature deliberation.' 'Well then,' replyed the bishop, 'I commande you, upon your canonicall obedience, to goe up into the pulpit.' Master Gilpin, delaying the time yet a little while, answered—'Well, sir, seeing it can be no otherwise, your lordshipe's will be done;' and, after a little pause, began his sermon. He observed his enemies taking notes of all he spoke; yet he proceeded without fear or hesitation; and when his discourse gradually led him to the reprehension of vice, he boldly and openly reproved the enormities which the bishop permitted in the diocese. 'To you, Reverend Father, my speech must be directed. God hath exalted you to bee bishop of this diocese, and God requireth an account of your government thereof. Beholde, I bring these things to your knowledge this day. Say not those crimes have been committed without your knowledge; for, whatever, either yourself shall doe in person, or suffer to be done by others, is wholly your owne. Therefore, in the presence of God, of angels, and of men, I pronounce you to be the author of all these evills; yea, and in that strict day of general account, I shall be a witnesse against you, that all these things have come to your knowledge by my meanes; and all these men shall bear witnesse

thereof, who have heard mee speaking unto you this day.' A murmur ran through the assembly. Gilpin's enemies trusted that his ruin was sealed; his friends trembled; and when he descended from the pulpit, crowded about him in tears. 'You have put a sword into your enemies' hands to slay you with! If the bishop were before offended without a cause, what may you expect now?' 'God,' answered Gilpin, 'overruleth all. So that the truth may be propagated, and God glorified, God's will be done concerning me.'

"The clergy dined with the bishop, and Gilpin's friends and enemies silently waited the event. Gilpin came to take his leave of the bishop, and to return homewards. 'It shall not be so,' answered the bishop, 'for I will bring you to your house.' And when they were now come to Master Gilpin's parsonage, and walked within into the parlour, the bishop, on a sudden, caught Mr. Gilpin by the hand. 'Father Gilpin,' said he, 'I do acknowledge you are fitter to be Bishop of Durham than myself to be parson of this church of yours. I aske forgivenesse for errors past; forgive me, father. I knowe you have hatched some chickens that now seeke to pecke out your eyes, but so long as I shall live Bishop of Durham, be secure—no one shall hurt you.' All good men rejoiced, and Gilpin reaped in peace and security the fruit of a pious life in all plentifull manner."

His worthy biographer adds, "Meanwhile age began to grow upon him. After his lean body was quite worn out with diversity of pains-taking, at the last even, feeling beforehand

the approach of death, he commanded the poor to be called together, unto whom he made a speech, and took his leave of them. Afterwards he did the like to others. He used many exhortations to his schollers, to his servants, and divers others, and fell asleep in great peace in the 66th year of his age, in the year of our Lord 1583."

On inquiring for the sexton to shew me the church, I was told that an old woman was living in the church, over the vestry room, who would admit me. An old woman living in a church! It struck me as an odd circumstance; but in my progress farther northward, I soon began to find that old women were now-a-days the creatures who haunted churches and old castles, as commonly as ghosts once "wonned" there. If you went to see an old church or chapel, or ruin, it was almost sure to be an old woman who appeared to shew it you. If there was a particularly dismal, lonely, and deserted old house, there yet remained some ancient housekeeper, or a woman of some kind or other, ensconced in some little corner of it. Where no man would readily be found to live, there, without fear or complaining, lived—an old woman.

I went to the east end of the church, and finding a small door, knocked. A little girl, with very wild hair, opened it, and shewed a narrow steep flight of steps, towards which she turned, and shouting to somebody above, said there was a gentleman. A voice, tremulous with age, said, "Let the gentleman come up." I ascended, and there I found a very old woman, as brown and wrinkled as age could make her. I apologised,

saying that I was told that she could shew me the church, and was not aware that she was confined to her bed. "Nor I neither," said the old woman, throwing off the bed-clothes, and getting up full dressed. "I only lay down to rest me a bit," said she, "while the kettle boiled; for we old folk are good to nought."

The room had an old-world air, with her bed with its large check curtains and deep-green coverlet; her tall black chest of drawers, with her Bible and Prayer Book and spectacles on it. The little girl, with the wild hair, sate on an old oak chest, keeping her eyes on me, except when I looked at her, on which occasions she seemed to be studying some old-fashioned prints that hung on the walls. I made the old woman take her high-backed arm-chair, which was well stuffed, and cushioned in such a way as you may suppose such an old woman's chair, and taking another got her into talk. We talked about past times; Barnard Gilpin and his days; about the present clergyman, how much he was liked, and his daughter, what a sweet and good creature she was. How she used to come and cheer her up and read to her; and when she was going into Norfolk with her father and mother, she came to bid her good-by; and how the old woman said "God Almighty bless her," and that perhaps such an old creature might not live to see her come back again; and how the young lady exclaimed, "O, don't talk so, you may live many years yet!" "And only think," added she, "now she's gone off in a consumption; and I, owd warn-out thing, am here!" We talked of the world of trouble her

parents were naturally in about her; and then of the old woman's neighbours in the almshouses, who came to see her, and chat with her; and of another good young lady who lived in a very *high, i. e.* great house above, and came often, and had the old women altogether in the room there, and read the Bible, and expounded the clergyman's last sermon to them. But every old woman's heart is a chest of troubles, which, though they are unseen by the rest of the world, are as living as on the day they were put there; and if you lift up the lid in the slightest degree, out they fly, and shew you how sad a thing, and how sacred a thing, is the heart of that poor and despised creature—an old woman.

This old dame sate and smiled, and talked about all that I asked her. When I asked her if she were not afraid of ghosts, living in so odd a place as a church, and with nothing but an arched passage and a few steps between her and the very chancel; and whether the old knights and ladies did not come up to see her sometimes in the cold nights? she said, "No; nothing disturbs me but the mice, and my husband used to say when he was alive, and lived here—he was the sexton—that he really believed they must run about a-nights with pattens on, for they made such a racket."

"And how long," I asked, "is it since you lost your husband?" The old woman's lip trembled. "Oh," said she, "he only lived with me ten years!" One would have thought that she had ceased to feel so keenly a loss which must have been so long ago, for she took a little paper, which she called

"her marriage lines," out of her drawers, and out of a little tin box, and it was dated—fifty-five years ago!

"And is this your granddaughter?" "Nay, she's my great grand niece. Her mother wor a varra canny woman, and I can see varra weel where she lies;" looking out of the window, and the tears coming into her eyes. "A varra canny woman, an those partins are sore agenth' grain, but we mun submit."

"Then, she was not your granddaughter, only your grand niece?" "Nay, I had but one child, one son." I did not ask her if he too were dead, for I saw it plainly enough in her face, and in her stooping figure, that was fixed as steadily in a sorrowful rigidity, as that of the old crusader in the church below. She drew her apron across her eyes, and then told me that her son was a fine, hearty young fellow, a carpenter, who was getting on bravely in his business, and went to fit up the pews in Hilton chapel, of which he had the job. They had a merry-making when the work was done, and having taken rather too much, he went out at a wrong door, and walked in the dark over a precipice into the glen below, and was found next morning dead!

The poor old woman turned silently round, and led the way down into the church. From the tower in the centre of the church hung down—as was the ancient fashion in our churches and cathedrals, frequently retained still—a rope, to ring the curfew-bell by. "Here," said the old dame, "I come every day, summer and winter, every morning at six, and every night at eight, and ring the bell." It might often be well for

us, in the midst of our friends, our possessions, our youth, our strength, and home comforts, to think of this poor old woman, stripped of all her connexions, and living on from year to year in that church—a solitary, isolated creature—dwelling amongst the dead, and looking far back into the past to find those that linked her to the living.

The church itself is large and good, but had to my eyes a dampish, gloomyish look. It is true that it had set in for a day of pouring rain, and that might contribute a good deal to such an appearance. The tomb of Barnard Gilpin, the object of my search, stands in the south transept, which Surtees thus describes. It is a massy altar-tomb of freestone, with some ornaments of chain-work on the sides, and on the west end the arms of Gilpin in bas-relief, viz. a boar under a tree. On each side of the escutcheon in raised letters:

BERNERD GILPIN RECTOR HUJUS ECCLESIÆ
OBIIT QUARTO DIE MARTII
AN. DOM. 1583.

The most extraordinary circumstance is, that the tomb is nearly buried with pews. They are thrust close up to it, so that its sides are completely hidden, and nothing is to be seen but the top and one end. The traveller comes from a far distant place, to have the satisfaction of seeing, for once, the resting-place of the Apostle of the North—for the fame of Barnard Gilpin is commensurate with the English language—and finds with surprise his tomb scarcely allowed a place in that church where he

so long proclaimed the Gospel, in that village where he wrought so many good works, and whence his reputation spread; finds it elbowed up with parish pews, and as far as possible jostled out of the world with worm-eaten boards. The thing is, to say the least, unseemly. Surely in a church of such dimensions, a few feet of accommodation may be found in some other part—the nuisance be removed—the tomb of Gilpin be suffered to shew itself in its just dignity; and the disgrace avoided, of the great ornament of his age, one of the most perfect maintainers of the nobility and divinity of Christianity, and the great benefactor of the place, seeming to be grudged by the present generation even the little spot of earth that his own generation awarded to his remains.

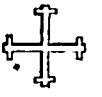
Besides the tomb of Gilpin, there are a number of others in the church, that bear names of some note, and are permitted a more conspicuous standing. Near the tomb of Gilpin stands a figure of a knight, apparently a crusader. It has, no doubt, once lain on a tomb, but is now fixed erect against the wall, and is said to be the effigy of Sir John le Spring, one of the ancient possessors of the place, and from whom it takes the name of Houghton-*le-Spring*.

There is a fine ballad on this Sir John le Spring, in the "Bishopric Garland," which we here give, and cannot help attributing to Surtees.

SIR JOHN LE SPRING,

Who was murthered in the arms of his Leman, in his Bower at Houghton-le-Spring, 1311.

Pray for the sowle of Sir John le Spring!
When the black monks sing, and the vesper-bells ring,
Pray for the sprite of a murdered knight;
Pray for the sowle of Sir John le Spring!

He fell not when before the . . . . . 
The waning crescent fled,
When the martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Christ's soldier dead.

He fell not in the battling field,
Beneath St. George's banner bright,
When the pealing cry of victory
Might cheer the sowle of a dying knight;

But a deed of night, in the soft moonlight,
In his garden bower he lay;
And the dew of sleep did his eyelids steep
In the arms of his leman gay.

And by murderous hand and bloody brand,
In that guilty bower, with his paramour,
Did his sowle from his body fleet;
And through mist and mirk, and moonlight gray,
Was forced away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreaded judgment-seat.

In his southern aisle, his coat of mail
Hangs o'er his marble shrine;
And his tilting spear is resting there,
His helm and gaberdine.

And aye the mass-priest sings his song,
And patters many a prayer;
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,
And aye the lamp burns there.

And still when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of St. Barnaby bright,
The dying taper faintly burns,
With a wan and a wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth,
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank, and the armorie's clank,
Affrights the priest on his knee.

And high o'er head, with shivering tread,
Unearthly footsteps pass;
For the spirits of air are gathering there,
And mock the holy mass.

Lordlings! mind how your vows you keep,
And kiss no leman gay;
For he that sinks in sin to sleep,
May never wake to pray.

Judge not, sinner as thou art;
Commune with thy sinful heart,
And watch, for thou knowest not the hour:
And to Jesus bright, and Mary of might,
Bray for the sowle of the murdered knight,
That died in his moonlight bower.

Since quoting the above, I have seen the posthumous volume of Surtees, where this ballad is acknowledged to be his; and where, besides various verbal alterations, the following three stanzas are inserted after the line—"And mock the holy mass."

O sweeter the lowly peasant sleeps,
Beneath the churchyard mould,
Where never a priest his vigil keeps,
Nor tells his beads for gold!

And softer the moonlight quivers there,
Than the dusky flames that burn
In chancel damp, from vigil lamp,
Before the warrior's urn.

O duller the knell of the chiming bell,
As it summons the priest to his vows,
Than the western wind with its fitful swell,
As it rustles amid the boughs!

There are memorials of the family of Balasyse, which succeeded the Le Springs; of Major Thomas Lilburne, one of the builders of the almshouses, and one of the restorers of Charles II. to the throne, as his cousin John had been of driving his father from it;* of the Conyers, Ironsides, Lamb-

* There are, amongst the singular characters of the Cromwellian days, few more singular than that of Col. John Lilburne. John was of such a fiery, active, disputatious turn, that it became a saying, originated by Sir Henry Martin—"If there were only John Lilburne in the world, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John." He at last became a Quaker; but this indicated no such pacific change as we might now imagine. The Quaker was then truly of the church militant. He was up in the arms of religious warfare against the whole world. John Lilburne then had only laid down the sword to take up the pen—an equally irritating, if not equally destructive weapon. With his tongue and pen, accordingly, John Lilburne played as busy and noisy a part as any of his fraternity. He attacked church and state, men and morals—or rather *im*morals—on all sides. He was then lying in prison; but from his cell in Dover Castle, his pamphlets and books came flying abroad in a perpetual shower. He was of an old border family; the Lilburnes of Lilburne Tower, in Northumberland, now a ruin, and afterwards of Thickly, in Durham; and that pugnacity which he would, had he lived previous to the union of the kingdoms under one monarch, have carried against the Scots, he now turned against all marauders upon the kingdoms of Christ and of Liberty. He died, at last, in his forty-second year, worn out with a life of unceasing conflict in both worldly and spiritual warfare. Besides the proverb above quoted, of "John against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John," there was an epitaph written for him;—

Lay *Lilburne* here, and lay *John* hereabout;
For if they both fall in, they'll both *fall* out.

Yet spite of his restlessness, he was a true and stanch friend of the liberties of his country. It was the attempts of others to warp those liberties, that, acting on his ardent temperament, caused him so much excitement. It was this which made him first join the Parliamentary army; become the friend, and, as he saw his aims, the stern foe of Cromwell; which led him repeatedly into prison, once into the Tower; which made him stand up in courts of justice the bold advocate of the rights of James; caused him to be pilloried, whipped, fined, imprisoned, and loaded with irons by the Star Chamber; and led Hume, the historian, to style him "most turbulent, but most upright and courageous of human kind."

tons, Carrs, Blacketts, etc.; all eminent names in the North. There is also the following epitaph on George Davenport, one of the rectors of this place, and one of the builders of the alms-houses:—

> If the soul's transmigration were believed,
> You'd say good Gilpin's soul he had received,
> And with as liberal hand did give, or more,
> His dailie charity unto the poor;
> For which, with him, we doubt not, he's possessed
> Of righteous men's reward—eternal rest.

Many good things are related of this George Davenport, but one thing not easily to be forgiven—he pulled down Gilpin's house.

Widely altered is the parish and neighbourhood of Houghton-le-Spring since the days of Barnard Gilpin. Its moors have been drained and enclosed; its fields become cultivated and populous. The bustle of men, and the fires and smoke of lime-kilns and pits, ascend from it, while steam drives its dragon-

His wife became convinced of the principles of the Friends at the same time with himself, and addressed to him in Dover Castle this pithy note:—

"My Dear,—Retain a sober, patient spirit within thee, which I am confident thou shalt see shall be of more force to recover thee than all thy keen metal hath been. I hope God is doing a work upon thee and me too, as shall make us study ourselves more than we have done." To which he replied; that he felt the very same conviction. And the ardent, triumphant temperament of his mind may be seen by one of the curious dates which he appended to his papers:—"From my innocent and every way causeless captivity in Dover Castle, the place of my soul's delightful and contentful abode, where I have really and substantially found that which my soul many years hath sought diligently after, and with unsatisfied longings thirsted to enjoy, the present first day of the week, being the fourth of the third month, 1655."

train through it; but still the parish continues very large, and I was told that the present rector employs as many as five curates in as many churches.

Around it lie much fine country and many interesting places. Some of these, as Lambton and Lumley, etc., we have noticed. Nearer to the sea, stretches the delicious glen of Castle Eden, one of the most beautiful scenes in the kingdom, and the ruins of Wynyards, the splendid seat of the Marquis of Londonderry. I proposed to visit this last, and present the result to the reader; but fire in the meantime swept away all its household wealth and works of art, and left it only a scorched skeleton. There are, however, associations connected with this spot, that nothing but the last great conflagration can burn out. Part of the estate consists of the former estate of Seaham, the residence of Sir Ralph Milbank, the father of Lady Noel Byron. It was here that Lady Byron was married, a circumstance in itself enough to give a perpetual interest to it; but it was also the ancestral house of Lady Byron, to whom the present and future generations will owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, for exertions in the cause of popular education, not less noble than the poetry of her noble husband, pursued as perseveringly and with as thorough disregard of expense, as her plans are quietly and with unostentatious energy urged on.

PASSING VISITS TO

SHERBURN HOSPITAL, WILTON-GILBERT, BEAUREPAIRE, AND FINCHALL-ABBEY.

Before leaving the vicinity of Durham, it would be ungrateful not to express how much I have been assisted in arriving at the natural and historic beauties of the places I have visited, by the labours of the two most distinguished county historians, Surtees and Raine. The former of these gentlemen is now deceased, and those who would see what topography should be, may look into the four large folio volumes of the "History of the County of Durham," which he has left. They who would know how amiable was the man as well as able the historian, may read the life prefixed by his friend Mr. Taylor to the last, which is a posthumous volume. Mr. Surtees was a descendant of one of the palatinate's oldest and most distinguished families, and devoted his life and fortune to the honour and illustration of his native county. On this task he spent many years, much money, and powers capable of far higher things. He was one of those few men who became an antiquary because he was a poet, the only class of men who can genuinely feel, and therefore fully illustrate, the subjects and the characters of the heroic past. The most striking of this class of antiquaries of recent date, are himself, Sir Walter Scott, their friend Mr. Raine, and

Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. These men were led into a contemplation of the past by their conception of its greatness, and an enthusiastic feeling of its poetry; and such men only, as I have observed, are the real antiquaries. Mr. Surtees was a poet of a high order. His ballads are full of a wild and solemn spirit, which recalls the dark days and doings of strange and half savage times; the spirit of the black heath and the mountains, and the dirge hymned half by beldame voices and half by the midnight winds. With some of these, as Borthram's Dirge, and Raid of Featherstonehaugh, he even imposed on Sir Walter Scott, who received them from him with exultation, as genuine relics of antiquity, and not only printed them in his "Border Minstrelsy," but inserted them in the notes to his metrical romances, and even part of one, the Raid of Featherstonehaugh, in the text of Marmion itself. The ballads of Sir John le Spring, and Lorsley Dale, quoted in this volume, are further proofs of his great poetical powers, and others are to be found in the posthumous volume of his "History of Durham." But why has the fourth volume of his history been published in so imperfect a state? With a SURTEES SOCIETY, founded in his honour, why has it not devoted its funds, for the present, to the worthy task of completing not only this volume, but the whole work, of which at least another volume is wanting. This fourth volume is now a mere bundle of fragments, and the subject thus far so nobly executed, is left a fragment itself, while the county still possesses the friend and active coadjutor of the author, qualified by equal talents, learning,

poetry, and enthusiasm, to complete it in the same spirit in which it has been brought to its present extent.

It was in a walk to Finchall Priory from his own residence, Crook Hall, that I was charmed with the genuine enthusiasm of Mr. Raine, for all that belongs to nature and antiquity. Finchall lies some three miles from his house. It was evening when we set off to it, in the midst of wind and rain. The road, which was an old winding country lane, that in dry weather would have been pleasant enough, was excessively dirty with the heavy rains, but James Raine went on, caring for neither dirt nor wet; now leaping almost impassable sloughs, now taking to the fields where the road become utterly impracticable, and rushing on up to the knees in wet grass, talking all the way of the beauties of Finchall; of what had been done of late to clear the ruins from rubbish; of the pleasant parties which they make there in summer time; of taking Wordsworth, and of his delight in the spot; of Scott, of Surtees, and sundry other such topics. Two incidents, I trust, I may here relate without any breach of confidence. They are both excellent of their kind. Wordsworth was as much charmed with the delightful monastic solitude of Finchall, as might be anticipated. A party of friends, as just said, is often formed in summer, for an excursion hither. They take a cold dinner on the grass, and wonderfully enjoy themselves. This was the case then. Wordsworth sate on the green turf, and recited poetry, and amongst others repeated a line from Milton, and then asked Mr. Raine's little girl, about six years old, if she ever heard that before?

"Yes," she said, "it's from Lycidas," and repeated him the next two lines. The old man was quite delighted, and kissing her said, "There, remember that an old poet kissed you for repeating part of Lycidas."

Once when Scott was at Rokeby, he proposed to his friend Morritt, that they should go and set some night-lines in the Tees. They did so; and the next morning they found a fish on every hook, but it was to their great wonder, a red-herring! Some country wags had seen them, and being rather earlier risers, had been up, taken off the trout, and put on these. Scott was vastly pleased with the joke.

At length we arrived at a gate shaded with a clump of trees entering on the fields in which Finchall stands. "These trees," said Mr. Raine, "were planted by Spence, the author of Polymetis, for Finchall was on his prebendal land. And there stands Finchall below us." And there, indeed, stood the ruins of this once fine old priory. It was built or enlarged in the twelfth century, by the son of Hugh Pudsey, and must have been as beautiful a fabric as its situation is fine. It stands upon a sloping meadow, of greenest turf, round which the Wear makes one of its noble sweeps; its farther bank being high and rocky and hung with noble woods, which shroud the Nunnery of Cocken. The water sounding on its way, serves only to make you more sensible of the retirement and natural repose of the place. It is one of those truly monastic seclusions where the world seems shut out by walls of beauty and peace, and holiness seems to have marked out the spot for its own

from the creation. It is stated by the historian, that it was a place of consequence in the early British Church, a synod being held here in 792; and that St. Godric, a hermit, selected this sweet scene for his devotions in the twelfth century, where he lived sixty-six years, practising great mortifications and severities. He erected a chapel here, and dedicated it to St. John the Baptist. The present ruins are of the light Early English style, and present many fine points; but what is most singular is, that the spaces between the pillars of the choir have been built up, and windows of a modern date placed between them. It would appear as if the side aisles had at some time been pulled down, and the church contracted by this curious process. Some, however, contend that there never were side aisles to the choir, but that it was built at first open by the monks, in imitation of the severities of St. Godric. We will leave the settlement of this question to Mr. Raine, and those other clergy of Durham, his coadjutors, who are proceeding, year by year, with their explorations in Finchall. They have made a subscription for the purpose, and have now, in a great measure, laid open its fine church, its cloisters, its refectory, and the prior's apartments, and have partly cleaned out a noble crypt beneath the refectory, supported by a row of four octagonal pillars, a fine piece of work.

Another spot to which I walked in the neighbourhood of Durham, was Wilton-Gilbert, where still hang in the church some of those maiden garlands which are now so rarely seen. They appear to have been suspended there many years, and

not even the sexton knew more about them than that they had been hung up at the funeral of some young unmarried women of the village. This custom, now nearly extinct in England, is still common on the Continent, the garlands, however, being hung not in the church but on the graves themselves, which in Germany forms one of the most striking features of a country churchyard.

In returning from this village, I followed the course of a rivulet in the valley, and making my way, breast high, through broom all in flower, came to the ruins of Beaurepaire. This place, which was once a favourite retreat of the bishops of Durham, was formerly of great beauty. It is now a mere fragment or ruin, situated on a pleasant knoll above the rivulet of Brune; and when we look around on that silent landscape, we find it equally difficult to realize its one-time magnificence; and the scenes of martial riot and havoc that have, at times, surrounded it. In particular, when Robert Bruce actually destroyed it in 1316; and when David Bruce again lay here in 1346, before the battle of Neville's Cross, he is said to have committed great ravages upon it, to have laid waste the park, and killed ruthlessly the deer.

One of the most singular and picturesque objects in the neighbourhood of Durham, till late years, was the hospital of Sherburn, within a mile and a half of the city itself. In 1833, however, the Master's house was pulled down and rebuilt in a modern style, with no pretensions to that architectural beauty which formerly distinguished it, and of which the chapel yet

luckily remains—a fine specimen. The hospital itself has now dwindled to the domicile of about fifteen old men, and is more remarkable for what it has been than what it is. It was originally a hospital for lepers, founded in 1181 by the magnificent Hugh Pudsey. It was calculated to provide for sixty-five of them. Amongst the masters of this hospital have been many men of note. The last was Dr. Bell, the originator of the Madras System of Education. The present is the Rev. George Stanley Faber, well known for his learning and biblical researches. The institution, in the course of time, has undergone those abuses to which all such endowments are liable; and amongst the most remarkable of the reformers who have laboured for its restoration to its original rights and purity, was Thomas Lever, preacher to King Edward VI. This worthy man, with undaunted zeal and perseverance, and spite of much persecution and abuse, struggled for its reform, and his exertions, and those of others, succeeded in retarding, for a time, the course of corruption, and placing the establishment under the control of the crown. Hutchinson calls Lever "a troublesome Nonconformist, and very disobedient to his patron in trifles and frivolous matters." A very troublesome fellow, no doubt! He is buried within the altar-rails of the chapel, and on his gravestone is cut a curious cross *fleury*, with a Bible and chalice; supposed to indicate that he was one of the reformed itinerant preachers through the kingdom.

This institution, now dwindled to a shadow, was one which strikingly marked the character of the times in which it rose

and flourished. It was one of many which a disease now unknown in this kingdom, then rendered necessary; and the whole economy of the establishment is of a fashion that is now curious to contemplate. We will, therefore, take a concise view of these particulars, as furnished to us by various authors, and therewith close our visits in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. The poor were generally, amongst our Saxon ancestors, supported by the religious societies, and the members of each were enjoined by the rules of their respective orders, and the express directions of their founders and benefactors, to relieve the wants and distresses, not only of the necessitous and infirm in the neighbourhood, but of travelling people also. From neglect of the noxiousness and infection of diseases, the wretchedness of the poor would, perhaps, not be sufficiently relieved, which induced the benevolent to found hospitals for the more immediate and effectual relief of distempered objects. Within a hundred years after the Conquest, fifty-nine hospitals were erected in this kingdom; and before the end of the reign of Henry III., they were increased to one hundred and thirty-one.

The leprosy was a disorder very prevalent in Europe during the tenth and eleventh centuries; and its spreading was one cause of the building of many hospitals. Some persons have conjectured, that, in Christendom, these hospitals amounted to no less than 15,000; but, without assenting to so vague a calculation, it is certain that in England there was hardly a large city, or a capital town, near which there was not, at least, one of these lazar-houses erected, the site of which is generally

fixed, even at the present day, by the words *'Spital*, or Mess-in-deu (Maison-Dieu) which exist near all the old towns of the north.

These houses were, for an obvious reason—the infectious character of the persons taking refuge in them—never permitted to be within the walls of towns; and another reason why they were placed near roadsides, was, that they were intended also to assist travellers and pilgrims on their way. Perhaps half the hospitals in England were for lepers, so prevalent was this complaint. At the five gates of Norwich were five houses of this sort; and lepers were so numerous in the twelfth century, that, by a decree of the Lateran Council in 1179, they were empowered to erect churches for themselves, and to have their own ministers, lepers, we may suppose, to officiate in them. So contagious was the leprosy held to be, that in England, where a a man was a leper, and would come into the parish church amongst his neighbours, to talk with them to their annoyance, a writ lay *de leproso amovendo.—Fitzherb. Nat. Brev.* p. 520-1. This writ was for those lepers who appeared to the sight of all men that they were lepers, by their voice, and their sores, the putrefaction of their flesh, and the smell of them. And so late as the reign of Edward VI. multitudes of lepers seem to have been in England, for in 1 Edward VI. c. 3, in which directions are given for carrying the poor to the places where they were born, we read the following clause:—"Provided always, that all lepers and bed-rid persons may, at their liberty, remain and continue in such houses appointed for lepers and bed-rid people as they now be in." Camden says, "the disease,

in the reign of Henry I., ran by infection over all England; and it is believed that it first came into this island out of Egypt, and more than once had spread itself into Europe, first in the days of Pompey the Great, afterwards under Heraclius, and at other times, as may be seen in history, but never before that time, so far as I have read, did it appear in England."

Such being the disease of the times—as the cholera was a few years ago, for a brief season, and as poverty, the great contagious disease of the present day, has been for a very long season—Sherburn Hospital is a good example of the establishments into which the infected were gathered; as people infected with the leprosy of empty pockets, are now-a-days collected into Unions.

"It appears, that besides five convents of lepers (sixty-five persons of both sexes, with a *steward* or *guardian* at their head), there was an establishment provided for three Priests and four attendant clerks, one of whom, at least, was required to be a deacon. There were daily masses, which the lepers had to attend. The steward made up his accounts four times in the year. He was required to be temperate and modest in the exercise of his office, and not to exceed the number of three horses.

"The priests and clerks slept in a chamber, or dormitory, adjoining the chapel; and all, together with the steward, dined and supped in the common hall. In winter, the priest rose at midnight for the night-mass, then slept till morning, and returned to the chapel to celebrate matins; but, in summer,

the night-mass was so sung, as to terminate at twilight. A perpetual lamp burned before the High Altar of the Presence in the greater chapel. All the brethren, whose health permitted, were expected to attend Matins, Nones, Vespers, and Complines. The bed-rid sick were enjoined to raise themselves, and say matins in their bed; for those who were still weaker, '*in pace*, jaccant, *et quod dicere possunt dicant.*' The bell rang every hour, except from the hour of complines till prime.

"The daily allowance of the lepers was a loaf weighing five marks, and a gallon of ale to each; and betwixt every two, one mess or commons of flesh three days in the week, and of fish, cheese, or butter, on the remaining four. On high festivals, a double mess; and in particular, on the feast of St. Cuthbert, in Lent, fresh salmon, if it could be had, if not, other fresh fish; and on Michaelmas-day, four messed on a goose. With fresh fish, flesh or eggs, a measure of salt was delivered, the twentieth part of a razer; when fresh fish could not be had, red herrings were served, three to a single mess, or cheese and butter by weight, or three eggs. During Lent, each had a razer of wheat, to make furmenty (simulam), and two razers of beans to boil. Sometimes greens or onions; and every day, except Sunday, the seventh part of a razer of bean meal; but on Sunday a measure and a half of pulse to make gruel. Red herrings were prohibited from Pentecost to Michaelmas; and, at the latter, each received two razers of apples.

"The lepers had a common kitchen, and a common cook, fuel and utensils for cooking, etc.: viz. a lead, two brazen pots,

a table, a large wooden vessel for washing or making wine; a laver, two ale vats, and two bathing vats. The sick had fire and candle, and all necessaries *donec melioretur vel morietur;* and one of the chaplains was assigned to hear the confessions of the sick; to read the gospel to them on Sundays and holidays, and to read the burial-service for the dead. The old woman who attended on the sick, had every week, three wheaten loaves, and one mess of flesh or fish; and when a brother or sister was buried, the gravedigger had his meat and drink. Each leper had a yearly allowance for his clothing of three yards of woollen cloth, white or russet; six yards of linen and six of canvass; and the tailor had his meat and drink the day on which he came to cut out their clothes. Four fires were allowed for the whole community. From Michaelmas to All Saints they had two baskets of peat on double mess days, and four baskets daily from All Saints to Easter. On Christmas Eve they had four yule clogs, each a cart-load, with four trusses of straw. Four trusses of straw on All Saints' Eve and Easter Eve; and four bundles of rushes on the Eves of Pentecost, St. John Baptist, and St. Mary Magdalen; and on the anniversary of Martin de Sancta Cruce, every leper received five shillings and five pence in money.

"The lepers had liberty of seeing their friends; and strangers who came from a distance were suffered to rest in the hospital all night; but visitors from the neighbourhood departed at evening, and when the bell sounded for supper the gates were closed."—*Surtees, from George Allan's notes.*

On reading these magnificent regulations of the olden time, I could not resist the inclination to pen down the following riddle verses, which may as well close this chapter:—

Now a riddle, a riddle, a riddle-ma-ree,
Which of the two had a man rather be,
A *pau*-per of this day, or *le*-per of that?
Which of the two would the soonest get fat?
Of meat and of measure, of food and of clothes,—
Which had the 'vantage—have these, or had those?
The *Guardians* of old, or the *Guardians* of *new*—
I've my notions about them—but pray what say you?
With salmon and gammon, and gallons of ales,
Would the *pauper* leap into the old *leper's scales*?
With new suits of clothes and new tailors to cut them,
With such measures of meal they scarce knew where to put them;
With bushels of wheat to make furmety luscious;
With bundles of straw, and clean bundles of rushes;
With sermons and prayers, and a chaplain to read them;
With vats to make wine in, if chanced they to need them;
With yule-clogs, and firewood, cart-loads at a time;
Wouldn't *paupers* be apt to think lepers sublime?
With their friends all admitted to see them at pleasure;
And on high-days roast goose, and of meal double measure;
Throw into the bargain the scales and the sores—
Would not paupers be apt to turn *lepers* by scores?
If once in such quarters, a good roof above them,
Whence no Poor Law Commissioners dared to remove them;
Or feeling unable to rise up to prayers,
They might lie on their backs and repeat them up-stairs;
If free to walk off, or stay,—jolly housekeepers,—
Would lepers turn paupers, or paupers turn lepers?
This, at this minute, the thing I fain would see—
Which is the wiser, Lord Brougham or Hugh Pudsey?
Or whether a third track lies somewhere between them—
Where lazy impostors have no one to screen them;
But honest old folks, or the workless and sick,
May find that compassion's no name for a brick.
Now a riddle, a riddle, a riddle-ma-ree,
Come find out the truth, and come tell it to me.

LUMLEY CASTLE.

VISIT TO LUMLEY CASTLE,

SEAT OF THE EARL OF SCARBOROUGH.

In going from Durham to Newcastle, as you approach Chester-le-Street, Lumley Castle shews itself on your right hand, at about a mile's distance from the road. It is a striking object, and is sure to arrest the full attention of the traveller, and leave a strong impression on his memory. Surtees says, "it stands glittering with a bright open aspect, on a fine gradual elevation above the Wear." I must confess that in my eyes it never had this glittering and open aspect; on the contrary, it has always presented itself to me, as solemn, stately, and still.

There has hung about it a hush and a solitude, that told you as plainly as any enchanted palace of old romance could, that it was deserted. That it had long ceased to be the abode of its ancient line. That the high, the brave, and the happy, who had so long made it alive, and filled it with a thousand memories, no longer inhabited it. Green open sloping meadows in front, and thick woods behind; the large old castle, with its flanking towers and battlemented roof, all contribute to that one air of silent dignity which strongly interests and attracts the imagination. The afternoon was far spent when the coach stopped before the Lumley Arms at Chester-le-Street, but no sooner had I seen my quarters for the night than I hastened to visit the castle.

Chester-le-Street has itself many recommendations to the antiquary, but few to the poet, or the lover of nature. It stands on a plain, disfigured with the smoke and the traces of coal works. It is, as its name imports, built upon an old Roman road, and on or near the sight of a Roman settlement. It is still one longish street of middling houses, and has one object of interest, its church. The fine tall and taper spire of this church, one hundred and fifty-six feet in height, catches the eye far off in many directions. You will seldom see a finer. It was formerly a collegiate church, and has been famous from the times of St. Cuthbert, whose remains rested here one hundred and thirteen years before they were conveyed to Durham. The church is large and good, and bears many traces of its past consideration, in the many fragments of its once splendid painted windows yet remaining. Here, too, you

encounter the grim freestone effigy of St. Cuthbert, which once lay here on his tomb. But the most remarkable and striking thing is a collection of the effigies of the Lords of Lumley, from the days of the Saxons to the reign of Elizabeth. These are fourteen in number, each resting on its altar-tomb, and ranging in a row the whole length of the north aisle. The name, armorial bearings, and immediate connexions of each knight or baron, are displayed on a tablet on the wall above his tomb. Such a scene no other English church has to shew. The Lumleys, as we shall have occasion to state, are one of the very few families that can trace a clear and unquestionable descent from the Saxon times. The effigy of Liulph, their Saxon progenitor, lies at the west end of the church, and his descendants range away one after the other to the east end. But, however impressive is the spectacle, we are not to suppose that these are real representations of the forms and costumes of all those old knights and nobles. Our own knowledge tells us that far more rude must have been the workmanship of many ages from Liulph downwards; and on turning our glance on the effigy of St. Cuthbert, we see very well what sort of one that of Liulph would have been from the chisel of a Saxon sculptor. Indeed, the first feeling that arises on approaching this long line of stone figures, is their wonderful uniformity of size, figure, face, and costume; and turning to the historian, we find that not more than three out of the whole lot are supposed to be really of the times they represent. These are a Crusader, and Lord Ralph Lumley, and his son, Sir John,

who fell in France, both of the fifteenth century. These were removed, by permission, from the cathedral of Durham, by Lord John Lumley of the reign of Elizabeth, who amused himself with having this ostentatious array of imaginary figures of real ancestors thus hewn out and disposed; accompanied by a genealogical table of their descent from Liulph to himself. In one particular, their uniformity is now still greater than the sculptor intended—they have not a single nose amongst them! This is a feature too prominent and too fragile to escape the sons of John Bull. In every age they have had a particular fancy for knocking off stone noses; scarcely any old king, queen, warrior, or saint, on or in any of our public buildings, is long suffered to possess a nose, unless they are too high to be reached, and there is little doubt that if living noses were as easily removed, the temptation to have a *shy* at them would be too strong to be resisted. In the cases of the Lumleys, however, the accident becomes a moral indication—for they were a race that never could be led by the nose. They were sturdy champions of liberty, and continually found in opposition to the arbitrary acts of the crown, frequently to their own severe cost. In a tomb at the east end of the north aisle, sleep also the remains of the later descendants of the family, since they became Savilles and Earls of Scarborough.

Before quitting Chester-le-Street for Lumley Castle, we must also state that, besides its church, it has also another endowment, and that is one of the most circumstantial and best attested ghost-stories upon record. "About the year

of our Lord 1632," says Webster in his work on Witchcraft, "near unto Chester in the Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was, by the neighbours, suspected of indiscretion, and was, towards the dark of the evening one night, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn hundred, in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise, or little, was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Grahame, or Grime (for so in that country they call them), being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn, and about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper; the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head, hanging down, and all bloody, with five large wounds upon her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself; and at last, asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker, and being seduced by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, till I could come again and keep his house. And, accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who upon a moor, naming a place that the miller knew, slew me with a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and gave me these

five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his stockings and shoes being bloody, he endeavoured to wash 'em; but seeing the blood would not forth, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed, as much as he could, to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition. But, notwithstanding, one night, when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him; yet, for all this, he still conceal ed it till St. Thomas's eve before Christmas, when, being soon after sunset walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him, and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning. In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with the five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related to the miller; whereupon, Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the following assizes, I think it was at Durham, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed."

This story is not only related by Webster, who says he saw

the letter of the Judge before whom the case was tried, to Sergeant Hutton in Yorkshire, in which he relates the whole affair. Moreover, Dr. Henry More not only mentions this singular circumstance, in his "Volumen Philosophicum," tom. ii.; but communicated it to Dr. Glanvil, for his *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, with the additional testimony of a Mr. Shepherdson, and of Mr. Lumley, of Lumley, an ancient gentleman, who knew all the parties well, and was at the trial. Mr. James Smart, also of the city of Durham, was at the trial, where a Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence, upon oath, that *he saw the likeness of the child stand upon Walker's shoulders* during the time of the trial. From the evidence of these parties, it appears that the name of the girl was Anne Walker, that of the judge, Davenport, who was so much troubled on the trial, that he gave sentence that night, a thing never done before nor afterwards in Durham; and Surtees adds, that the deposition of Grime, the miller, is deposited in the Bodleian, in Tanner's MSS. The parties represent the affair as well known to hundreds, and more talked about in that neighbourhood in those days, than any other thing ever was, and that this determined apparition not only persecuted Grime in his mill, but in his house, night by night, dragging the clothes off his bed, and giving him no peace till he gave information of the murder, so that well might Master Webster declare it to be "one of those apparitions and strange accidents which cannot be solved by the supposed principles of matter and motion, but which do evidently require some other cause, above or different from the visible and ordinary course of

nature, effects that do strangely exceed the power of natural causes, and may for ever convince all atheistical minds." The oddest thing of all, however, in this strange story, is, that nobody seemed to have the slightest suspicion that Grime the miller, himself, might possibly be the real murderer, and had trumped up this story of a ghost to turn all idea of the fact from himself, and probably upon those to whom he entertained a hatred. The condemned parties steadily to the last persisted in their innocence, and it was entirely on the evidence of Grime and his ghost, that they were taken up, tried, and executed.

As at Houghton-le-Spring, so here, a woman shewed me the church. If I recollect right, her husband had been killed by an accident when sexton, and with that good feeling which characterises the North, she had been permitted to retain the office of sexton for the benefit of her children. When I asked if Lumley Castle was inhabited, she replied, "No! only the housekeeper lives there, an old woman of upwards of eighty, the greater part of which time she has lived at the Castle." "I suppose," I added, "she will shew it to me." "That," said my informant, "is just as it happens. If she is in the humour she will; but it is ten to one but she is very cross, and scolds you for disturbing her."

"And does not the Earl come there much then?" I asked. "No," said she, "how should he? the house is not furnished. And when he does come for a few days, he is a sair eerie man. He sees nobody, and goes about by himself, and wont have the bells in the church rung to announce his arrival. Once," said

she "we rung 'em, and he was not pleased. He said he had rather hear the dinner-bell ring."

Having been favoured with this curious account of the noble Earl and the old housekeeper, I took my way down a footpath through some pleasant fields towards the castle. I soon found myself on the banks of the river, where it fell sounding over a salmon-weir, and the ferryman put out from his little house opposite, under some fine lime trees. As I now wandered up the sloping field towards the castle, I was more and more struck with its silence and imposing solemnity. It stood with all its ample towers crowning finely its green elevation, and looking into far-off scenes; the old woods darkly cast their evening gloom round its farther side, and not a creature of any kind was seen moving about it; one thin, solitary smoke, announcing the existence of the old housekeeper, only was visible. I ran in my mind over the long line of its possessors, from the days of the Conqueror till now—over the unbroken line, yet the many strange fortunes of its lords—and wondered that, in good condition as its walls are, its ancient feudal state was not still kept up, and the presence of the present Earl's family made to revive now and then, the gaiety and vivacity of so proud and time-honoured an abode. Through these woods, probably, the gallant old Liulph rode in pursuit of the boar; here he probably heard of the coming and victory of the Norman; here he felt the wrath and indignation of his race, at the oppressions and degradations practised on the Saxon people and nobles, by the haughty Conqueror. Here probably lived, though in a more ancient

mansion, that William, son of Uchtred and grandson of old Liulph, who first assumed the Lumley name, and proceeding to the early Crusades in the Holy Land, won for his escutcheon the paroquet in some romantic adventure, of which the poet and historian have caught but a faint glimpse. The will of Sir John Lumley, drawn preparatory to his going to the wars of Henry V. in France, where in fact he fell, with Thomas Duke of Clarence, in the surprise and rout of Baugy Bridge in Anjou, on Easter-eve, 1421, is very curious, and descriptive of the life and customs of those times. He desires his executors to provide a decent marble tomb for himself and Felice his late wife, in Chester-le-Street church. He gives his two daughters 300 marks each; 100 marks to two unmarried sisters; and desires his executors to sell his house in Wode-streete, London, for payment of his legacies. To his daughter Ann, he gives a cloak of cloth of gold, which was her mother's. To Thomas, his son, a gilt cup, the gift of "my Lord the Bishop of Durham." To dame Elizabeth Nevil, a gilt cup, a feather-bed, and four-and-twenty pillows. To his chaplain, Richard Urpath, a gilt cup and ten marks. To brother Thomas Oxenden, forty shillings per annum for life, and if the said Thomas shall undertake *the Jubilee*, a hundred shillings. To the church of Chester, two robes of crimson velvet (de bodio velvet), and to Dan Richard Bukley, dean of Chester, a gilt silver goblet, and ten marks. Lastly, he charges his executors to maintain, during their lives, one chantry priest in the church of Chester, and to provide two able and sufficient pilgrims to travel for his own grace, and

for that of his wife Felice, to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. By a codicil, he appoints his brother Marmaduke, afterwards bishop of Carlisle, and his servant, William Mayhu, executors. He leaves his goods in Normandy and France, to be disposed of by his brother Marmaduke, and his servant, Matthew Pacok; gives to his said brother, "the little house in Wod-strete," or if that be contrary to his will, his "place without Aldryggate;" and desires his executors to make an end in all haste of the matters between him and Sir Pers Tylliol, and John Wodcock, if the said Woodcok "will drawe to any reasonable ende."

Here lived, and grew in fame and estate, many a bold baron, allying themselves to the great family of Thewing, of Hilton, the Nevilles, the Scroops, and the Fitzallans; and afterwards of the royal race, by the marriage of Sir Thomas, son of George Lord Lumley, with Elizabeth Plantagenet, a daughter of Edward IV. This Lord George married the heiress of Roger Thornton, a wealthy merchant of Newcastle, who brought him great estates; but her illegitimate brother, Giles Thornton, disputing her title to them, they fought in the castle ditch of Windsor, and Lord George there slew Giles Thornton. It is worthy of remark here, that the Roger Thornton thus mentioned, whose daughter brought so much wealth into the Lumley family, had made his own immense fortune from the lowest condition of poverty, the memory of which is preserved in the popular rhyme, so familiar to the people of Newcastle:

> At the Westgate came Thornton in,
> With a hap and halfpenny in a ram's skin.

The Lumleys figured in Flodden Field, and in the wars of France: one died in the cause of Richard II., for the maintenance of the old religion, in the fatal Pilgrimage of Grace; another suffered scathe for participation in the insurrection of Aske; another fell on the scaffold at Tyburn; yet, in Elizabeth's reign, the house of Lumley again rose into broader power and higher honour. Lord John Lumley, the grandchild of him who had formed the Pilgrimage of Grace, the son of him who died on the scaffold for treason and rebellion, with the generous but fatal tendency of his family, became implicated with his father-in-law, the Earl of Arundel, in the attempt of the Duke of Norfolk to marry the imprisoned Queen of Scots, but escaped the wrath of Elizabeth with a brief imprisonment, and grew into high esteem with that imperious queen. He became one of the Judges of the unfortunate Mary and of the Earl of Essex. He is said to have persevered, in great honour and profound gravity during the whole of Elizabeth's reign, and to have been regarded as a stately model of the pomp, pride, and circumstance of the ancient nobility. He it was, who entertaining a deep veneration for his ancestors, collected their remains wherever they could be found, deposited them in Chester church, and caused that long array of martial effigies to be prepared. He lived to receive James I. here, on his progress from Scotland to take possession of the crown; a progress which James made so long and leisurely, that he and his attendants eat up many a worthy gentleman's estate, so that many families never recovered from the shock, and others are only recovering from

it at the present day. It was on this occasion that James uttered one of his best hits. A connexion of the house of Lumley, said to be a Bishop James, expatiated to the king on the pedigree of their noble host—a subject which, as Anthony à Wood has it, "might hold a man a good tug for a month," without sparing him a single ancestor, direct or collateral, from Liulph to Lord Lumley; till the king, wearied with the eternal blazon, interrupted him, "O mon, gang na further; let me digest the knowledge I ha gained, for I did na ken Adam's name was Lumley!"

In later times the Lumleys were found fighting for the crown in the civil wars of Charles I., and against Monmouth in the reign of James II.; but they afterwards helped to drive out that monarch, and bring in the Orange family. Since marrying into the house, and taking the name of Saville, they have numbered amongst their worthies that good Sir George Saville, who, in accordance with his high, liberal, and pious character, was the friend and patron of the excellent William Mompesson, the clergyman who so nobly distinguished himself by his self-forgetting and heroic conduct during the plague, in his parish of Eyam, in the Peak of Derbyshire. Of the wide possessions of this family formerly, some idea may be formed from this fact, that Lord Lumley left to his heir, in 1540, the castle and manor of Lumley; the lordships of Hart, Stanton, and Seaton-Carew; the manors of Bradbury, The Isle, Bearetrove, Frereside, Ludworth, Oxwell, Swallwell, Bradley, Bolam, Morton, Hesleden, and Housefield, all in Durham. In Northumber-

land, the Manor-house in the Brode Chase, Newcastle; the manors of East and West Chevyngton, Oldmore, Revely, Longhurst, and Morwick. In Yorkshire, the castle and manor of Kyton, the manors of Hemptrome, Thornton, Moorsom-Magna, Yartebey, Staynton, Thorneby, and Linthorpe. In Surrey, Kent, Nottinghamshire, and Sussex, they afterwards inherited vast estates, as Nonsuch, Stanstede Bourne, Rufford, etc.; but in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Lord John Lumley, by making himself responsible for the debts of his father-in-law, the Earl of Arundel, reduced his northern estates so much, that the family has since then gradually habituated itself to a preference of its Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire seats. Within the time of the present housekeeper, the house has been stripped of all but its hereditary fixtures, to pay off claims on one of its possessors which the incoming heir would not charge himself with, and it has since never been refurnished. This most likely was when Richard, sixth earl of Scarborough, came to the title, at which time, however, by the will of his uncle, Sir George Saville, the Saville estates passed to his second brother, and therefore he did not feel himself bound to pay the claims on the possessor of the whole estates of Lumley and Saville, when those of Saville, the most valuable, were alienated from him; and they had not been again recovered to the Lumley heir, till the present Earl established his right to them by a legal trial.

The castle is large, and of a quadrangular form. It has projecting turrets, battlemented parapet, and at each corner rises

a square massy tower, considerably above the general height of the building. Each corner of these towers is again crowned with a projecting octagon turret—machicolated, *i.e.* being open below so that archers standing in them could, while protected by the turret itself, shoot down arrows on any persons who reached the foot of the castle. We find the same in Hilton, Hermitage, and other ancient castles. The whole is built of a rich yellow freestone. The west front, by which I approached, is the present entrance. You ascend to the door by a large double flight of steps, and reach a platform, which fills the whole space between the towers, being, in fact, upwards of ninety feet in length. The view here as you look around, is striking. Before you and to your left hand fall away the green and beautiful slopes of the park. The Wear winds through the meadows below, partly hidden by the lofty avenue of limes at the ferry; and beyond, rise the roofs and fine spire of Chester, over which the eye still wanders, amongst villages and fanes, to the wild and dusky heights of the west.

As I stood here a few moments, the silence of the place was only broken by the rattling of windows in the castle front, for the wind was considerably strong; I rang the bell, and presently heard a feeble footstep approaching within. A female voice demanded who was there, and giving for answer a stranger from the south, there immediately commenced a drawing of bars, a dropping of bolts, and lugging at the huge and lofty door. "Push there, if you please," cried the voice from within; "for I cannot open the door myself." I pushed accordingly,

and at once inward turned the door, and with the force of the wind, drove the old lady backwards, for it was she. I had now to help to close it again, the wind seeming to defy both our endeavours, and even when we had accomplished it, rattling and roaring at it as if it would tear it loose. I was too much struck with the view of this noble and unique hall to be able to take my eyes from surveying it for some time, when I found the old housekeeper standing patiently by me, and on telling her I was sorry to trespass on her at so late an hour of the day, but that I was going from London into the North, and wished to have a peep at the castle, this good dame, who had been represented to me as so wayward, said with the greatest cheerfulness —"O, certain, you can soon see it—the main thing is this hall. I'll tell you all about these pictures, and then you can go where you like. I see you're a gentleman: you'll find the doors open; and when you have been where you will, here is my room," said she, shewing the way into a nice, snug, well-carpeted room in the north-western tower just by, with a good fire blazing on walls adorned with some very interesting family portraits. "I cannot stand long," she said; "at my age my legs soon fail me; but if you want to know anything, you can come and ask me, and I'll go anywhere, and explain if necessary; and when you have done, here is a room or two here, near mine, with some paintings in, I'll show you." With this roving commission I again entered the great hall. As I have said, it is one of the most striking halls I have ever entered, and this does not arise from the antique richness, or picturesqueness of its construction and

fitting up. It has not, like many of our old baronial halls, a groined and pendictiled oaken roof, nor dark wainscoting or tapestry; on the contrary, it derives its effect in a great measure from the plainness and ordinariness of its finish. Its walls are newly whitewashed, its ceiling perfectly plain, the same; but then its ornaments are so unusual, and its dimensions and proportions so noble, that as the great door opens before you, itself like the removal of a wall, the surprise that seizes you is instantaneous and strong. You seem to have stepped at once into a hall of some baron or prince of Eastern Europe, where the simple rudeness of the dwelling is in marked contrast with the entrance of the inhabitant. This hall is no less than sixty feet long by thirty wide, and of a proportionate loftiness. Opposite to you, and at each end, hang seventeen pictures of large size, in plain black frames, representing the successive ancestors of the family. These portraits are as large, or larger than life; the height of the frames being seven feet nine inches, by four feet six inches. They are, some in armour, some in robes, and some in both; with their shields bearing their armorial emblazonments. The first five have in their shields simply six paroquets white. From the sixth they quarter three green paroquets with red legs. Most of them have a sort of turban, and their fantastic robes give them a very Saracenic air. One has his robe entirely covered with the paroquets. The third has a long band of red cloth hanging from his white turban down beneath his shield, which is held low. The eighth is in scarlet robes of state, with a sandy beard. This is Ralph, first Lord

Lumley, who built the eastern front of this castle in the reign of Richard II., and afterwards died in defending the interests of that monarch. In the next picture we see Richard II., then in the bloom of youth, with bright auburn hair, seated in a chair of state in his royal robes, scarlet lined with ermine, his inner dress deep blue or purple, powdered over with golden R's, and crowned. He holds the sceptre in his left hand, and with his right presents a patent of nobility to this same Lord Lumley, then Sir Ralph, who is kneeling before him in his baron's robes, a tall, stout man, with bald forehead, long hair, and most majestic beard. On a scroll at the king's feet—"KINGE RICHARD THE SECONDE." The background, representing probably the presence-chamber, is draperied with golden lilies, and on the frame stand—R. R. 2 AN'D'NI 1384, A° REG. 8. "That," said the old lady, "is Ralph Lord Lumley, praying the king to let him fortify his house," which may also be the fact.

One knight in full armour, with his aventayle up, holds his pennon in his hand, bearing the three green paroquets. The next in succession, is in a green surcoat, with red boots, and a turban, with a red ostrich feather. The last two are in black Venetian robes, with caps, and large gold chains on their breasts. There is but one lady in the hall, and that is Elizabeth Darcy, the second wife of the last John Lord Lumley. She appears in a black dress, figured all over with trees and flying birds; the sleeves and openings of the gown ornamented with pearls; a rich point-lace apron, of the shape of a reversed kite,

a ruff of point-lace, a huge pearl necklace hanging over her stomacher, and her dark hair ornamented with a coronet of pearls—the countenance full and expressive. Elizabeth Uxor II. filia D. Johannis Darcy de Chiche.

Probably amongst all these, not more than four are actual portraits done in the times of those they represent, namely, that of King Richard and Lord Lumley kneeling, the two in the dark senatorial robes, and this lady. The rest, it is probable, are the work of Lord John Lumley, who most likely was resolved not only to supply to the church at Chester a complete set of his ancestors in effigy, but to his hall another set, in their robes or martial array, as he imagined them; and it must be confessed that a most curious, showy, Saracenic set of English barons he has conjured up here. Besides these, however, aloft on a pedestal at the end of the hall on your right as you enter, sits Liulph, the Saxon father of the line, on his horse, as large as life. The sturdy steed is of a dark ruddy brown, and Liulph clad in armour, riding with an air of great boldness, bears in his hand a sort of battle-axe, or battle-hammer. This brave old Saxon was a man of whom his descendants might be proud. He was one of the Saxon nobles who resisted to the last the oppressions and the indignities committed on his countrymen by the Normans; but, forced to give way before their power, he retreated to the north, and availed himself of the sanctity of the palatine government. Here Walcher, a Norman bishop, was soon sent, but Liulph, for his virtues and bravery, was highly esteemed by him. He was of the highest and most popular

blood of the Saxon nobility. He was the near kinsman of Seward, and Waltheof the great earl of Northumberland. The people venerated him for his virtues and patriotism; and for his defence of the people he fell a sacrifice. He complained to the bishop of the rapacity and cruelties of his officers, and in return these officers assassinated him; and the people, stung to madness by the death of their protector, rose and murdered the bishop Walcher at Gateshead soon afterwards. One cannot help, therefore, being pleased with this equestrian statue of the good old Liulph; for if it be not an atom like him, it bears an air of similar worth and bravery, and reminds us of his virtues.

Besides these things, there are in this hall several other objects which contribute to its peculiar character. Beneath the statue of Liulph is a large tablet—THEATRUM MUNDUS—SPECTATOR DEUS. This contains a long string of Latin verses, ringing all possible changes on the word *mundus*, of which here one stanza may suffice to give an idea of the whole, which must at some time have been considered most glorious by some member or probably members of the family:—

> Mundus abit, res nota quidem, res usque notanda,
> Nota tibi, mundi sit nota, mundus abit;
> Mundus abit, non mundus, id est hæc machina mundi,
> Dico, sed mundi gloria mundus abit.

Next to the portrait of Elizabeth Darcy hangs the table of the pedigree of the Lumleys, in gold letters, and with their armorial bearings; and aloft, in a niche at the same end, is the

modern family crest, a figure of a pelican in its piety; that is, feeding its young from its own breast; and in the front wall, four niches, containing four well-executed marble busts, two male and two female, said to be those of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The fireplace of stone, opposite the entrance door, is of immense size; above it the mantel, supported by Doric pillars, and upon it are the arms of Lumley, quartering Thornton, and impaling the blanch lion of Fitzallan, quartering Clun, Maltravers, and Widville; supporters, dexter, a parrot; sinister, a white horse (Fitzalon) with the motto of the Lumleys—MURUS ÆNÆUS, SANA CONSCIENTIA.

The old housekeeper bustled out of her room several times while I was surveying the hall and noting these particulars, to tell me things that occurred to her. In particular, she was very full of the glory of the old house before it was stripped, and all the grand old pictures dispersed, some account of which, however, may be found in Pennant's relation of his visit, on his Northern tour. She was full of indignation, too, at the presumption of the auctioneer, who threatened even to sell the pictures and busts which remain, and also the valiant Liulph himself! "But," said she, "I told him I defied him to do it; it was more than his jib was worth! they were heirlooms, and belonged to the house, and he should sell me first, before he sold them. Only think of the impudence of the man! Then says he, as fierce as a lion—'I'll sell you too!'" But he know'd better; and when Lord Scarborough came, and I told him what the auctioneer had said, 'Ah!' says he, 'I wish he had ventured

to touch 'em, I'd ha' made him smart for it. He should not ha' forgot it to his dying day.'"

Proceeding now on my exploratory progress, I entered the next room, called the Great Dining-Room. This is in the south-western tower, and of nearly equal dimensions with the Hall. It is a noble, airy room, in the French or Italian style, having a fine vaulted ceiling of stucco-work, in the centre the star and garter, and around figures of old men. The walls are wainscoted, and painted of a light colour, the narrower panels ornamented with vizors, from which depend strings of fruit and flowers, and every wider alternating panel having a medallion head of a Roman emperor. The fireplace is of beautiful white marble of similar design, and over it a bas-relief in stucco-work of peculiar grace and spirit. It is a wintry and mountainous landscape, with a frozen lake and blasted trees. A group of plump and happily-executed children are gathering sticks and making a fire. A pair of bellows lies on the ground, indicating that they are not far from some human habitation, and are only engaged in play; and near them on the half-frozen lake is a swan, which seems even desirous to get as near to them and their fire as possible. Two Italians, said the old lady, came over on purpose to do this room, for that Lord Richard who killed himself.

I now wandered on through empty rooms along the south front, which once, my good old dame afterwards informed me, were hung with silk damask, and had furniture covered with the same, all of which was stripped down and sold by that

desperate auctioneer, at the sale in the days of Lord Richard, the third from the present. In the centre of this front, however, I was almost startled by coming in the twilight into a room with several full-length portraits. One was Frederick Prince of Wales, the father of George III., when very young, in his robes. Another, a gay and handsome-looking young gentleman, Sir Thomas Sanderson, the brother of the second earl of Scarborough, in rich silken robes, with the collar of the Bath, and in his hand a black velvet cap with ostrich feathers. There were two others of Lord John Lumley of 1588, one in skull-cap, and armour richly inlaid with gold; the other in full crimson robes, and holding in his hands a glove and a purse, as Baron of the Exchequer.

My progress was now through a vast wilderness of desolate and empty rooms, finding the doors all set open before me. Thus I rambled round this great old deserted castle, which is built round an inner court of about eighty feet square, the outer fronts extending every way near two hundred feet in length each. Sometimes I was gliding carefully over floors of polished oak, that echoed to the tread, and threatened to throw me down at every step; then I came to a staircase that led me up into other stories, or down into subterranean passages, vaults, and offices of various descriptions; once, no doubt, busy enough with servants and their concerns, but small, damp, chill, empty, and desolate. Then again, I looked out of the front windows, finding myself gazing over a wide twilight landscape, or encountering those dark masses of woods that stretch along the

western side, and rendered more solemn by the shadows of night, and the hoarse brawling of the stream in the deep glen below. Then I was at a window looking into the inner area, where all was gloomy, silent, and full of the spirit of the past. Opposite to me, in the west centre, stood a turreted gateway, on which was carved two long perpendicular lines of armorial shields, over one of which, in an escutcheon, shewed the lily, and over the other the rose. The shields themselves, having the true air of ancient baronial state, as they were wont to be emblazoned on the front of martial halls, were in truth proud shields, testimonies of many a high alliance. The dexter line, Lumley and Northumberland; Lumley and Hesilden; Lumley and Daudre; Lumley and Theveny; Lumley and Neville; Lumley and Harrington; Lumley and Plantagenet; Lumley and Scroop. On the sinister line, Lumley and ——; Lumley and ——; Lumley and Morwick; Lumley and Holland; Lumley and Redman; Lumley and Thornton; Lumley and Conyers; Lumley and Knightley. The lowest coats in each string are Fitzalan on the dexter, and Darcey on the sinister side, and in the midst Lumley. Above, on the turrets, some ancient heraldic beasts, lions or rams, seemed to range in the twilight, and threaten, as the night advanced, to become instinct with life, and prepared to play strange gambols through these old wild rooms. In the dusk below, were dimly visible the remains of ancient marble fountains. As the gathering gloom warned me, I turned from the window, and began to retrace my way through the house. Nothing could be more dismal.

The wind now thundered round the whole fabric, shaking the windows, many of which presented without the view of iron bars, as of a prison. In the court-yard, the huge watch-dog barked in deep, and sonorous, and measured notes, and his hoarse voice was echoed by the dusky buildings. The wildness and gloom; the half-seen forms of things, as I steered dubiously my way through unknown passages and empty rooms, were worthy of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's most fearful castles of wonder and dread. I at one moment found myself in a few rooms fitted up for the temporary sojourn of the Earl when he came there, and thought that I had much rather he occupied them than myself. It was, in fact, quite pleasant to reach once more the housekeeper's snug apartment, and find a cheerful fire, and candles casting their social light all over it. The last ruddy blaze from the west cast on that side of the castle, enabled me to get a view, though but an imperfect one, of the remaining pictures in the housekeeper's room, now used by the steward —the room occupied by the present housekeeper being really the steward's room, the old lady having taken possession of it because it was snugger, and had, moreover, a direct view of Chester-le-Street, which you felt on such an evening, in such a place, was a matter of no little importance. In the housekeeper's room, then, are Lady Harriet Lumley, a half-length, a pretty young girl, and a good painting; Lady Blackett, a three-quarters' length, said to be the younger sister of the other. There were also two children in one frame, in curious old-fashioned frocks. These are said to be the Hon. Thomas and

Richard Lumley, as children. Mrs. Chandler had a long story of this Richard being that Richard who afterwards fitted up the great dining-room; the same Richard who shot himself. He was a gallant gentleman, said she, and was in high favour with the king. The king had entrusted to him a secret of great consequence, and his enemies were anxious to get to the knowledge of it, that they might ruin him. Richard loved a lady; and to this lady the traitors went, offering her great rewards if she would bring them to a knowledge of the secret. Dalilah-like, she managed to draw it from her lover, and reveal it to those men who were waiting at hand. As he went out of one door, the traitors went out at another, and off to the king, who, the moment Richard Lumley came again into the royal presence, said, "Lumley, you have lost a friend, and I a good servant." Richard Lumley, seeing that he was at once betrayed in the quarter he reposed all his love and faith, and disgraced with the king, and as a man of honour, went and shot himself. One would like to know the fuller dates, personages, and particulars of this story of Mrs. Chandler.

The old lady next led me into the kitchen; one of the most stupendous, lofty, and every way remarkable kitchens in the kingdom. Here, on occasion, a dinner for a regiment of soldiers might be cooked, and many an enormous fire and immense roast it has no doubt from age to age witnessed. The steward's room, now the housekeeper's, was the only one remaining to notice, and here were all advantages of light and comfort. The old lady was disposed to be quite agreeable; she had produced her

cake and wine, and requesting me to rest myself awhile, seemed ready to be chatty and communicative. The portraits here are, one of the great John Lord Lumley, of Elizabeth's time, in black, with skull-cap and ruff, a ring hung from the neck by a black ribbon, and a countenance expressive and noble. One of his first wife, Jane Fitzalan, daughter of that last Earl of Arundel, on whose behalf the Lumley estates suffered such curtailment. Jane Fitzalan is a handsome person, of delicate aquiline tournure, an elegant and expressive cast of features. She is dressed in black velvet, with strings of pearls and jewels, and braids of pearls in her brown hair. A small figure of Ralph Lumley of 1567, and another small figure of a young man with handsome delicate features, and in a Spanish dress. On the back of this picture is written, "Lumley, who was in the battle of Flodden Field, when King James of Scots was slain." Lady Halifax, a handsome woman, in a pale orange silk, and pink scarf, her black hair hanging over one shoulder. The first Earl of Scarborough, in armour, holding a truncheon, a battle in the distance. General Lumley, his brother, also in armour, a battle in the distance. These brothers lived in the troublesome times of the downfall of the Stewarts, and saw fighting enough. They appear to have lived on from the days of Charles I. to the accession of George I., a period of upwards of 70 years; for the first earl is stated to have had a command in the army under Prince Rupert, and to have also been one of the commissioners appointed to hold the government till the arrival of George I.

Here are two youthful portraits of the Hon. Charles and John Lumley, who would appear from likeness and style of painting to be brothers of the two young ladies in the housekeeper's room; and finally, the second Earl of Scarborough, that same Richard who shot himself, and whose portrait as a child, we have already noticed in the housekeeper's room, accompanied by that of his younger brother Thomas, who succeeded him in the title in 1737.

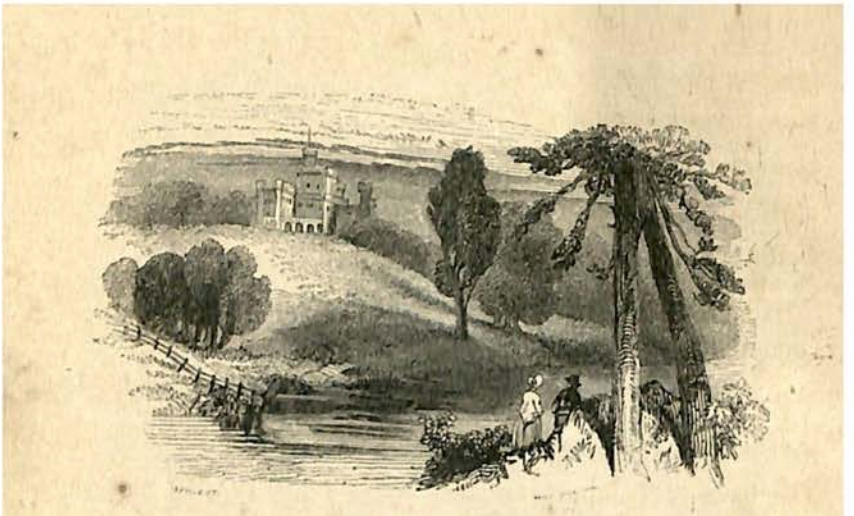
The suicide of this Richard, the second earl, and the sale of the furniture in the days of Richard the sixth earl, seemed to mark the two most remarkable eras in Mrs. Chandler's mind. She dwelt with natural interest on the splendour of the house ere it was stripped; of all the rooms, with their fine paintings, the silk hangings and "lovely furnitur;" every room having its great pier glasses that reached to the ceiling. She related how after the house had been stripped, the Earl and Countess came, and how much they lamented over it. "Let us fit the old castle up again," said the Countess. "Nay, my dear," replied the Earl, with a sigh, "that can never be done; it would take, if it took a penny, 50,000*l.*; and then, my dear," said he, "you don't take into account that our house at Sandbach is stripped too." "Sandbach," added Mrs. Chandler, "is fitted up again, but this has never been, and I reckon never will now." She went on to inform me that her mother had been housekeeper at Glenter's Hall, a seat of Lord Scarborough's, in Lincolnshire, and came here to be housekeeper fifty-three years ago. She came with her, a young woman, and had lived here ever since, being

now eighty-four. That the gentry of the neighbourhood came sometimes in summer, and had archery parties on the lawn in front of the castle, and took luncheon in the hall, and sometimes had a dance there; the only circumstance, except the occasional arrival of a curious stranger, that now seems to connect this house of many ages with the living world.

Bidding adieu to good Mrs. Chandler's snug room and reminiscences, I took a parting stroll all round the castle. The south front is comparatively modern; on the north, stand a variety of offices; but the east is unique and impressive. It is pretty much as it was left by the builder in Richard II.'s reign, except for the dark hues that time has cast over it. It justifies fully the description of Surtees. "It retains all its original magnificence. Three stages of masonry vie above each other, with mullioned windows, heavily grated with iron; and a noble gate-house projects from the centre of the front, guarded with overhanging turrets and a machicolated gallery. Above this gateway are six shields of arms, three and three, cut boldly in stone. In the centre of the first row, higher than the rest—1. Quarterly, *France and England* (Richard II). 2. On the right, *Percy* or *Louvaine*, a lion rampant; crest, a lion passant. 3. On the left, a saltire, Neville; crest, a bull's head. In the lower row, 4; a lion rampant, within a border engrailed, *Grey;* crest, a ram's head. 5. *Lumley;* crest, a parroquet. 6. Two bars; crest, Moses' head horned, *Hilton.*"

The night had now settled darkly down. This grand old castle front, with all its projecting towers, gloomy gateway,

ancient shields, with grim and uncouth heads of beasts and horned prophets, and its lofty battlements, frowned solemnly and sternly upon me. Below, deep in its glen, brawled and muttered along the stream, and vast woods extending right and left, spread a deeper blackness around, and sent from their wind-stirred depths, dreary sighings, such as seem to belong only to night and to woods. I thought if ever there was scene calculated to create a belief in haunted halls, and in the tales and creatures of ancient romance, it was this; and as I hastened away to cross the river and regain my inn, I often turned and saw with a peculiar pleasure the ancient towers of the Lumleys looming majestically through the gloom.



LAMBTON CASTLE.

VISIT TO LAMBTON CASTLE;

SEAT OF THE EARL OF DURHAM.

How totally different is every thing here from the subject of our last chapter. A few miles and an adjoining estate, and we are in as different a scene as the most distant part of the empire could present to us. At Lumley, we have the abode of an ancient race, left to solitude and decay. The course of time has not annihilated the line of its possessors, but led them elsewhere. The stately extent of its possessions about that its ancestral castle, has diminished, and broad lands more southward have fallen to the house, and lured it to rejoice itself there in more modern abodes. All at Lumley is of the past—sad, solitary, dim; full of mighty and proud remembrances, but belonging to them only. Here, all is new, having a mixed fashion of the old and the new, but with few great retrospections

into the far-off ages, and building its fame, as its actual towers, with workmanship of recent times. We see in the castellated character of the house, a memento, that its line also traces itself from an old date and through feudal years; but in its freshness, its modern sharpness, its polish and contrivances, and *convenances* of to-day, all the evidences of a family that has risen and flourished more especially in recent times. We have here the stern architecture of our feudal ancestors, adapted to the higher luxury, and more refined needs of our own day. The halls of Lambton are not the halls of gigantic moat and terrific portcullis—grim with age, and perhaps rusted with the spattered gore of crushed assailants; they are not those of huge, gaunt roofs, black with the smoke of wood ascending from fires in the centre of the floor; of rude rush-strewn pavements, and rude tables spread with heaps of beef and sturdy black-jacks; of walls here hung with grotesque tapestry, and there with time-worn shields and battered helms—they are full of the arts and the elegance of the present. Lambton Castle is a perfect and expressive image of the feudalism of the nineteenth century; of feudalism made easy, to the present generation; of feudalism which has never ceased to exist, whatever concussions shook the empire, or whatever spasms rocked the constitution; which has for the greater part of a thousand years fought its way, whether in steel jacket or in scarlet broadcloth, with spear or with musket; which has never failed to hold its own, and to hand down the huge domains which it won in England, under the banners of William of Normandy. It is now polished indeed,

but it is still strong; it prides itself in its most ancient style of habitation, but over and around that habitation it has poured the grace of modern art, and has filled it with all the amenities, the comforts, the softnesses, and intellectual resources of a busy, scientific, refined, and luxurious age. Such is the entire character of Lambton Castle. You see before you, indeed, Gothic towers and battlements, but around them spread lawns such only as England and the England of our day knows. You approach it by roads not made for the hoofs of old war-horses to disturb, but for the wheels of gay chariots to roll over; and within, you find a glittering and sumptuous succession of books, paintings, statues, marble pillars, gorgeous vases, soft carpets of richest dyes, and softer beds, curtained into silken privacy; and all the nameless and numberless little articles and marks of taste, which, to a true old castle-dweller, would form a wilderness of contemptible baubles, and a heap of articles that he would never even wish to want.

Never indeed was a place more completely the reflex of the mind, habits, and position of its possessors, than is Lambton Castle. It is a singular fact, that the Lambtons and their neighbours, the Lumleys, are now the only two remaining families in the county who can trace their lines in an undoubted descent from the Saxon period. In that descent, however, there has been a wide difference. The Lumleys commenced in a higher source, and maintained a loftier flight. They stood forward in all more critical periods of our history, and won distinguished martial and civil honours. Titles, estates,

and alliances, clustered round them, and raised them into much note during the more feudal ages. On the contrary, the Lambtons belonged rather to the squirearchy; and seemed to pursue a more still and unambitious course. Through the long and branching tracery of their pedigree, few brilliant fortunes, or very splendid alliances, present themselves; and perhaps no other family in the kingdom can shew a genealogical table of equal extent, in which, with only about two or three exceptions, down to the late Earl, no title above that of esquire presents itself. Of these exceptions, one was a Knight of Rhodes, the other two occur during the wars of Charles I. and the Commonwealth—Sir William Lambton, knighted by Charles at Newmarket, and killed in his cause at the fatal battle of Marston-Moor, and Sir Thomas, one of his sons by a second marriage, who came out on the other side, and was employed under Cromwell. It was not till the time of the grandfather of the late Earl, that the Lambtons began to assume a more prominent position in the public eye. He was a Major-General in the American War; and his son, father of Earl Durham, representing the city of Durham in Parliament, in the days of Pitt, Fox, and Grey, at once won for himself the reputation of an orator and a bold patriot. He united with his distinguished neighbour, then Mr. Grey, in organizing "The Society of the Friends of the People," the fountain of the great spring of political reform. He sate as its chairman, and signed the celebrated petition from this society, which Mr. Grey introduced to Parliament; and on all occasions exhibited himself as a fearless

advocate of the people of England, and of the oppressed of all colours. His life was short; but his son followed in his steps, and allying himself both by marriage and politically with his father's old friend and compatriot, Lord Grey, became conspicuous for his political liberality and parliamentary talent, and was raised, at one sudden step, from the rank of a commoner to an earldom. His death is too recent for it to be requisite here to review his career; and as to the correctness or incorrectness of his political creed, that question belongs not to these pages. He was employed by the crown in an embassy to Russia, and in the government of Canada, at the same time that a great body of the people seemed to look towards him as a political Messiah of many and high hopes. They seemed to have adopted the promise of his family motto, "*Le Jour viendra;*" but ill-health, other constitutional causes, and a short life, prevented the fulfilment of these expectations. The day to which many others, and perhaps himself, looked forward, never came. He seemed rather destined to put principles and other persons into action, than to follow out himself the workings of his own plans. He did not settle the condition of Canada, but he chalked out a masterly scheme for its settlement; he did not live to complete the political reform which he avowed to be necessary, but he framed the platform of that which is in existence. It would be difficult to say what might have been the result of his living to assume office—for such are the shackles or fascinations of ministerial power in this country, that nothing is so remarkable or lamentable, as the metamorphosis or retrogression which

most men exhibit in it; but whatever were the hopes or fears, the disappointments or satisfactions, of different persons or parties with political reference to Lord Durham, all, where he was best known, seemed to respect his sincerity, and pay homage to his virtues as a man. His funeral train, on its approach to his own neighbourhood, was swelled by 20,000 people, of all opinions; and his talents, his taste, his liberal sentiments, and unbending character, have not only marked him as one of the most prominent men of his age, but have now rendered his family as distinguished for its dignity as for its long line of descent.

At the time that I visited Lambton Castle, its possessor was even then seeking relief from indisposition in the south of England, and serious fears were entertained, that his life would not be long. That curious old legend of Lambton, of which we shall have presently to speak, seemed still, in the physical condition of the existing lord, to assert that it was more than a superstition of the old times, but was founded on an influence fatal to the longevity of the race. Though the period of the spell was said to terminate in General Lambton, as the ninth in descent from the slayer of the Worm, yet neither his son nor his grandson have been longer lived, nor have they died at home.

It was not without a more sensible interest, that reflecting on these circumstances, I went through the grounds and the castle of Lambton. Here were all that nature and art could effect in combination to make a noble abode for its possessor;

but a mysterious fiat of destiny seemed to be pronounced over the race, of short and embittered enjoyment of it. Power, talent, reputation, great wealth, and finest aspirings—all these were freely given; but with them a source of physical fragility and insecurity that must bring with them, ever and anon, strange feelings. Truly did I feel, when walking through noble rooms full of books and works of art, and luxury, how true were the words of Johnson to Garrick—"Ah! David, David! these are the things that make a death-bed hard." What an agonizing consciousness it must be to the lord of such houses and domains, that a man may take thousands of acres to set his foot firmly upon; and build his wall strong as those of ante-diluvian giants, but that his life yet depends upon a little tenement of clay, to which he can add neither stones nor timbers of duration; but, perhaps, with an hereditary warning always sounded into his soul, feels himself every day slipping away out of the very tower of his strength.

A pleasant walk from Chester-le-Street, along the banks of the Wear, a stream that with its winding current, its willow banks, and its gravelly shelving strand here and there heaped with drift-wood, presented me continually with recollections of Bewick, brought me to one of the three lodges by which access is obtained to the park. Here the woman at the gate gave me the agreeable information, that if unprovided with a ticket from the steward I could not be allowed to enter. This was intelligence a little unexpected at the gate of a popular Reformer, but the woman was reasonable, and soon consented

to unlock her gate. The castle then presented itself, on the northern bank of the river—a fine object, in a fine situation. The Wear here performs some of its most beautiful windings, for which it is so remarkable, and its lofty banks hung with fine woods, presented the most lovely views whichever way you looked. A new bridge leads across the river, and a winding carriage-road conducts you by an easy ascent through pleasant woodlands up to the castle. You pass under a light suspension bridge which leads from the castle, along the banks above the river, through the woods of great beauty, and where you find the most pleasant solitudes, with varied views of the river and sounds of its hurrying water. The castle, in all its newness of aspect, stands boldly on the height above the river, with beautiful green slopes descending towards it. As you approach the castle, and enter it, every thing impresses you with a sense of its strength, tastefulness, and completeness. The compact and well-built walls of clam-stone; the well-paved and well-finished courts; the numerous and complete offices; the kitchens, furnished with every convenience and implement that modern skill and ingenuity can bring together; all tell that you are in the abode of a man of the amplest resources. As you advance, elegance and luxury are added to completeness; and you are surrounded, not by the rude and quaint objects of our old houses, but by the rich requisites of present aristocratic existence. The snug boudoir, the lord's dressing-room, the bath, the library, the saloon, the drawing-room, and all the various apartments of a noble modern house, into which are some-

times crowded several hundred guests—we shall not attempt to describe. One of the most gratifying matters of observation here, and highly honourable to the taste and liberality of Lord Durham, is, that not exclusively the works of ancient artists, but rather those of distinguished cotemporaries, adorn the walls. This is a circumstance so rare, that with three or four noble and well-known exceptions, you almost look in vain in our country houses in England for the works of our modern artists. Gentlemen pride themselves on the possession of the works of the Old Masters, forgetting, that such works will never want purchasers; while, if English art is to be added to the national fame, its artists must live, and live in honour and esteem; and that it is a mark of far more original taste to be able to appreciate justly a new production of genius, than to praise and purchase those guaranteed by a long course of popularity and sanction of great names. In the halls of Lord Durham you find old and new, side by side; and that circumstance, if all other circumstances were wanting, would at once have assured you that he was an original thinker, and a patriotic spirit. It at once marked him out from the common herd of followers and echoers of other men; it at once gave him and his father, who purchased several of them, a strong title to your respect; for were such the general practice, British art would soon rise as preeminent as British power and knowledge.

In the library, you have a full-length of Lord Durham's father, in an Italian dress, by Angelica Kaufman; another in his ordinary dress. Portraits of Brougham, Grey, Sir Humphry

Davy, and Sir Robert Wilson; an old print by Bassano; Bishop James; portrait of a young woman, by Raffaelle, etc.

In the Gallery: View of Durham, by Glover, purchased by Mr. Lambton for 500*l.*; Lady Ann Lambton and children, by Hoppner; Martin's Ninth Plague; Ullswater, by Hofland; Lady Durham, tall and fair, and being a strong likeness to her father Earl Grey; Cooper's Battles of Bosworth Field and Marston-Moor; Woodcutters, by Collins; Italian Scenery, by Callcott; Garrick's Temple at Hampton, by Zoffany; and Bowden, Mrs. Garrick, and George Garrick, fishing in Garrick's Garden; two Landscapes, by Domenichino, and others.

In the Saloon: Lord Brougham, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Cattle in the Water, by Wilson; Rock Scene, by Salvator Rosa; Titian's Mistress; large hunting scene, by Wyck; Mrs. Cavendish, as Psyche; a lady dressing, by Gorgione, a beautiful thing; Lady Anne Hamilton, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; head of Annibale Caro, by Titian. Here also are too magnificent gilt vases, presented to Lord Durham by the Emperor of Russia; and a porphyry one, in shape of a font, presented by the King of Sweden.

In the Entrance Hall: Mr. Lambton as a boy, by Beecher; and on the Staircase, a bust of Napoleon, by Chardet; bust of Pope, by Roubilliac; bust of Lord Durham, by Behnes; statue of Charles William Lambton, by Behnes; with several paintings. These, and others of striking merit, by Glover, Thompson, Both, Pocock, Breughel, and other artists, adorn the walls of this splendid mansion.

One of the most remarkable things about Lambton, is that Legend of the Worm, and the popular ideas attached to it, to which we have already alluded. On the subject of worms, wiverns, and dragons, we have spoken in another part of this volume; and the story of the Worm of Lambton, cannot be better told than in the words of Surtees. "The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear of a Sunday, hooked a small worm or eft, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm, at first neglected, grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the *Worm Well,* betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well, called thence '*The Worm Hill,*' where it lapped itself nine times round, leaving vermicular traces, of which, grave living witnesses depose that they have seen the vestiges. It now became the terror of the country; and, amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which, it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, meanwhile, totally repented him of his former life and conversation; had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, saw that the Worm must be at once destroyed, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in

which the crusader was foiled by his enemy's *power of self-union*, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and not, perhaps, possessing much of the former quality, he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited the monster's arrival. At the usual time, the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, while the stream washing away the several parts prevented the possibility of re-union. There is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition—that he would slay the first living thing which met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father, that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunctions, and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven, or, as some accounts say, for nine generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with."

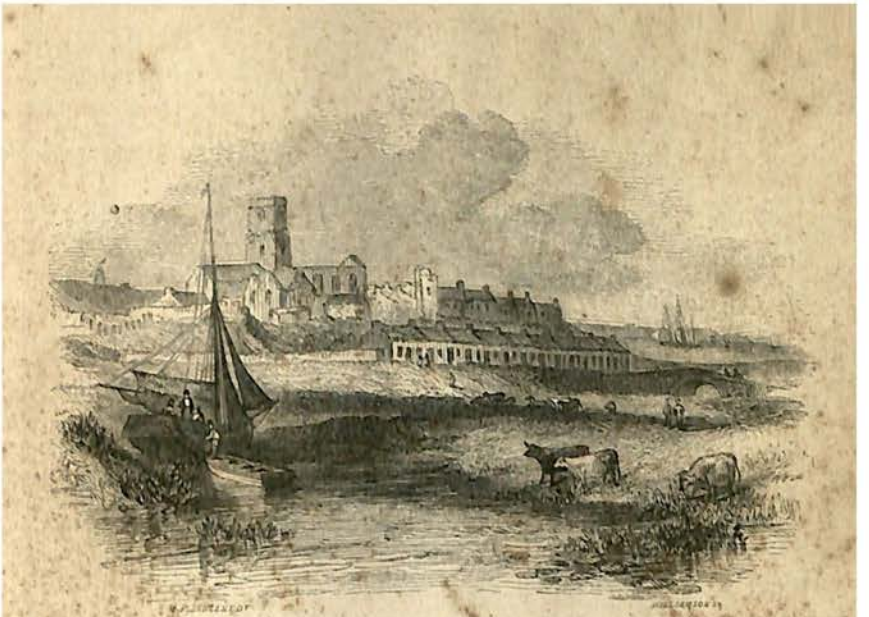
"Johan Lambeton, that slewe ye Worme," says an old pedigree, "was Knight of Rhoodes, and Lord of Lambeton and Wod Apilton, after the dethe of fowr brothers, sans esshewe masle: His son Robert Lambton was drowned at Newebrigg." Thus the spell began speedily to operate, according to tradition, and probably in his own lifetime, as no descendant of his ever appears to have succeeded him in the estate. Whatever authentic records may prove to the contrary, tradition stoutly asserts that the wise woman's sentence on the race for the sin of disobedience has been regularly fulfilled down to the General Lambton, the ninth in succession, who, it is said, fearing that the prophecy might be possibly fulfilled by his servants, under the idea that he *could not* die in his bed, kept a horsewhip beside him in his last illness, and this eluded the prediction: as we have seen, there has been little difference in the actual length of life in the two who have since followed, so that the evil power of the worm, or old woman, would appear not yet to have exhausted itself.

Popular tradition assigns the chapel of Brigford as the spot where Lambton offered up his vows before and after the adventure. In the garden-house at Lambton, are two figures of great antiquity. A knight, in good style, armed cap-à-pee, the back however *not studded with razor-blades,* who holds the worm by one ear with his left hand, and with his right, thrusts his sword to the hilt down his throat; and a lady, who wears a coronet, with bare breasts, etc., in the style of Charles II.'s Beauties—a wound on whose bosom, and an accidental mutilation of the hand, are said to be the work of the worm. A real good Andrea Ferrara,

inscribed on the blade 1521, notwithstanding the date, has also been pressed into the service, and is said to be the identical weapon by which the worm perished.

The scene of the Worm's haunts, and the combat, is at a considerable distance from the castle; in fact, about a mile and a half from the *old* Lambton Hall, where the Lambtons then dwelt. It is on the north bank of the Wear, in the estate of North Biddick, and now in quite a populous location. The Worm Hill is a conspicuous conical mound of considerable size, but having all the appearance of an ancient barrow, or other artificial tumulus. It stands in a meadow just at the backs of some houses, is perfectly green with grass; and now, whatever it might do formerly, bears not the slightest trace of the place where the worm coiled itself. It is about eighty yards from the river, and the well lay twenty-six yards from the hill. Half a century ago the Worm Well was in repute as a *Wishing Well,* and was one of the scenes dedicated to the usual festivities and superstitions of Midsummer-Eve. Surtees states that, in his time, a *crooked pin* might sometimes still be discovered sparkling amongst the clear gravel at the bottom of its basin. The well also formerly had a lid, and an iron ladle attached. It has now vanished entirely, being drained into the river. Yet the fame of the worm is there as lively as ever, and many of the inhabitants have great faith in the story. One woman said "Here wor' th' well you see; an' there's th' hill; and yonder's the rock. The worm wor a terrible hugeous cretur'; it drunk every day nine cows' milk; and even if th' family

took a little sup out for their *tea,* it wor fain to rive a' doon! I canna but think there must ha' been summat in't." A mightier worm has now appeared upon the scene. Just below, the Durham and Sunderland railway crosses the Wear by a noble bridge; and the flying dragons of steam rush, with fire and smoke, and thunder, through the ancient haunts of the Worm.



JARROW.

VISIT TO JARROW:

THE ABODE OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

THERE is one place in the county of Durham, which, though it has few striking endowments of nature or of ancient art remaining, must yet irresistibly draw the foot of every wanderer northward—that is, Jarrow, the life-long abode of the Venerable Bede. Bede, as we have already observed, was the solitary star of British learning of his time. To him we owe it, that the history of the settlement of Christianity in this country was not altogether lost. He collected the scattered knowledge of the planting of the Cross here, from various religious houses, never ceasing, by letters or personally, to inquire out the persons who possessed it, or the convents in which it lay. At such a period, when those monks, who devoted themselves at all

to letters, employed themselves chiefly in copying missals, or writing the miraculous legend of some new saint, how vast must have been the labours of such an inquiry, scattered as the religious houses lay from one another in several parts of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms! and more especially as Bede himself never quitted his own beloved cell. From the few glimpses he gives us of his sources of information, we may imagine his pleasure when he discovered some new hoard of matter, or some kindred mind that was ready to co-operate with him, to save the memory of the planters and fosterers of the Church of Britain. He mentions the Abbot Albin as his chief assistant in his great work of Ecclesiastical History. He was indebted, it seems, to him for a narrative of the first missionary labours in the province of Canterbury, resting on the authority of Archbishop Theodore and Abbot Hadrian, and communicated to Bede, both by letter and word of mouth, through the religious man Nothelin, a priest of the church of London. Daniihel, bishop of the West Saxons, gave him much of the history of the church of his own province, and of that of Sussex, and the Isle of Wight; and much of the Mercian history of the missionary labours of Ceddi or St. Chad were communicated by the brethren of the house of Laestingay. He brought down the history of the Church to his own time; but history seemed to exist solely in his own person, and when he died, to die with him. The long night of authéntic record which followed his decease, only makes us feel more sensibly the value of his labours. But his five celebrated books of ecclesiastical history,

afterwards translated into Saxon by King Alfred, though the most important, at least to succeeding times, formed but a small part of his works. He wrote a life of St. Cüthbert; and according to his own statement, from the date of his attaining the priesthood, which was at the early age of nineteen, till his fifty-ninth year, he never ceased to compose annotations and glosses on the Holy Scripture, for the edifying of himself and brethren. He tells us that Acca, bishop of Hexam, exhorted him to compile his commentary on St. Luke, on the Hexæmeron, on Samuel, and on Esdras. Of the careful and fine hand in which these were finally written out, we have examples in those copies of the Vulgate New Testament, and of Cassiodorus on the Psaltery, in his handwriting, still preserved in the Chapter Library at Durham. The former volume contains a decoration, of the full folio size, coeval with the book—David playing upon a lyre, of a very early character, within an ornamented border of the Saxon period, painted, as there is every reason to believe, by Bede himself; and if so, proving that, in addition to his more grave and useful studies and occupations, he had very successfully, for his period, cultivated the art of illuminating. Others of his MSS. are preserved in Lambeth Palace and in the Bodleian Library.

The mere labour of such nice transcription of so many works, together with such ornamental adjuncts, one would have thought enough, besides his devotional duties, to occupy the whole period of his active life—about forty years. But Bede's heart and soul seem to have lain in his literary pursuits; and

the intense enjoyment he found in them may account for the fact, that no motive of curiosity or honour could ever draw him from his cell. Seated on this green hill of Jarrow, by the waters of the Tyne, his intellectual eye seemed capable of ranging through the earth as far as it had any object to attract him, of gathering up from it all that he needed; and he saw no spot so delightful as that one cell, into which he had collected all the light of his age, in order to diffuse it still wider.

The fame of Bede spread over entire Christendom: the Pope called him to Rome, that he might see the great luminary of the West, and might do him fitting honour before the world; but nothing could seduce him from his retreat. There he was born; and there he desired only to live and die. The contrast between the fixity of his body, and the activity of his mind, was marvellous. His birth-place was just by the small hamlet of Monkton. From his very childhood, he seems to have had no desire but to plunge into a cell, and into books, and thence-forward no change could offer him an accession of happiness but that from earth to heaven. He was happy enough to be allowed to enter Jarrow so early as in his seventh year, and must have been one of the very first who did so, for the cell of Jarrow was founded by Benedict, abbot of Wearmouth, only in 681, and completed and dedicated by Abbot Ceolfrid, in 685. Bede entered it in 684, so that it must have been while it was in progress, and even a year before its completion. One may imagine the poetical and religious boy, athirst for knowledge, beholding the walls of the new monastery rising amid his native

fields with eyes of longing admiration! One may imagine his transport on finding his application to become an inmate accepted, and that insatiable appetite for learning which evidently existed in him, gratified to the extent of the then world's capacity. Perhaps the magnificent Benedict might have discovered the boy's extraordinary genius, as he came to learn Latin under some holy man; for Benedict was a prelate of great mind, and zealous for the honour and prosperity of his church. He was, in fact, a noble Saxon, by name Biscopius, an officer in the court of Oswy, king of Northumberland, but had relinquished the world at the age of twenty-five. In order to qualify himself to serve effectually the church of his native country, and introduce into it the advantages of the latest discoveries in art, five different times did he travel to Rome. He founded, under the patronage of Ecgfrid, then monarch of Northumberland, the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow. He brought from Rome, to enrich them, books, relics, and paintings, in such abundance as must have cost an ample fortune. He sent to France for masons, to build his church at Wearmouth, on the Italian model. He sent also to that country for glaziers to glaze the windows; for, as Bede expressly assures us, the craft of glazing was yet unknown in Britain; and he had his fellow countrymen instructed in the most important mysteries of making and using glass.

We may imagine the boy Bede, under so noble a patron, glorying himself in the span-new cell of Jarrow, with *glazed windows*, a luxury then unknown to most noble or ecclesiastical

houses; and amid heaps of classic authors, brought by this munificent abbot from Rome. Perhaps in these juvenile years he might have to diversify his studies by assisting in those offices which he so much admired Easterwie, the second abbot of Wearmouth, and also one who had shone in the court of Ecgfrid, for gaily performing—such as winnowing and threshing corn, milking the cows and goats, working in the garden, the bakehouse, and the kitchen, ay, even when he was raised to the dignity of abbot, helping the monks to till their land, driving nails, or winnowing corn for them. Be this as it may, at the age of nineteen, Bede had attained priest's orders, and commenced that life of literary labour, and if we are to judge of it by its effects on him, of literary felicity, which he maintained to the last, never wandering farther from Jarrow than to the parent monastery of Wearmouth, to consult books, converse with the more learned monks, and admire those great religious paintings with which Benedict had magnificently adorned the ceiling and walls of the church. Those of the Virgin Mother of heaven, and the Twelve Apostles, decorating the main roof, and extending from wall to wall; the south wall being covered with subjects from the Evangelists, and the north one made awful, with the terrific visions of John's Apocalypse. What were the impressions of the youthful saint, historian, and poet, as he stood and gazed on the great works of art, he has himself given us some conception. There, said he, might the humble disciple, whose ignorance of letters excluded learning at one inlet, feel religious impressions excited, and his faith confirmed,

by surveying, turn where he would, either the gracious countenance of his Saviour, the awful mystery of the Incarnation, or the terrific scene of the Last Judgment.

It was not till the last moment of his existence that he ceased his learned and literary labours. The manner of his death was striking and characteristic. He was dictating a translation of the Gospel of St. John, to an amanuensis. The young man who wrote, said—"There is now, master, but one sentence wanting;" upon which, he bade him write quickly; and when the scribe said—"It is now done;" the dying sage ejaculated—"It *is* now done!" and a few minutes afterwards expired, in the act of prayer, on the floor of his cell, in the sixty-third year of his age, in the month of May, A.D. 735.

A stranger would now wonder what were those charms which bound Bede through his whole life, so irresistibly to Jarrow. The ruined walls of the monastery, and the church adjoining, stand on a green hill on the banks of the Tyne, a mile or more from its mouth, and from South Shields in a direct line; rather they stand on the border of Jarrow Slake, a ruined haven, half filled by the wash of sand and soil, which still receives the waters of the Tyne at flood, and is left dry at ebb. You have to wind far round this basin, or *slake,* as it is called, to reach Shields. The site of the monastery is on a ridge descending swiftly to this bay, and accessible on the south by a raised causeway across the marsh, and a narrow bridge over the little water of Dove, which flows into the head of the lake. Grose abuses the situation for—

Salt weed and stinking oose,
Most like the drowsy flood which poets feign
Dark Styx, with wreaths of moistful osiers hung.

Hutchinson speaks comfortably of the hard level sand, and admires the purple bloom of the thrift which edges that sullen lake. The discrepancy may be attributed to the influence of ebb or flood, of shower or sunshine. Surtees says, the spot has no claim to peculiar beauty, yet it is well calculated to produce a general impression of solemn quiet. The church and monastic walls on the green hill sloping to the bay, the long silvery expanse of water, the gentle ripple of the advancing tide, the sea-birds perpetually hovering on the wing or dipping in the wave, and the distant view of Shields harbour, with its clouds of smoke and forests of masts, which alone break the total exclusion of ulterior objects, form no common combination. Even with a proper deduction for the row of pitmen's cottages which intervenes betwixt the ruin and the slake, and still more for the brick-house which bullies the falling cell on the north, Jarrow is "a romancy spot," where, as Anthony à Wood hath it, "a man may admirably refresh himself with a melancholy walk."

He would have more difficulty in finding a solitary one. All that side of the neighbourhood towards the Tyne, and towards Shields, swarms with life, and resounds with mercantile activity. Could Bede, who sate here during his life in a profound and sacred solitude, snatching from time and tradition what were even then the fading things of a past antiquity, see

it now, he would imagine chaos come again. The walls of his beloved cell probably gave way ages ago, and those raised in their stead, now shattered and tottering fragments, which the winds, here very fiercely tossing to and fro, every year hurl down piecemeal;—he would find cottagers cultivating their gardens where the monks paced their cloisters. Instead of the airy expanse of the Jarrow Slake, then probably a bay—deep, fresh, with its white-edged billows rolling to the shores, its gulls, and perhaps a few fishing vessels—now he would find it clogged with sand, and its banks rank with oose, but the whole breadth of the river, from North to South Shields, occupied with a host of vessels of all nations. He would see scores of tall chimneys vomiting volumes of black smoke; houses clustered right and left, as far as the eye can reach, half lost in reeks and vapours of a thousand sorts, issuing from coke and brick kilns, from forges and roperies, from manufactories of glass and alkalies, and what the old woman of the abbey church calls "nasty poisons that kill every thing about, only those that make 'em," which thickly line the banks of Tyne and the dingy twin towns of Shields. Instead of Danish *Reafins*, though, by the by, they did not become terrible till about thirty years after his death; he would see the chimneys of steam-boats soaring through the air, more huge and fiery dragons than ever haunted the banks of northern rivers in the days of romance. Exactly opposite to his window he would see the dragons of steam running too on dry land, and sending their screams farther and more piercingly than, soon after his time, the flying Saxons

sent their outcries at the onset of the Danes, who came, and twice laid his beloved cell in ashes. He would see—where the Tyne then looked on its pleasant banks in one long summer Sabbath of quietness, on its overhanging trees, on its solitary angler—now huge ranges of ballast-hills; that is, hills, and almost mountains of sand, that ships coming from the south of England, and the Continent, have brought as ballast, and emptied here; and upon these hills, now grown over, in a great degree, with grass, and even grazed by cattle, a blue, bearded, and amphibious race, with their hands in their trouser pockets and quid in mouth, rolling along, and a motley crew of keelmen, boatmen, ship-carpenters, cokers, and diggers of railway lines, more intently busy than even he himself in his life of St. Cuthbert, and the records of the ancient church. Instead of the smell of the unsullied, wild, and sweeping sea, what smells would there not reach him! tar and sulphur, coal and smoke, and arsenic, and all "the nasty poisons which kill every thing but their own makers."

But Bede would never visit the spot again if he could. Not only is it now engulphed in that Pandemonium of scenes and sounds just mentioned, but the neighbouring district is become an actual region of railroads. Branching off from the Newcastle and Sunderland one, they seem to run north, south, and west, in all directions, to Shields, to Wearmouth, to Durham, and even to Stanhope, in the wilds of western Weardale. The air thrills with the shrieking of steam whistles, and the rush of iron wheels catches your ear even where some little hollow would

persuade you that you had reached a solitude. The green headland of Jarrow looking out pleasantly amid such incongruous scenes; its shattered monastery; its old Norman church, and its ample, quiet burial-ground, thickly studded with tombs, serve only to shew the grand contrast between the England of his day and the England of ours. He would cast one approving glance, if he ventured anywhere within sight of the place, at a school which they are building at the eastern end of the ruins; and then retire to Monkton, his native village, about a mile off, where his Well still flows into a green winding valley, and where women still bring their children to be dipped in it for the cure of various diseases, first dropping in a crooked pin; and after every immersion lading out the water, and suffering it to re-fill before they plunge a fresh patient.

Of Bede, it is obvious that Jarrow can now possess little memorial. The Whitby chronicler, who probably wrote in the twelfth century, and is quoted by Leland, says, that the cell, twice wasted by the Danes, exhibited in his time the wreck only of its ancient structure, and was tenanted by three monks, who pointed out the oratory of Bede, and exhibited his little *arula*, in the midst of which a piece of green serpentine was placed instead of a gem. Now, such has been the destruction and alteration of a long course of centuries, that no one could pretend to say even where his oratory stood. The only thing connected with him is in the church; and here again, it is odd enough, *an old woman* lives in the ruins of the monastery, and shews you the church. She has a chamber in the ruins, to

which you ascend by a flight of steps. The chamber has a wide old fireplace, with gothic pillars up the sides, and black with smoke; it has a very monastic and old-world look.

The church to which she admits you is a good parish-church, bearing here and there traces of its great antiquity, such as old round-headed arches, now blocked up, and loose fragments of Saxon capitals, pilasters, and bases preserved with care. Those rich and sacred paintings with which Benedict, on his last return from Rome, beautified this, then his new church of Jarrow,—Isaac carrying the wood for his own sacrifice; the Saviour bearing his cross; the typical elevation of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness; and the last solemn scene of the Crucifixion, no doubt the Danes destroyed; but the old tower still bears traces of his work in its small round-headed double lights, exactly like those in the church of Wearmouth; and the old dame takes care to shew you that ancient inscription on a stone, formerly being in the north wall of the chancel, but now fixed in the arch of the tower betwixt the chancel and nave, recording the building of the church in A.D. 685:

DEDICATIO BASILAE
SCI PAVLI VIII KL MAI
ANNO XV EGFRIDI REG
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
CEOLFRIDI ABB EIVSDEMQ
Q. ECCLES ÞO AVCTORE
CONDITORIS ANNO IIII.

Thus written at full by the monks of Whitby—*Dedicatio*

Basilicæ S. Pauli VIII calendis Maii Anno XV$_o$. Ecgfridi Regis, Ceolfridi Abbatis ejusdem Q. M Ecclesiæ deo auctore conditoris Anno IIII.

In the vestry stands the only thing which pretends to have belonged to Bede, and that is his Chair. A tall straight-backed, and most rude machine, of oak, evidently hewn out with the axe, and now having some bars of wood nailed across the back to hold it together. In this Chair, of course, every visitor reverendly seats himself; but others, not so reverendly, have cut and hewed away from it many a fragment, after the good old English fashion of Protestant relic-holders. The best thing about this chair is what Brand tells you, that in his time, no doubt from a ludicrious confounding of venerable and admirable, and corruption of the latter, the chair was shewn as Admiral Bede's chair. Surtees, speaking of this chair, and of one of the bells in the tower, having the inscription SANCTE PAULE ORA PRO NOBIS upon it, and supposed by Brand to be one of the original ones placed there by Abbot Benedict, upwards of eleven hundred and fifty years ago, adds—

> And note me, candid reader, that herein
> I, nor to chair, nor bell, my faith could pin;
> That both are ancient, none may make a doubt,
> But who first set them there, do thou search out.

As the search however, we imagine, to be successfully prosecuted would involve a journey to the other world, from which no mode of regress is yet discovered, we shall content ourselves with taking it for granted that they are both genuine. If any more sturdy doubter will still ask, where was Bede's chair,

when the Danes burnt the monastery, and what good soul carried it in due time out of harm's way? we must refer him to the region just referred to, and the preserver of the chair himself, both of them lying somewhat beyond the limits of our present rambles. The bones of Bede, we are informed, were carried off from their resting-place here, about the year 1022, by Elfred the sacrist, to Durham, where for some time they were deposited near, if not in, the tomb of St. Cuthbert himself. Bishop Pudsey had them enclosed in a splendid shrine of silver and gold, worthy of his name, which was afterwards removed to the Galilee, at the request of his great admirer, Richard of Barnard Castle, who was also buried near this shrine. The table on which the precious casket was placed in the Galilee, was of blue marble, and was supported on five low pillars resting upon another marble slab beneath. It was protected by a cover of wainscot, curiously gilt, elevated, when necessary, by means of a pulley, and running upon twelve perpendicular iron rods, three in each corner of the stone. In this state the shrine of Bede remained till the Reformation, when it was defaced. Mr. Raine tells us that the bill for its demolition is preserved; and he adds the following excellent and just remarks, on the character of this truly illustrious morning-star of British literature and learning. "The few bones of Bede, real or reputed, for this is a matter into which we have no inclination to inquire, were widely dispersed—much, we dare say, to the profit of the man who is reported to have stolen them from their resting-place at Jarrow. There were few monasteries in England which

could not boast of some of them; and even now, in more than one church upon the Continent, the curious in these matters may see some of his ribs. Those contained in Pudsey's casket, were buried in the ground beneath the place of their previous exaltation, and the large table monument was erected over them, upon which every visitor acquainted with the history and literature of Europe during the ninth century, must meditate with interest. Bede, as a historian, and a man of science, under its various branches, as they were then known, had, not only in his own period, but for centuries before and after his time, no compeer. His name and talents, and attainments, were known and appreciated by kindred spirits throughout the whole of Europe, during his lifetime. Pope Sergius strove in vain to draw him to visit the Holy See. Such men as Claudius and Clement, the first teachers of literature in France, would have made glorious the name of the man at whose feet they had sate during the period of their education, if other proofs were wanting of his mighty mind. For those proofs we refer to his writings; the utmost we can do in a work of this nature. He who will conscientiously do that, which has never yet, to the shame of our age, been attempted; who will sit down and carefully read the numerous works of Bede, for the purpose of telling the world what was then known—for Bede seems to have known it all—noting as he goes along, every thing which ought to be noted with reference to the mind of that extraordinary man, and its various workings, and will distinguish between what their author could have learned from other men, and his

own inventions, with a due weighing of the 'derivative' and the 'native,' if we may talk in heraldic language, will not only make manifest the justice of the above general remarks, but will render a very essential service to an inquiring age. Knowledge, we know, is progressive—we may add, that its ordinary advancement, according to the constituted order of things, is, for wise purposes, a slow one—but there is abundance of proof, that in the time of Bede, and by his means, its progress was, under Divine Providence, rapid to an almost incredible degree, and for these and other reasons, into which we need not now enter, we fully believe that he, after all, was 'the only miracle in a miraculous age.'"*

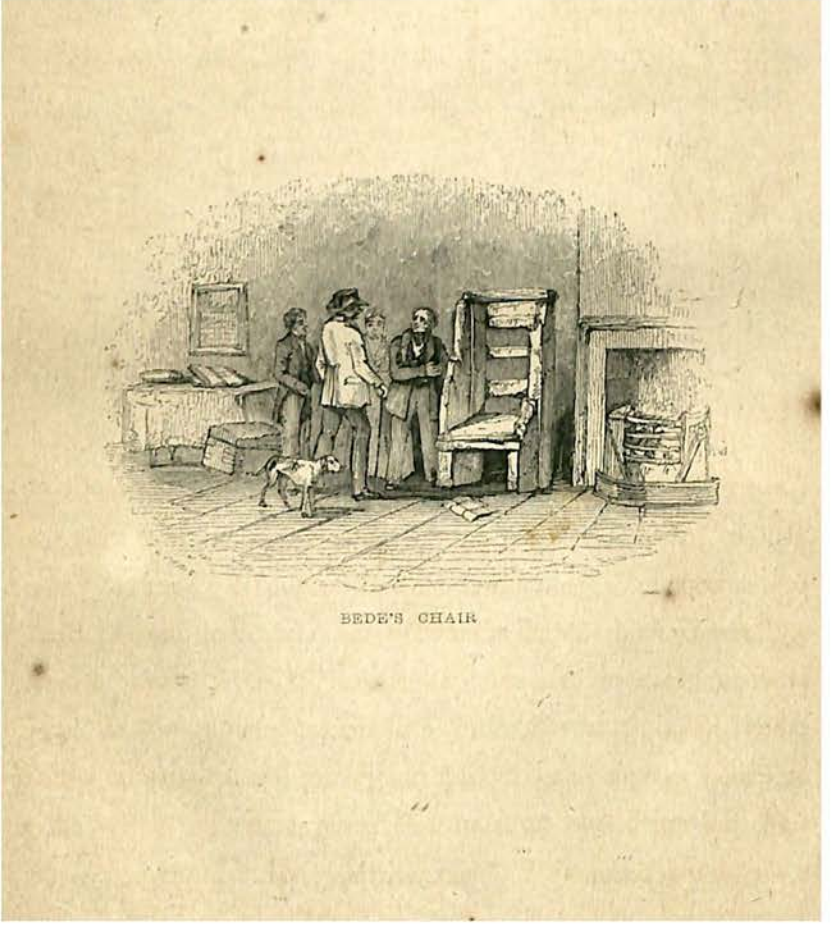
Mr. Raine gives an anecdote, strikingly illustrative of the perishable nature of the miracles of a superstitious age and the estimation with which they invest people, and the growing fame of the really great enlighteners and benefactors of mankind. A little before the Reformation, a French bishop, on his road home from Scotland, visited on the same day the shrines of St. Cuthbert and of Bede: at that of St. Cuthbert, whose celebrity had risen in past ages to an unequalled height, he offered a *baubee,* the smallest Scottish coin then in currency, saying, "*if thou art a saint,* pray for me;" but upon the shrine of Bede he placed *a French crown,* requesting his prayers, "*because he was a saint.*"

So is it with all true fame. It binds itself up with human good, and therefore while human nature exists, it must go on

* Raine's "Brief Account of Durham Cathedral," etc.

with it, spreading its beneficent influence wider the farther it goes. It is the proud privilege of nobly directed genius, and should therefore proportionably animate its possessors, that its effects perish not with the death of him who exerts it on the earth, but live and operate to the end of time, ay, and far beyond it. Every good deed, and every glorious impulse, puts in motion a series of consequences, that the Divine Mind alone can see the end of; nay, there is every reason to believe, that as their own origin, and nature, the sequences of genius and creative intellect are immortal. The *names* of thousands and millions of those who have done brilliant deeds, or flashed forth splendid conceptions, or excited magnanimous impulses in behalf of human happiness, may perish, but the result never perishes. It is a seed cast into the bosom of the general mind, for the harvest of endless ages. Neither the name of Bede, nor the benefits which he conferred on humanity in his laborious life, can ever perish. In that far-off and twilight period when he rose, he stands forth colossal and alone, in his strange power—of comprehending, of gathering, and of diffusing, in the wide scope and clearness of his vision; in the strong grasp and far reach of his intellect; in the simple piety of his spirit, and the incessant industry of his habits. He is a giant, reaping the harvests of many centuries of scattered knowledge into one garner, and reaping them alone. It is of little consequence, whether that rude chair on which we look, was ever honoured by his occupying it; of equally little how long a few crumbling stones shall mark the place of his earthly pilgrimage; while the

green hill of Jarrow lifts its head, it will hold fast the memory of the truly Venerable Bede, and through the earth will still spread those radiations of knowledge and civilization which he there, near 1200 years ago, set in motion.



BEDE'S CHAIR

HILTON CASTLE.

VISIT TO HILTON CASTLE.

About three miles west of Monk Wearmouth lies the castle of Hilton. Probably few strangers from a distance ever visit, or can have seen it; for it stands, as described by Surtees, "low and sequestered in the vale of Wear;" and, according to Hutchinson, "seated in a vale on the river Wear, it is graced with many hanging woods, and ornamental plantations in long extended avenues, and though possessing few beauties of situation, and much shut up from prospect, yet may be justly called a pleasing retirement." There are, however, matters connected with Hilton which drew my steps towards it as soon as I arrived

in the north of Durham, and which made me select it in preference to many others of more pretension.

The railway from Gateshead to Sunderland soon set me down in the latter place, and I thence strolled on towards Hilton. As I approached it, I caught glimpses of its grey towers in the vale below me on my left hand, and of its lofty woods and avenues. Presently appeared a small battlemented lodge and gateway, on each stone pillar of which was a large black bird standing on a coronet. At a distance they naturally strike you as ravens, but on coming nearer they appeared to be of the falcon or buzzard kind. They have a singular and somewhat uncanny look, and taken in connexion with other appearances, prepare you for what is to follow. They are said to have been posted there by a Mr. Wear, who sometime ago rented the place, and are probably his crest. They are very conspicuous at a distance by their colour, and rivet your attention on them and the lodge. When you come in front of the gate you find an old shed built close up within it, most singularly obstructing it. As you proceed, it is beside a long line of park fencing for a mile or more, propped up from falling by poles, or stangs, as they call them; the wooden walls hanging, notwithstanding, now this way, now that, a true indication of the ruin and wildness within. Arriving at the other end of this old park fence, and equally old and ruinous stone walls, you find yourself at the entrance of another gateway, from one post of which however the black bird has taken flight, but the other sits there, with a very sinister and inquisitive look. This gateway

admitted me to a farm-house, at which I received the usual answer in the North to such inquiries as I made—"An old woman lives in the house, and will shew it you!" Proceeding along the field from the farm-house, the old castle stood in its grey solitude before me. It was a scene of great desolation. This was the west front, having the ancient front for its centre, and an extension of modern buildings on each side. The front is old and very curious, with four projecting square towers, each surmounted by octagon battlements similar to those at Lumley, but more finished, especially at the lower edge, which is ornamented with brackets and descending mouldings. From tower to tower also extend hanging battlements, so that both the towers and the recesses being machicolated, an assailant army could be shot at under screen along the whole front. Over the door there is a battlement, supported by an elliptic arch with a cuspated edge, like that at Lumley, and the battlements on the arch have been finished by some figures, which are now, in a great degree, broken off. The turret battlements are also surmounted with martial figures in stone, in various attitudes, in the same manner as Alnwick Castle.

This front bears every evidence of great antiquity, and from its style and attributes is no doubt of the date of Richard II. In the centre are several shields of arms. On a banner and flag-staff, England and France quarterly; underneath the banner thirteen shields, disposed in three rows, though somewhat irregularly, and perhaps not in their original position. The arms are those of Neville, Skirlaw, Percy and Louvaine,

Brabant, Hilton, Vipont, Lumley, Graystoke, Euse, Fitz-Randal, Washington, Ogle, Conyers, and others. On the turrets are several shields, among which are those of Surtees and Bowes. A porch has been formed at the doorway by a gothic screen, upholding an open-work gallery. The screen is supported by two clustered pillars with cuspated arches. The way out upon the gallery is by a door now fastened up, but which has had a rich gothic canopy, now much broken; and about the doorway lie large stone balls. There is a stone pillar for a lamp on each side of the doorway, and a circular drive, still marked out by stone posts; but the windows for the most part, all along the front, are boarded up, and the whole scene wears the most desolate aspect.

The east front is of a similar character; bearing aloft the head of Moses with his horns, very large, and above his head a stag couchant, collared and chained. Below, project on each side of the entrance, two gothic buildings with circular fronts, with their windows mullioned, with clustered pillars of elegant workmanship, and a screen connecting them into a whole as a portico, supported by similarly clustered pillars, with curiously carved capitals, and there is an inner porch of the same character.

Just above the castle stands, on a high terrace, the chapel, in a state of ruinous decay. This chapel was once noted for its elegance and ornaments. Bourne, in his History of Newcastle, in 1736, says, "the present gentleman, John Hilton, Esq., a regular descendant of this ancient family, lives in the place of his ancestors, which he has adorned and beautified beyond what

was done in past ages; in particular the chapel, famous in this country for its Irish wood, is so furnished with plate and books, and other necessaries, that it merits the character of a very beautiful chapel."

Its beauty has given way to destruction. The roof is still on, but the windows are all nearly gone. Looking in, you see some few pews, and the remains of a pulpit, but not a monument of its long line of lords, stretching down from the Saxon ages to the last century, is left. The whole of its ruinous floor is cleared of its pews, and the sparrows clamour in its wooden ceiling and in the crevices of its walls. On the outside are numbers of stone shields of the Hiltons, and families of their alliance, as the Viponts, Stapletons, etc., and Moses again, with his rays.

Such was the aspect which Hilton Castle presented to me, and before we penetrate into the interior of this old house, and rouse from their dormant nooks its traditions, and the later deeds of its possessors, we will just prepare ourselves by asking who then were these Hiltons? Hutchinson gives us this summary and character of this family, long one of the most opulent and eminent of this part of the kingdom, from a manuscript in the possession of the Musgroves of Hayton.

"Three hundred years before the Conquest, even in the reign of King Athelstan, one of the Saxon monarchs, the family of Hyltons were settled in England in great reputation, as appears by a certain inscription at Hartlepool. That upon the coming over of William the Conqueror, Lancelot de Hylton,

with his two sons, Henry and Robert, espoused his cause and joined him, but that Lancelot was slain at Faversham in Kent. That to the elder son, Henry, the Conqueror gave a large tract of land on the banks of the river Were, not far from Weresmouth, a reward for his own and his father's valour. That this Henry built Hylton Castle, in the year 1072; was one of the deputies that treated with the Conqueror concerning the four northern counties; and in the service of that prince was slain in Normandy. That in the reign of Edward III., John Hylton, who sent four of his sons into the wars of France, under the command of the Black Prince, was first created Baron of Hylton Castle, for his gallant defence of it against the Scots' incursions. That this peerage continued in the family for seven successions, till at last it was forfeited upon account of some unguarded words, whereof the then Bishop of Durham gave the court information, which William, the seventh and last baron spoke against the queen, and her favourite De Le Pole. That upon the death of this William, which was thought to have been violent, the crown seizing upon the estate, gave it to the informing bishop, who held it for some time, to the utter exclusion of the rightful heir. That, in process of time however, Lancelot, the grandson of the aforesaid William, was restored to his castle, and part of his estate; no more of it, indeed, than what the bishop thought fit to allow him, under this hard condition: that he and his heirs for ever should hold the moiety that was given them under certain rents and services to the see of Durham, and have the title of barons, but not

barons of the bishopric, annexed to their inheritance; and in that condition it has continued ever since.

"In the pedigree of the Hyltons, there are several names remarkable for their learning and piety, but almost innumerable of those highly renowned for their martial deeds. War seems to have been the pleasure, genius, and recreation of the Hyltons; nor has any family been more lavish of their blood in defence of their country's cause. Since the time of the Conquest, it has been remarked of the Hyltons, that one was slain at Feversham in Kent; one in Normandy; one at Mentz in France; three in the Holy Wars under Richard I.; one in the same under Edward I.; three at the battle of Bourdeaux, under the Black Prince; one at Agincourt; two at Berwick-upon-Tweed, against the Scots; two at the battle of St. Albans; five at Market Bosworth; and four at Flodden Field."

This account is in parts called in question by the heralds; and Surtees says, that Romanus, the Knight of Hylton, is the genuine *Homo Propositus* of the family, in the middle of the twelfth century. All parties, however, admit that the vast quantity of tradition connected with this family points out its great antiquity; and Surtees states, that even when the fortunes of the house were fallen, the gentry of the North continued to testify their respect for them, and to acknowledge them as "the highest noblesse of the North without the peerage." The name of Hilton, he adds, always stands first in every episcopal commission. In 1669, Mr. Arden, complaining to Miles Stapleton, Esq., of the unseemly pride of Dean Carleton and

his daughters, adduces, as a superlative instance of it, that the Dean had seated himself above Baron Hilton at the quarter sessions, to the great disgust and reluctancy of the country gentry; and that, moreover, the young Lady Carletons had crowded themselves into a pew in the cathedral before Baron Hilton's daughters.

This great family, at one time, possessed the manors of Hilton, Barmston, Grindon, Ford, Clowcroft, North Biddick, Great Usworth, and Follensley, in the county of Durham; Carnaby and Wharram-Percy, in the county of York; Elryngton and Woodhall, in Northumberland; Alston Moor, in Northumberland and Cumberland; with the advowsons of Thyckhalgh, and Monk-Wearmouth.

After a series of twenty descents, stretching through five centuries, this distinguished family received a blow from the singular act of its then possessor, Henry Hilton, who, having conceived some grievous offence against his family, deserted the seat of his ancestors, and lived in obscure retirement, first, at the house of a remote kinsman, at Billinghurst in Sussex, and afterwards at Mitchel-Grove, where he died. He bequeathed, in 1641, the whole of his estate, for ninety-nine years, to the City of London, setting aside the natural lives for that time. This led to active litigation. The lawyers were busy tearing out the vitals of the estate, when out burst the civil wars, and completed what they would, no doubt, have done as effectually if left to themselves, and their natural genius for reducing overgrown estates. From that time the Barons of Hilton sunk

lower and lower, till the last of the family, a widow and her daughter, lived on the Windmill Hill, Gateshead; the husband and father—the last of the direct Hiltons—having been, it is supposed, a woollen-draper.

Such were the strange features of that family before whose ancestral house I now stood, and which in its whole aspect bore so faithful a correspondence with the decline of its ancient line. Nay, the very scene around seemed to have felt the blighting and blasting which had squandered and laid low the native race. The noise of winds was here again heard, triumphing round the old house; and above it, looked down craggy and lumpy slopes, with stone walls, and trees the tops of which had perished in the storms, shewing the bleakness of the spot. Below, on the other hand, were fine groves of limes and other trees descending to a narrow glen, but all the other trees were rudely battered and blasted.

On entering, I found myself in the large old kitchen of the castle. It was one of those tall large rooms, with a mighty capacity of cookery, that bore undeniable testimony to the former affluence and jollity of its possessors; but it was now the abode of a poor family, the father of which was a labourer. All about lay the clothes and utensils of such a class of people. It was about twelve o'clock, and they were getting their dinner. The mother and her daughter, a young woman who worked in the fields, and appeared well daubed and coloured with the earth in which she grubbed and delved, and a big boy who sate on a log of wood, and looked at me as if I was come to

turn them out of a place that seemed ten times too big for them and their concerns.

And this was the identical kitchen in which the Cowed Lad of Hilton used to play his nocturnal pranks. Yes; Hilton Castle was one of the last places in which a brownie or hobthrush flourished. There are various versions of this story; some of which seem to point to a more than hobthrush origin. This is the version of it given by Surtees:—

"He was seldom seen, but was heard nightly by the servants *who slept in the great hall.* If the kitchen had been left in perfect order, they heard him amusing himself by breaking plates and dishes, hurling the pewter in all directions, and throwing every thing into confusion. If, on the contrary, the apartment had been left in disarry, a practice which the servants found it most prudent to adopt, the indefatigable goblin arranged every thing with the greatest precision. This poor *esprit folet,* whose pranks were at all times perfectly harmless, was at length banished from his haunts by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes. A green cloak and hood were laid before the kitchen fire, and the domestics sate up watching at a prudent distance. At twelve o'clock, the sprite glided gently in, stood by the glowing embers, and surveyed the garments provided for him very attentively, tried them on, and seemed delighted with his appearance; frisking about for some time, and cutting several summersets and gambadoes, till, on hearing the first cock, he twitched his mantle tight about him, and disappeared with the usual valediction:—

"Here's a cloak, and here's a hood;
The Cauld Lad o' Hilton will do no more good.

"The genuine brownie is supposed to be, *ab origine*, an unembodied spirit; but the Boy of Hilton has, with an admixture of English superstition, been identified with the apparition of an unfortunate domestic, whom one of the old chiefs of Hilton slew, at some very distant period, in a moment of wrath or intemperance. The baron had it seems, on an important occasion, ordered his horse, which was not brought out so soon as he expected. He went to the stable, found the boy loitering, and seizing a hay-fork, struck him, though not intentionally, a mortal blow. The story adds, that he covered his victim with straw till night, and then threw him into the pond, where the skeleton of a boy was, in confirmation of the tale, discovered in the last baron's time. The story may possibly have had its foundation in the fact of the inquest held on the body of Roger Skelton of Hilton, 3d of July, 1609, when Robert Hilton of Hilton, gentleman, was found to have killed him with a scythe, for which he received a pardon, 6th of September, 1609, as appears on the rolls of Bishop James."

The country people, however, seem to have another idea of the Cold Lad. The woman who shewed me the house, on arriving at a certain chamber, pointed to a cupboard over the door, and said, "that is the place where they used to put the Cold Lad." I replied, "to which he used to retreat, you mean." "No, no," reiterated she pertinaciously, "where they used to put him." In her story, it was a boy, that on some account

had been treated cruelly, and kept in confinement in this cupboard, where, no doubt, in the winter, he acquired the unenviable epithet of The Cold Lad.

A third opinion, and bearing a great air of probability, is that of a lady well acquainted with the North, its language and superstitions, that the real name is not the cold, or cauld lad, but the Cowed Lad—that is, the lad with his head cut off; or at least with his hair cut close to his head; for that is the term when they see a person with his hair cut very close, in Northumberland;—"Why, how they have cow'd ye." I imagine it is synonimous with the French *coupé*, or cut off *par le cou*. We say a man is cowed when he is cast down, which has probably a similar origin. If this term be adopted, it brings the story back to the notice of the boy being killed by his master, rather by the sword than by scythe or fork. The woman at the house also asserted that he had no head.

Be the original fact which it may, or be it none of them, it has for many a long age given plenty of food for the fireside gossip of this part of the country; and there are not wanting those who assert that the Cowed Lad may still be met there. They tell of servants who, one after another, deserted the service of the house from frights which he gave them, long after the time that he was said to receive his green clothes; and especially of a dairymaid who was very fond of helping herself to the richest milk and cream, but one day, as she had been sipping with a spoon from various pans, the Cowed Lad suddenly but invisibly over her shoulder, said—"Ye taste, and ye taste, and ye taste,

but ye never gie the Cowed Lad a taste!" At the hearing of this voice she dropped the spoon on the floor in a fright, rushed out of the house, and never would enter it again.

The whole of this large old house is now empty, and in the most desolate state, fit haunt of ghosts and brownies. From top to bottom, and from end to end, reign hollowness and decay. The very winds, as I have said, seemed to triumph round it, and a loose pane of glass in one of the windows served them for a harp to play upon, by which they contrived to make a whirring and moaning noise that sounded through the whole building, and which for a time excited my wonder whence could proceed so unearthly a euphony. The inhabitants, however, seemed totally unapprehensive of it.

On the walls of the rooms hung paper rotting piecemeal: except in two or three large rooms, called the wine and drawing rooms, which had stuccoed ceilings, with figures, busts on the walls, and one large scene which seemed to be Venus and Cupid, Apollo fiddling to the gods, Minerva in her helmet, and an old king; all those portraits of the Hiltons, and other objects mentioned by the topographer of the county, had vanished, and left Hilton Castle but a naked memorial of a departed line.

There is nothing, however, in the whole history of the Hiltons, nor in their traditions, which can at all match in strangeness, or in a particular kind of interest, an occurrence of a comparatively recent date which befel the family of the then and present possessors of Hilton—the Bowes; the fact to which I allude is the marrying of Andrew Stoney Robinson into it. The history of

this man, who was certainly the most perfect scoundrel of his day, is so strange, that I shall give a pretty full account of it, and that here, because, though Streatlam Castle and Gibside, where the family resided, are noble places, yet they have nothing sufficiently distinctive to warrant me in singling them out from many other splendid places for a particular visit.

The famous family of Bowes dates from soon after the Conquest; and in many reigns, from that period till the reign of Elizabeth, its heads were amongst the most valiant and trusty men of the North; fought in France, at Flodden, and in other great fields; were frequently Wardens of the Middle Marches against Scotland; and intermarried with the Percys, Conyers, Ravensworths, Cumberlands, and other illustrious families. The most renowned of all these leaders was Sir George Bowes, who, in Elizabeth's time, resisted almost alone the insurrection of the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, and is celebrated in the ballads of "The Rising of the North:"

> Then Sir George Bowes, he straightwaye rose,
> After them some spoyle to make:
> These noble Earles turned back againe,
> And aye they vowed that knight to take, etc.

Mary Eleanor, the sole heiress of this great and wealthy line, married John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, who assumed the surname of Bowes. The Earl of Strathmore died at Lisbon in April, 1776, leaving his wife, the Countess of Strathmore, with several children, but still a young woman, and presently appeared on the stage plenty of suitors for her hand. The Countess was not only a pretty, lively, and very accomplished woman, but had

the character of being literary, and was moreover in possession of immense wealth; and such splendid recommendations as her fine house in Grosvenor Square, her house and extensive gardens and conservatories at Chelsea, her seats of Paul's Walden, Gibside, Barnard Castle, and the castles of Streatlam and Hilton, besides lands in Middlesex. The relator of this strange history, Mr. Jesse Foot, the surgeon of Stoney Bowes for many years, says that she was reputed to be the best female botanist of the time, and spent vast sums in green-houses, conservatories, and curious plants, at her house at Chelsea. Her house in Grosvenor Square was the resort of many literary and scientific men, and in particular of naturalists. Mr. Foot describes her at that time as scarcely thirty years of age. "She possessed a very pleasing *en bon point*. Her bust was uncommonly fine. Her stature was rather under the middle class; her hair brown; her eyes light, small, and she was near-sighted. Her face was round; her neck and shoulders graceful; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever she was agitated, was moved very uncommonly, as if convulsively, from side to side. Her fingers were small, and her hands exceedingly delicate."

With great accomplishments, and the knowledge of many languages, she became by her position the centre of a set of base flatterers and designers; and the liveliness of her disposition led her into follies and extravagances that might have taken effect in a stronger and wiser woman. She had troops of learned pretenders, and even pretending domestics about her.

Soon after her husband's death, a Mr. Gray, who had made a fortune in the Indies, aimed at her hand, and became an accepted suitor; but Stoney Robinson appeared upon the scene: Mr. Gray soon was driven from the field, and the Countess became the victim of the most perfect villain which modern times can boast of, and that is a good deal to say.

This Andrew Stoney Robinson was a lieutenant in the army. He had been stationed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there contrived to win the hand of a Miss Newton, who possessed about 30,000*l*. Her he soon hastened out of the world by his cruelty, by such ingenious processes as pitching her headlong down a flight of stairs, shutting her up in a closet in her chemise (some say without it) for three days, and feeding her on an egg a-day, and by other modes of torture, mental and physical, of which he was an eminent master. Foot describes him at the time he first knew him, thus:—"The person of Bowes was rather in his favour; and his address was, probably, when young, captivating. His speech was soft; his height more than five feet ten; his eyes were bright and small; he had a perfect command over them. His eyebrows were low, large, and sandy; his hair light, and his complexion ruddy. His smile was agreeable; his wit ready; but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, and forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow; his education was bare; and his utterance was in a low tone, and lisping. There was something uncommon in the connexion of his nose with his upper lip. He never could talk without the nose, which was long, and curved downwards, being also moved

ridiculously with the upper lip. This I have frequently laughed heartily at, when I observed the ridiculous effect."

This very pleasing personage, having, as we have seen, disposed comfortably of his first wife, was on the look out for another, if possible with a better fortune; and was, says his biographer, in the meantime, amusing himself by the usual routine of men of pleasure,—by gaming, cock-fighting, horse-racing, watering-places, and the petty clubs in St. James's. Colonel S., well known at that time upon the turf, and at the gaming-table, was one of his chief companions.

His attention was now caught by the gay widow of Grosvenor Square, and he determined to make a bold stroke for so tempting a prize. The mode by which he set about this was one of the most remarkable and inspired efforts of demoniacal genius. He first of all, to use the language of his biographer, stormed the street-door and the ante-chamber. There were with the Countess characters for the promotion of this object, which she never engaged for such an undertaking. That is, he cultivated the acquaintance of certain members of her household, corrupted them, and engaged them in his cause. The family consisted of the Countess; Mrs. Parish, the governess of the children; Miss Eliza Planta, sister to the governess, and confidant of the Countess, secretly in the interest of Bowes; the Rev. Mr. Stephens, just now about to be married to Miss Eliza Planta, also in the interest of Bowes. The chief visitors of the family were Mr. Magra, a botanist, and friend of Dr. Solander, and Mr. Matra, a consul at Barbary. These, besides

accidental visitors, were the *dramatis personæ* at the Temple of Folly in Grosvenor Square.

Thus by flattery, by gallantry, by every possible means, Bowes made his way to the Countess through her creatures. His connexion in Durham, by his marriage with Miss Newton, afforded him a plea of introduction to the Countess' house. He had no occasion to say who he was, if he could once get in and obtain an audience in Grosvenor Square. To accomplish this object he rested not a moment. He made all the male literati his friends, and secured the smiles of the female. The Countess' companion, Eliza, was propitious to him, and had tasted of his kindness. He made his attack upon the Countess by every stratagem that the ingenuity of man or woman could devise. He succeeded:—once of the Countess' circle, he progressed rapidly. He soon perceived that she was of a romantic and visionary turn of mind. He, therefore, got a conjurer tutored to his wishes, and planned with Miss Planta, a party in which the Countess was to be included, to have their fortunes told. He caused letters to be sent to the Countess with the Durham postmark on them, purporting to be from a lady, who complained that for the sake of the Countess he had forsaken her. In these letters, suspicions were thrown out that Mr. Gray the accepted lover, was in the interest, and supported in his wishes by the relatives, of the late Lord Strathmore,—a thing which above all was calculated to alarm the Countess, and excite a jealousy of their interference. These schemes were all clever, and succeeded, accordingly, to the extent of his wishes; but still

these were only such as scores besides Andrew Robinson Stoney might have employed. The master stroke was still behind.

During the time that he had been busily making these advances, a sweeping attack had been made in the "Morning Post," on the character, pursuits, and associates of the Countess. Her whole life was analysed and exposed to the public, with the most malicious and irritating exaggerations. Vindications were made by her friends. A vehement and continued correspondence took place. The attention of the whole public was attracted, and the friends of the late Lord Strathmore secretly rejoiced in it, because they hoped it would prevent her marrying again; a thing which, on account of the vast property in her own power, they exceedingly dreaded. Thus the controversy grew louder and louder, and the attacks on the character of the Countess grew so intolerable, that she declared that whoever would avenge her, by challenging and fighting the editor of that paper, should be rewarded with her heart and hand. She was now driven to the proper pitch of desperation: it was ANDREW ROBINSON STONEY who was the secret assailant, and now dexterously wheeling round, challenged the unwary editor, who had been his tool, fought him, contrived to be wounded, as well as to wound in the affair, and received from the unsuspecting Countess the promised reward—her hand at the altar, a gift of the most glowing gratitude.

Thus stepped this adventurer by one of the most artful and audacious schemes, into the possession of a most splendid fortune, into the enjoyment of the sole daughter, castles and wide

estates, of an ancient and illustrious line. Having gratified his vanity by remaining awhile in town, where, according to his biographer, the visits of congratulation on his marriage were like a levee; where cards in heaps were left by visitors in coaches, on horseback, and on foot; he proceeded to the North to rejoice himself in his castles and lands. Scarcely had he arrived there, when the greedy eye of the adventurer fell on the splendid woods of GIBSIDE, and he doomed them to the axe. The enormity of this perpetration, one cannot so fully realize to oneself without adverting to what Surtees says of this noble seat.

"It is not easy to convey any adequate idea of the magnificent woodland scenery of Gibside. The best point of view, perhaps, is from Bryan's Leap. Woods venerable in their growth and magnificent in their extent, sweep from the heights of the hills to the brink of the Derwent; intersected by deep, irregular ravines, and relieved by plots of open pasturage. The whole landscape, to use a painter's phrase, is touched in a broad free style, and the few artificial objects introduced are sufficiently grand and distinct not to disgrace the noble scenery which surrounds them. Across the Derwent, a cultivated country sloping gently to the water, and variegated with enclosures and scattered woodlands, forms a fine bright contrast to the deep forest masses which almost darken the southern bank. The house of Gibside stands retired on the Derwent; the chief approach descends for a mile through the forest. On the north a terrace only intervenes betwixt the house and the steep

descent into the Lady-Haugh, a deep rich area of pasturage surrounded by a rapid sweep of the Derwent. The south front has been nearly rebuilt, in a style uniform with its ancient architecture, embattled, with deep bay-windows divided by stone mullions and transoms. In the interior, the old drawing-room remains entire. Forms of Sampson and Hercules, support a huge mantelpiece, above which are the arms of the founder of the mansion, Sir William Blakeston, in the reign of James."

The house has some good paintings, particularly Rubens' Wife in a fruit-shop, and others by Rubens, Snyders, Ricci, Watteau, and Poussin. But the most striking artificial feature of the place, is a Doric column 140 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal figure of Liberty twelve feet high, which rises over the woods eastward of the house, and forms a noble and conspicuous object from the north side of the Derwent, catching the eye from distant spots with a fine effect.

Such were the woods which this bold adventurer soon resolved to fell, and such the noble spot which he was eager to despoil of them. Well might he exclaim that no place, except it were the king's dockyards, could shew such timber. He felled large quantities, but it lay on his hands; merchants deterred by fear of the consequences, refused to purchase it, and it lay and rotted on the ground. His career was now such as might be expected from such a fellow—extravagance and expense, tyranny and meanness. He got into Parliament for Newcastle; he became high-sheriff of the county; he attempted to rival in splendour the ancient nobilty, at the same time that

he was employing all his arts to raise money, and to draw his friends, his bankers, anybody, into his meshes to make a profit of them. His surgeon, Jesse Foot, gives this summary of his proceedings.

After having given a few parliamentary dinners to some of the members and his acquaintances, for I will not call them friends, he gave up his house in Grosvenor Square, and took up his residence at hotels. As to what he did in Parliament, there can be no trace, for he only gave silent votes. He had been fortunate in having served the office of sheriff just in time to be chosen, in 1780, a member for Newcastle; and it is beyond all question, that he meditated standing for the county at a future time, and had got some strong interest on his side. He had also made the purchase of BENWELL Estate, from the family of Shafto; but this could not have distressed him much, as he mortgaged it deeply; and this he contrived to keep to the day of his death, though from that time to this he raised money upon the plea of losing it.

He parted with every thing he could in town; sold Chelsea-house, and took the family plate into his own possession. He raised 30,000*l.* upon annuities. He insured the life of the Countess only for a year or two at most, by which he squandered away vast sums. He went directly down to Gibside, and cut down the timber; the neighbours would not buy it; the felled timber lay upon his hands. He got the nomination of sheriff; he opened early his canvass for Newcastle; he entertained the heads of that town at Gibside; he kept an open

house. His dinners were good, and his table enriched by massive plate; but there was always a smack of mean splendour about him, as he did not purchase one single new carriage, and his coach-horses, originally of high value, were never in good condition. He took a chaplain into his house, and had always somebody about him whom he made a butt of.

The expenses he incurred by his shrievalty, by his election and horse-racing, by his insurances, and the purchase of Benwell, kept him in a constant distress for money; and at the very time when he wrote adulatory letters to his friend, that he never should be happy till he was out of debt, and had some to the good, he went upon the turf, and into an election. His letters were literally the letters of a hypocrite. He promised his friend that he would not shew his teeth to his banker till he could bite, and yet he is seen to continue him on, and vilify him still. He got as much from his banker as he could, and when he could get no more, he abused the banker, and cajoled the friend. He sold the friend an estate CHEAP; but by his friend being obliged to pay a claim upon it, the bargain was all on Bowes' side, where it rested.

Such was Bowes, and his general transactions; but all this while, what was his conduct to the Countess,—to her who had unwisely, but still most kindly to him, admitted him to a sphere and a fortune far beyond his just expectations? It may well be supposed that such a man would not be more exemplary in his attentions, and his gratitude to her, than he was commendable in his other proceedings; but Bowes had a spice of the devil in

him that would have amazed ordinary villains. He was—

A tyrant to the weak, and a coward to the strong.

He was such a man as Shelley describes in Rosalind and Helen, at whose approach the very children fell into silence in the midst of their play, and who clapped their hands and danced about when they heard that he was dead. He possessed the art of tormenting as if he had learnt it under the personal and especial instructions of the Arch-fiend himself. While pretending great tenderness to this unhappy, but to him generous woman, he kept her as a boy keeps a young bird by the leg with a string, and at every movement of his own devilish caprice, or of her apparent pleasure, gave her a pluck. It is easier to imagine than describe all the secret villanies and degradations by which such a tyrant can make every moment of a woman of feeling and refinement bitter as death. In the first place, Bowes carried on the most licentious intercourse with women of all kinds on all sides. He seduced almost every maid-servant, and all the farmers' daughters that he could. He expended on other women great sums in jewellery and other extravagances; and cared not how much of all this came to the knowledge of his wife. In order to silence her, and to hold her *in terrorem*, as well as to provide himself with a weapon against her, should she at any time be driven by desperation to seek the protection of the laws against him, he resorted to one of those means which only such a first-rate scoundrel could imagine or accomplish. He compelled his wife to write, or wrote it for her, THE CONFESSIONS OF THE

COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE, in which he made her to draw the strangest picture of herself, and her life before her marriage with him, imaginable. That any woman of education would voluntarily thus sketch out a confession of the grossest infamy against herself, is beyond all conception; and who can say what were the secret tortures by which this history of shame was wrung from this miserable woman, when withdrawn to one of his secret retreats, by this same man who had shut up his former wife naked for three days, and fed her on an egg a day? Who can even shape to himself the long and soul-killing indignities which such a monster would compel his victim to undergo, in order to effect his diabolical purpose? It is not mentioned by Mr. Foot, but we have heard it stated by others, that one means employed by him, was to enclose the Countess's hair, which was long and very fine, in a chest, and locking it down, keep her thus confined in a lying posture till her will gave way to his diabolical wishes! Certain it is that he accomplished his end. The Confessions were written; and were, says Foot, "laid behind his pillow by night, and read by him in scraps for his purposes by day. He got them by heart; they formed a part of his travelling equipage to Paris, and everywhere else. They were a treasure which he hugged to his bosom, and over which he brooded with a rancorous rapture." Nor did he forget at the necessary moment, to hand them into a public court of law against his wife. Mr. Foot's style is not the finest in the world, but it is, while it makes one smile, still often very descriptive. He told us, when speaking of the Countess's

marriage, that "there would have been something light and airy, something of felicity in this knight-errand frolic of Fortune, something which, on a superficial mind, would strike the attention, as a prosperous and dexterous piece of romance: but the foundation was not sound; the cause was not good; the prospect was not bright; the background was sombre; the light had no warmth; it was like the luminous appearance emitted from rotten wood in a dark night; the perfume was not sweet scented; no bridesmaids graced the nuptials; Hymen's torch burnt not clear; and the Countess from henceforth may truly be pronounced to be DEAD ALIVE."

Now, six years afterwards, he thus describes her. "The Countess, whom I had not seen for some time, appeared wonderfully ALTERED and DEJECTED. She was pale and nervous, and her under-jaw constantly moved from side to side. If she said anything, she looked at him first. If she was asked to drink a glass of wine, she took his intelligence before she answered. She sate but a short time at dinner, and then was out of my sight. I did get one morning's walk with her and Mr. Harrison, into the once beautiful pleasure-garden, where, in spite of the ruinous state of it, much was left for admiration; because the taste which gave it a creation, was not as yet totally obliterated.

"The Countess pointed out to us the concern she had formerly taken in the shrubs, the flower-beds, the lawns, the alcoves, and the walks of this most delectable recess—(Paul's-Walden). She even pointed out the assistance her own hand

had lent to individual articles. In observing her during her conversation, the agitation of her mind was apparent by its action on her mouth. She would look for some time, hesitate, and then her under-jaw would act in that convulsive manner, which absolutely explained her state of melancholy remembrance beyond all other proofs abstracted knowledge could confirm, or technical teachers could demonstrate."

Was there ever a more perfect delineation of the effects of those horrors which are, in many a solitary nook of affluence, perpetrated by men-monsters, on that delicate, shrinking, fond, faithful thing, often too forgiving, and often wondrous in patient endurance, called—a wife? Many such a scene could we draw forth from the annals of old Halls, that would

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheeks,

but none more perfect in its kind than the history of Stoney Bowes and his victim, the Countess of Strathmore. At this very time, there was a child or children, which should have melted the heart of the scoundrel, if it had not been harder than a piece of the nether millstone, and have made it feel one sensation of affection, at least, towards her who had endowed him with such magnificent gifts. But the wretch was one of Satan's own particular elect;—and at this very time, says Foot, he had got a new man-cook, and was feasting away, and giving entertainments to the neighbours in high style. Amongst others, was a most beautiful young woman, one of his farmer's daughters, whom he had seduced, and for whom Foot had just seen him purchase 50*l.* worth of trinkets in Cockspur Street. Her

mother and sister came after dinner, *and they all took tea with the Countess.*

Foot adds, in his peculiar way, "All the delight of the fond heart of the woman of fashion, possessing an immense fortune, high education, and strong propensities for figuring in the *beau monde,* and for displaying the resistless ornamental appendages of exalted rank, was by Bowes suppressed. The rich, the gay, and fashionable equipage; the well-disciplined and flirting fan; the proud and nodding plumage; the brilliant and superb diamonds; the conspicuous Opera-box; the love-exciting dance; the soft and ecstatic endearments of the Italian song, which was better tasted by the Countess than most ladies, from her perfect knowledge of the language and of music—were all compressed and totally obliterated. Her person, accustomed only to distress and confinement, found no alleviation of the bitterest sorrow. Mind and body jointly submitted to receive the pressure which Bowes, like a MANGLE, daily rolled upon them, and both were grievously collapsed."

But one victim was but poor employment for Bowes. The Countess had five children by Lord Strathmore, and Bowes now set himself to torment the guardians by endeavouring to get them into his hands. The sons were totally out of reach, but he hoped to be able to secure the two eldest daughters, Lady Maria Jane and Lady Anna Maria. To accomplish this, he commenced his hypocritical whinings. All of a sudden, he appeared to be so tender, so alarmed about the decay of the Countess's health, and the inward pinings, pangs, and sufferings

of her peace of mind, that he actually succeeded in getting one of the daughters into his possession, and the other had a narrow escape. This escape was owing to the firmness and prudence of the guardians. They had permitted the young lady to go to the house, on the plea that the very life of the Countess depended on seeing her children, and there she was speedily abstracted from her attendants; they looked out, and it was only by raising a speedy and thorough alarm, that she was again regained. With the other, Bowes made off to Paris, taking the Countess along with him. His correspondence, and his endeavours to move the Court of Chancery in his favour, by his hypocritical lamentations over the Countess, are very curious, but they did not avail; he was compelled to restore the young lady to her proper protectors, and in no hands could the Countess have dreaded their being, than in those of Bowes. In this cause he employed the professional powers of the greatest lawyers of their time —Erskine, Law, and Scott, afterward Lords Erskine, Eldon, and Ellenborough. The time was, however, now arriving for the occurrence of the more striking events in this strange history. The continued cruelties of Bowes at length roused the mind of the unhappy Countess to a paroxysm of desperation, and she determined to escape from him, and throw herself under the protection of the laws. The strict watch which himself and his satellites constantly maintained around her, was happily broken in upon, by his going out to dine at Captain Armstrong's, in Percy Street. The Countess had, at length, found a maid who was not to be corrupted by Bowes, but conceived a

deep compassion for her unhappy lady. The Countess and she had long planned and concocted an escape; the opportunity seemed come. The male servants were dispatched on some errand or other. He who was appointed more expressly to watch her, was sent to the stationer's for some book of amusement for the Countess to read, in the absence of Bowes. Some doors were locked that it might not too soon be found out that she was gone; and thus they stole out of the house, and got undiscovered into Oxford Street, where they were for a long time obliged to wait, there not being a coach upon the stand. They were in the greatest danger. Bowes had been fetched the moment their escape was discovered; and they had scarcely got into a coach, when, as they came opposite to Berner's Street, they saw Bowes in a hackney-coach also, driving very fast, with his head out, and without his hat. Providentially, he saw them not; but the escape was so narrow, that the Countess, in her low state of health, and from the lively imagination of her mind of the misery which threatened her if retaken, fell into hysterics, and was with difficulty persuaded that she was safe, and out of his power.

She was conducted to Mr. Shuter's, the barrister, in Cursitor Street; and an apartment was taken for her in Dyer's Buildings. Bowes, in the mean time, lost not a moment in inquiry and pursuit. On receiving the news of what had happened, he had run out into Oxford Street without his hat, and driven off in a hackney-coach. He was not long in ferreting out her retreat, but it was not before she had exhibited articles

of the peace in the Court of King's Bench against him for ill-treatment of her person, and was put under the protection of the Court. But Bowes was not daunted by that; he took lodgings in the same street, and watched her as a cat watches a mouse, ready to pounce upon her. "All the foul-weather birds," says Foot, "were hovering about his distressed house in Grosvenor Square. There used to come one after another, such a draggled-tail set as are seen, in wet weather, canvassing about at elections. A more pitiable object I never beheld than Bowes. His mind was every moment upon some new device; and although he had more than a dozen engines at work, I am confident not one of them knew what the other was about." He appealed vehemently, as an injured man, to the Courts of Chancery, of King's Bench, and even to Doctors' Commons. He had, however, employment enough of itself to bribe all the maid-servants and others whom he had seduced, to silence the cries of their distressed children, and to keep hunger and ruin out of the way of any honest justification and strong temptation; but in spite of all this, there were sufficient who found their way to Doctors' Commons to answer the Countess's purpose.

The Countess had gone off in such haste that she took scarcely more things with her than she had on her back, leaving behind all her jewels and every thing, to secure only the greatest jewel of all—safety from his tyranny. The proofs that were exhibited against him in Court were of the most horrid kind, and to feel the force of them, we must recollect the rank and sensitive mind of the Countess, what she had done for Bowes,

and that these inflictions had been the ordinary treatment of long years. They consisted in "beating, scratching, biting, pinching, whipping, kicking, imprisoning, insulting, provoking, tormenting, mortifying, degrading, tyrannizing, cajoling, deceiving, lying, starving, forcing, compelling, and a new torment, wringing of the heart." To all these allegations Bowes had little to oppose, except those precious CONFESSIONS which he had had manufactured expressly for such an emergency, and which he put into the hands of his proctor to make the most of them.

All this time, however, Bowes kept a sharp eye on his victim. She moved from residence to residence to elude him; he still discovered her, and took his lodgings at hand. Her last remove was into Bloomsbury Square, and here he resolved to make one grand *coup-de-main*. He determined to corrupt the constable which the Court had appointed to guard her. This man, LUCAS, was a highly respectable man, in whom the Court had high confidence, but Bowes did not despair of winning him over. "He found out where his wife and family lived; he gratified all their immediate wants. He made himself an injured man; he produced his credentials, 'THE CONFESSIONS;' and he, by time and close attention, soon got the wife and her visitors on his side. 'Sure he is a charming man, and 'tis a shame he should be so used. He is as mild and as meek as a lamb, and as good and generous as a prince. One of my children was ill, he saw it every day, nursed it, and gave it the medicines himself.'" Lucas was soon a lost man; and the plan to carry off the

Countess was settled. The following is the narrative of this singular transaction, from the "Gentleman's Magazine" of December, 1786:

Some weeks previous to the day of carrying the conspiracy formed against her into execution, several suspicious persons were seen lurking about her ladyship's house in Bloomsbury Square; and the same persons were observed frequently to follow the carriage, sometimes in hackney-coaches, and sometimes on foot. Her ladyship was not wholly unapprized of their attendance, nor unapprehensive of their designs; but to counteract their measures, she took into her weekly pay one Lucas, a constable, to keep a constant eye upon her carriage whenever she went out, and never to be out of call.

This man, on Friday the 10th of November, inquired of the coachman, as his custom was, if his lady went out that day? and was answered in the affirmative, and received orders to attend between one and two in the afternoon. About that time her ladyship had business at Mr. Foster's, in Oxford Street; and, for company, took Mr. Farrer, brother to her solicitor, and her maid, Mrs. Morgan, in the coach with her. In their way they met with no interruption; but they had scarce been five minutes in the house of Mr. Foster, before some of those persons came into the shop who had been marked as above, and were well known to her ladyship.

Being much alarmed at their appearance, she withdrew to an inner room and locked the door, requesting Mr. Foster at the same time to go privately and procure assistance, to be in readi-

ness for her protection, in case any violence should be offered to her person.

Mr. Foster had scarce left the house when the constable, whose business it was to watch the motions of his lady, went up and tapped at her room door, and by telling her his name, obtained immediate admittance. Interrogating him as to his business, she was ready to sink when she was told that her ladyship was his prisoner—that a warrant had been put into his hands—that he must do his duty; but that it was rather fortunate for her ladyship, as he would take her before Lord Mansfield at Caen Wood, who, no doubt, would frustrate all the wicked purposes of her enemies, and take her under his own immediate protection. With this artful tale, in the then state of her mind she was easily prevailed upon to step again into her coach, as Mr. Farrer was permitted to accompany her. The moment she was seated, her servants were all discharged by a pretended order from her ladyship, a confederate coachman mounted the box, and a new set of attendants, all armed, surrounded the coach. In this manner they proceeded, without noise or interruption, till they reached Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which stood Mr. Bowes, who, addressing himself to Mr. Farrer, very civilly requested to change places with him, and then seated himself at the right hand of his lady, who was no longer in doubt as to his design. The coachman was now ordered to proceed, and to quicken his pace.

Mr. Farrer being now at liberty, made all possible haste to London, and application was made immediately to the Court

of King's Bench, in order to effect a rescue. On Monday the 10th, two of Lord Mansfield's tipstaffs set off for that purpose to the North. In the meantime Mr. Bowes continued his journey.

At Barnet, fresh horses were ready to put to, and a post-chaise and four, with some accomplices, were in waiting to attend. Though the windows of the coach were broken, and the lady in the coach appeared in great distress, yet not the least effort was made to interrupt their progress; and it was not till the next day at noon, when a servant of Mr. Bowes arrived at the Angel Inn, at Doncaster, a hundred and ninety-five miles from London, and ordered horses to be put to his master's coach, that we have any account of their further proceedings. In half an hour the coach stopped in the street; and while the horses were changing, Mr. Woodcock, the master of the inn, handed some cakes to Mr. Bowes, and which Mr. Bowes presented to the lady, but whether she accepted them or not he could not positively assert. The moment the horses were in harness they pursued their course northward; and the next notice that we have of them was at Bransby Moor, where the lady was shewn into a room, attended by a chambermaid, and guarded by Mr. Bowes, who hastened her return, and seemed all impatience till she was again seated in the coach. At Ferry Bridge she had leave to go into the garden, but Mr. Bowes waited at the door.

What further passed till they arrived at Streatlam Castle, in the principality of Durham, remained a secret till her lady-

ship's arrival on Tuesday, the 21st of November, in the evening, at the house of Messrs. Farrer and Lacy, on Bread Street Hill. The detail she then gave of her sufferings, during the eleven days of absence, was truly pitiable. At the time of taking her away, the confederates were all armed; that, as they drove along Mr. Bowes endeavoured to persuade her to sign a paper, to stop proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court; and to consent to live under the name and character of his wife; both which she positively refused to do. That he then beat her on the face and body with his clenched fists; that, when she attempted to cry out, he thrust a handkerchief into her mouth; that, on the most trifling contradiction, while on the road, he beat her with the chain and seals of his watch on the naked breast; and that, when provoked by her firmness, he presented a loaded pistol to her head, and threatened her life, if she did not instantly sign the paper, but this she was determined never to do.

Being arrived at Streatlam Castle, he then endeavoured to persuade her to take upon her the government of the family, and to act in every respect as his wife, which she still most solemnly refused to do. On which, in a glow of passion, he pulled out a pistol, bid her say her prayers, and, with a trembling hand, presented it to her head. This too, failing of effect, he violently beat her, then left her, and she saw no more of him for a whole day; when coming up to the room rather more calm than usual, he asked her if she was not yet reconciled to a dutiful domestic life? and, being answered with some asperity, he flew into a more violent passion than she had ever yet seen him,

pulled out the pistol, bid her say her last prayers—she did say her prayers, and then bid him fire!

By this time the whole country began to be alarmed for her, and he for his own safety. He, therefore, in order to cover his escape, and keep her still in his power, ordered two of his domestics to be dressed so as to personate himself and her ladyship, and to shew themselves occasionally before the windows to appease the populace, and to deceive his pursuers. This stratagem had its full effect; the people were quiet while they thought her ladyship was safe; and the sheriff's officers who were sent to execute the attachment, actually served it on the wrong persons; while, in the mean time, Bowes took her out a back way; dragged her, between ten and eleven o'clock, in the dark, to a little cottage in the neighbourhood, where they spent the remainder of the night, and where he behaved to her in a manner shocking to the delicacy of civilized life, by reiterating his threatenings, and, finding threats in vain, throwing her on the bed, and flogging her with rods.

On leaving the cottage in the morning, he had her set on horseback behind him, without a pillion, and took her over dismal heaths and trackless wilds, covered with snow, till they came to Darlington, to the house of Mr. B——, the attorney, where she was shut up in a dark room, and where she was threatened (a red-hot poker being held to her breast) with a mad doctor and strait-waistcoat; but all in vain.

The hour of deliverance drew near. Hither they had been tracked, and here it was no longer safe for Bowes to continue;

he, therefore, set out with her before day, in the same manner that he brought her, taking her over hedges and ploughed fields, till, being seen by the husbandmen at work, he was so closely hemmed in, that an old countryman taking hold of his horse's bridle, and Bowes presenting his pistol to frighten him, he was knocked down by a constable that was in pursuit of him, and felled to the ground with a large hedge-stake.

BOWES CARRYING OFF THE COUNTESS.

Seeing him in that situation, her ladyship put herself under the protection of the peace-officer, and being on horseback, in a kind of womanish exultation, bid him farewell, and mend his life, and so left him weltering in his blood; while she, with the whole country in her favour, made the best of her way to London, attended only by her deliverers, where she arrived safe, as has already been stated.

On Wednesday the 22d, she appeared in the Court of King's Bench, but the Court being up, no proceedings could that day be had on her case. The next day she was again presented to the Court; and as soon as the Judges were seated, Mr. Law, her counsel, moved, "That she might exhibit articles of the peace against her husband, A. R. Bowes." The articles were read, and being sworn to and signed, an attachment was immediately granted against Bowes.

On the 27th, Bowes was produced in court, to answer the articles. He was dressed in a drab-coloured great-coat, a red silk handkerchief about his head. He was supported by two men, yet nearly bent double with weakness, in consequence of his wounds. He frequently appeared on the point of fainting, and his appearance, on the whole, was the most squalid and emaciated that can possibly be imagined.

The upshot of this desperate undertaking of Bowes, was that he was sentenced to pay a fine of 300*l.* to his Majesty; to be imprisoned in the King's Bench for three years; at the end of that term to find security for fourteen years, himself in 10,000*l.* and two sureties of 5000*l.* each. Lucas, the constable, was very justly sentenced to a fine of 50*l.*, and three years' imprisonment in Newgate, and the other accomplices to proportionate punishments. The Countess obtained a sentence of divorce from Doctors' Commons, and in her exultation at her liberation, wrote the following epitaph on the fallen villain, and sent it by Lady Strathmore to Bowes in the King's Bench prison.

HERE RESTS,
Who never rested before,
The most ambitious of men:
For he sought not virtue, wisdom, nor
Science, yet rose by deep hypocrisy,
By the folly of some,
And the vice of others,
To honours which Nature had forbade,
And riches he wanted taste to enjoy.
He saw no faults in himself,
Nor any worth in others.
He was the enemy of mankind;
Deceitful to his friends,
Ungrateful to his benefactors,
Cringing to his superiors,
And tyrannical to his dependants.
If interest obliged him to assist
Any fellow-creature, he regretted the
Effect, and thought every day lost
In which he made none wretched.
His life was a continual series
Of injuries to society,
Disobedience to his Maker;
And he only lamented in despair
That he could offend them no longer.
He rose by mean arts
To unmerited honours,
Which expire before himself.
Passenger! examine thy heart,
If in aught thou resemblest him;
And if thou dost—
Read, tremble, and reform!
So shall he, who living
Was the pest of society,
When dead, be, against his will,
Once useful to mankind.

With this very pardonable act of triumph over her fallen tyrant, we may here leave this perhaps weak, but most unfortunate woman; a woman still, with those talents, accomplish-

ments, and endowments of mind, person, and estate, which would have made her, under happier circumstances, a great ornament of society, and the blessing of those about her. She survived the recovery of her freedom for about four years, and it is to be hoped had learned in her misfortunes wisdom enough to make those closing years a period of peace and a pure hope in a better existence. There is nothing in romance more wild, strange, or harrowing, than the realities of her fearful existence in the hands of Andrew Stoney Bowes. Had she written her CONFESSIONS after this period, they would have constituted one of the most fearful and interesting narratives of the sensations of a delicate nature and sensitive mind, under the Satanic power of a legal inquisitor, that ever was penned. As it is, the glimpses that we have of the inflictions and the degradations that she had to endure, immured in solitary places with that arch-villain, and surrounded eternally by his creatures, male and female,—what she had to suffer in her own halls, and on her own ancestral hearth, the possessions of those mighty old warriors of many a generation, with which she had endowed him; and his strange flight with her, over heaths and mountains, over hedges and fields, in winter, in darkness, and in terror,—now mounted behind him with a blanket instead of a pillion, and now with the pistol at her head,—romance has nothing like it, but what it must first borrow from such scenes.

The further course of this infamous fellow Bowes, as described by Foot, who still continued to attend him as surgeon, is one of the most perfect in downward villany, hypocrisy, and meanness,

that human annals can present. It held on still for two and twenty years, and always in prison, or within the rules of one; first of all, in the State Rooms; then, within the walls of the Bench; and about the last twelve years, within the rules in St. George's Fields. His occupations, says his biographer, consisted of his law affairs, and his seductions. Besides these, he had an inquisitive turn for making out and getting to know every person of any importance within the walls of the prison while there; but all those into whose notice he was desirous of insinuating himself, did not readily accept of his insinuations. Of the species of amusements in the days of his prosperity with which he used to relieve the labours of his tortures of the Countess, and the ruin of the young women around, Mr. Foot presents us with this as a specimen.

"Bowes had a practice which he applied whenever he could, if he wanted to make any part of his company drunk; and, as far as I have seen, he was generally successful. I have known very grave people over whom he has so succeeded. He would appear to be very candid, and to tell his guests that they should help themselves to the spirits which were upon the table, whilst he officiously poured the water to fill up the glasses out of the tea-kettle. All this appeared very fair; but he had instructed his servant to bring in the kettle with half and half of water and spirits, so that the more his guests were desirous of being sober, the drunker they became.

"One morning, whilst I was at Paul's-Walden, a gentleman was seen riding down the lawn, of whom Bowes told me the

following story. 'O!' said he, 'it is R. B——. I never expected he would come here again after what passed a fortnight ago. He is a spunger,' said Bowes, 'and comes for my dinners and my claret. I gave the hint to the rest of the company, and we made him DEAD DRUNK. I put him into an arm chair, had his boots taken off, and filled them full of water; put a table-cloth round him tucked in at the collar, as barbers do when they shave; I put him on a nightcap, placed a table before him with a looking-glass, floured his face all over with a kitchen dredger, left candles burning, and we all went to bed. He awoke about five in the morning, before the lights were out; he appeared at a loss to know how this could have happened. His consternation being over, he began to dress to go home. He saw his boots ready to his hand; he flounced his leg into the first, but emptied the water out of the second. In this state he put them on, let himself out, went to the stable, saddled his horse, and went home; and I dare say he would not have the smallest objection to be served the same to-night again.' Bowes could scarcely finish his story before the stranger rode up to us. Bowes asked him to dinner; which he, of course, accepted, but he was very shy that day. This spunger, as Bowes called him, was an insurance broker in London, and had a farm near Paul's-Walden."

Imagine then Bowes, whose most elegant amusements in his best days were practical jokes of this kind, now in prison, in his days of defeat, solacing himself with seduction and law. His lawsuits were for the recovery of property from the trustees of the Strathmore estate. The account of his endless tricks, and

feigned illnesses to take in anybody that came near him, is very amusing. He could be ill at pleasure—asthmatic—spitting blood from the rupture of a vessel, but in reality having swallowed calves' blood for the purpose—and sick to death in a coach, when called to appear before the Court; having provided himself with a dose of ipecacuanha in readiness for such an occasion. He laid all manner of schemes to cheat all whom he had anything to do with, even the husbands of his sisters, on pretence of leaving them his Benwell estate, provided they guaranteed him an annuity; and what shewed his extreme cunning was, that he contrived to fleece a whole series of attorneys, one after another, making them advance money to him while he employed them in his lawsuits, till they each in turn refused to advance any more. These exploits gave him the highest delight.

Amongst the catalogue of his villanies in seduction, the most strange is that of a respectable young woman, whom he used to see as she went to visit her father in prison, who had been a man of large landed property, but had ruined himself by keeping a pack of hounds. This young lady had five children by him, which were ties of such strong affection to her, that they made her undergo all the cruelties she suffered at Bowes' hands rather than be separated from them. This young woman he kept locked up in a room by herself, and she was literally a prisoner in his house from 1787 to the day of his death. He watched her, notwithstanding, with the most vigilant and inquisitive jealousy. On one occasion, a gentleman had chambers in the King's Bench which happened to face those of the apartment in

which he kept this young lady. The gentleman could not look out of his window without Bowes imagining instantly that he was in love with the fair captive. He therefore dressed himself up in her clothes, and flirted with this gentleman at the window. This he repeated for many successive mornings, and had satisfactorily engaged the gentleman's attention. When he had worked up his plot, and brought his deception to the proper pitch, Bowes threw open the window, shook off the female dress, and displayed his own proper person, laughing, insulting, and jeering by breaths, as he could do in a manner to confound those whom he had caught in his toils. The poor man was so disconcerted, that he was not visible for a long time after.

His amusements and habits of life became lower as he grew older; and they were the more demonstrable, as he not only drank out his wine selfishly, but also took to spirituous liquor. He kept no servant; and would buy neither brushes nor brooms, but the two daughters—daughters of the locked-up lady—went down upon their knees, and gathered up the dirt with their hands. To induce new and unwary attorneys to bite, and advance money, he would pretend that he would sell his estates —Benwell, deeply mortgaged, and a property which had fallen to him in Ireland, with about three hundred a-year; and would make a grand display of this property; would produce the reports of surveyors who had valued it, at the same time that he pleaded his great necessities, his own tattered appearance, and the state of his children, whom he contrived should be seen without shoes or stockings. He would even name the day of

sale; yet he never sold, always having in the meantime effected his purpose of spunging his dupe.

At the last extremity, this extraordinary man made his will, leaving something to each of his children by the captive lady, but not even mentioning her in it who had so long suffered all his tyrannies, capricious cruelties, and asperities of temper, with the most exemplary patience, and with every endeavour to the last moment to contribute to his comfort. It was not without the earnest entreaties and tears of his and her own children, and by the persuasions of Mr. Foot, that he was at the last moment prevailed on to name her with a hundred pounds per annum. And thus closed the mortal career of Andrew Robinson Bowes, one of the most perfectly compounded fiends incarnate—the most singular specimens of cruelty, hypocrisy, and deception, that this, or any other country has produced; and well meriting the pithy sentence with which his biographer has wound up his story—"He was a villain to the backbone!"

THE LODGE—HILTON CASTLE.

BRANCEPETH CASTLE.

VISIT TO BRANCEPETH AND RABY CASTLES.

THE famous family of the Nevilles were the great family of Durham, as the Percys were of Northumberland. Like them, they were the champions of the Borders; the bulwarks of the Palatinate against the inroads of the Scots. Like them, and even more than them, they became mixed up with the general history of the nation, and were active agents in those strifes for the Crown which kept England well watered with blood from the days of Richard II. to those of Henry VII. Through their ambition and their valour, the rival Roses of York and Lancaster alternately waxed paler, or blushed a more sanguine crimson. With the latter house they were allied in blood, with the former in marriage. The Neville stood at times beside the monarch, as one of his nearest of kin. With the Percys too they were closely allied by marriages; and were sometimes fighting with them, sometimes against them, till at length, in the reign of

Elizabeth, in a vain attempt to restore the old religion, to which they were firm adherents, the Neville and the Percy banners were seen flying together—the Crescent and the Dun Bull—for the last time. Both fell before the indignant might of Elizabeth; the Crescent, according to its natural augury, to reappear and wax again, but the Dun Bull never to return.

In taking a hasty glance over the history of this noble family, we speedily become sensible of its great importance, and of the many striking scenes in which its members figured. Camden has in one sentence observed, that from this house sprung six Earls of Westmoreland, two Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, an Earl of Kent, a Marquis of Montacute, a Baron Ferrers of Oversley, Barons Latimer, Barons Abergavenny, one Queen, five Duchesses—to omit Countesses and Baronesses, an Archbishop of York, and a great number of inferior gentlemen.

The sketch which Hume gives of this family at the opening of the reign of Henry VI., is one of the most striking in his whole history. "The family of Nevill was, perhaps, at this time the most potent, both from their opulent possessions and from the character of the men, that has ever appeared in England. For, besides the Earl of Westmoreland, and the Lords Latimer, Fauconberg, and Abergavenny, the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick were of that family, and were themselves, on many accounts, the greatest noblemen in the kingdom. The Earl of Salisbury, brother-in-law to the Duke of York, was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of the Earl of Westmoreland; and inherited by his wife, daughter and heir of Montacute, Earl of

Salisbury, killed before Orleans, the possessions and title of that great family. His eldest son Richard, had married Anne, the daughter and heir of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died governor of France; and by this alliance he enjoyed the possessions, and had acquired the title of that other family, one of the most opulent, most ancient, and most illustrious in England. The personal qualities also of these two Earls, especially of Warwick, enhanced the splendour of their nobility, and increased their influence over the people. This latter nobleman, commonly known, from subsequent events, by the appellation of the *king-maker*, had distinguished himself by his gallantry in the field, by the hospitality of his table, by the magnificence, and still more by the generosity of his expense, and by the spirit and bold manner which attended him in all his actions. The undesigning frankness and openness of his character, rendered his conquest over men's affections the more certain and infallible; his presents were regarded as sure testimonies of esteem and friendship, and his professions as the overflowings of his genuine sentiments. No less than 30,000 persons are said to have lived daily at his board, at the different manors and castles which he possessed in England. The military men, allured by his magnificence and hospitality, as well as by his bravery, were zealously attached to his interests; the people in general bore him an unlimited affection; his numerous retainers were more devoted to his will than to the prince or the laws; and he was the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the Crown, and rendered the people incapable of any regular system of civil government."

The origin of this family is to be found in the Saxon times. Canute gave Staindropshire to the church of Durham, and the Prior and Convent granted the same district to Dolphin, son of Uchtred, and Raby soon became the seat of the honour. The grandson of Dolphin married Isabel, sister and heir of Henry de Nevil. From her mother Emma, daughter and heiress of Bertram Bulmer, this Isabel derived the castles and lordships of Sherriff Hutton and Brancepeth, and a whole train of estates and manors dependent on those two great fees. Out of gratitude for these large possessions, and perhaps in honour of the Norman blood of this wealthy bride, the family adopted henceforth the surname of Neville. In a succeeding generation, the family wealth and honours were again swelled by marriage with Mary of Middleham, the sole heiress of the great Baron Ralph Fitzribald, Lord of Middleham. Her grandson, the Peacock of the North,—

> He who in bold prosperity,
> Of colours manifold and bright,
> Walked round, affronting the daylight—[1]
>
> *Wordsworth.*

appears to have not only been proudly showy, but fiercely bold, for he attacked and slew on Elvet Bridge, in Durham, Richard Fitz-Marmaduke, as he was riding to open the county courts, as the bishop's seneschal. He is one of the first that comes into notice as doing battle on the Marches with the Douglas; for, leading a disorderly band to plunder the Scottish borders, he was met by James Earl of Douglas, and by him slain, at Bewyck Park, in Northumberland. His younger brother Ralph

Neville, who succeeded him, was that Lord Neville who was one of the leaders at the battle of Neville's Cross. He was one of the most distinguished barons of the reign of Edward III. He was appointed by Edward III. a commissioner to settle articles between Edward of England and Edward Baliol; and, next year, was, with Henry Percy, joint warden of the East and Middle Marches. In the same year he was governor of Bamborough Castle, and in eleventh of Edward III. again a commissioner in Scotland. In the next year, he lent the king all the money arising from the sale of wool on his manor of Flaxfleet in Yorkshire. In the following year, still a warden of the Middle Marches, he was in the Scottish war with Edward, and named in commission to treat with David Bruce, titular of Scotland, for a final peace. In the seventeenth of that reign, he was one of the commission to treat with Philip de Valois. In the twenty-fourth year of Edward, he was commissioned to treat with the Scottish nobles at York; and in the next year, at Hexham; warden of the March with Lord Percy in the twenty-sixth; and the next year, a commissioner at Newcastle, to treat for the release of David, king of Scotland. In the twenty-seventh, governor of Berwick, and warden of the Marches from that time to the thirty-fifth of Edward. In thirty-three, he attended the king into France, and about three leagues from Paris placed himself in ambush with Lord Mowbray and other knights, where, after a sharp skirmish, the French were defeated. After these many and great offices and trusts, the victor of Neville's Cross was buried with honours never before conceded to a layman, in the nave of

Durham cathedral, where the mutilated altar-tomb and effigies of himself and lady still exist, as has been stated, betwixt the pillars of the southern aisle.

The house of Neville had now, through their vast wealth, vigour of character, and favour of the monarch, advanced to the highest power and dignity. There were no names in the North that could compete with the three great ones of Percy, Clifford, and Neville. John Lord Neville, the son of this Ralph Lord Neville, trod in his father's steps. Was in many offices of high trust, as warden of the East Marches, governor of Bamborough, high-admiral of England, lieutenant of Aquitaine, and seneschal of Bourdeaux. He is said to have been the builder of the splendid pile of Raby. He attended Richard II. on his expedition into Scotland, with 200 men at arms, and 300 archers. He died at Newcastle in 1388, and lies also buried by his father in the nave of Durham cathedral. His successor was created Earl of Westmoreland by Richard II., whom, however, he soon deserted, together with Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, and assisted to place Henry of Lancaster on the throne. Henry IV. showered honours on the house of Neville; and on the death of his first wife, Margaret, the daughter of Hugh Earl Stafford, the Earl of Westmoreland married the king's half-sister, Joan, the legitimatized daughter of John of Gaunt. Thus become brother-in-law to his monarch, created Earl of Richmond and Earl Marshal for life, with vast estates and equal influence, there seemed no higher state of worldly honour, except monarchy itself, to which he could aspire. He repelled two insurrections

against his sovereign, and shared in the glory of the victory of Agincourt under Henry V. His state of prosperity was pre-eminent, especially when compared with the fortunes of his great neighbour the Earl of Northumberland. That nobleman revolting, first lost his celebrated son Hotspur at the battle of Shrewsbury; had his towers and fortresses reduced; was forced before the arms of his former colleague, this great Earl of Westmoreland, to flee into Scotland, and afterwards returning in arms, lost his own life in the battle of Bramham. Bishop Percy, in his beautiful ballad of The Hermit of Warkworth, has made good use of these facts. The son of Hotspur was by the old Earl carried with him into Scotland, where, after the old Earl's death, he was educated under the care of Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany, the Regent. In the time of King Henry V., says the Whitby Chronicle, this son of Hotspur, "by the labour of Johanne the Countess of Westmoreland, whose daughter Alianor he had wedded on coming into England, he received the king's grace, and the county of Northumberland resolved on, so became the second Earl of Northumberland." Bishop Percy makes the Hermit, an old friend of the old Earl of Northumberland, thus speak of this youth, and of the melancholy condition of the house of Percy just before its restoration.

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur—so the North
Our youthful lord did call—

Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke,
Led up his northern powers;
And stoutly fighting, lost his life,
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he placed the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Not long before the brave old earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud,—
Their banners reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread;
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills
The Percy lives unknown;
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

It is pleasant to think that the house of Percy owed its restoration to the intercession of the great and rival house of Neville, which had contributed so much to its overthrow, and especially of the royal Joan, whom the young Earl is made to term—

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
Our house's ancient foe.

But the prosperity and greatness of the first Earl of Westmoreland did not end here. He had, by his two wives, no less than twenty-two children; and became, not only the founder of there great lines by the children of his second wife, the king's sister, but connected his family by the marriages of sons and daughters with all the most celebrated nobility of the kingdom, as Dacre, Scrope, Umfreville, Fauconberg, York, Buckingham, Norfolk, Northumberland, etc. His eldest son, by Joan of Lancaster, became Earl of Salisbury, and father of the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, the famous *king-maker* Warwick—

> Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.

The splendour and power of this short but mighty line, not only the historian, but Shakspeare, has made us too well acquainted with to render it necessary to do more than allude to it. In the victorious career of Henry V. in France, Warwick and Salisbury, and others of the Nevilles, bore a distinguished part. When Henry VI., in marrying Margaret of Anjou, gave up to her father Reignier, king of Naples, etc., Anjou and Maine, Warwick exclaims—

> Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both—
> Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer;
> And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
> Delivered up again with peaceful words?

In the bloody wars of the Roses he truly set up and pulled down at pleasure; he allied his family with the princes of the blood, and heirs to the throne; and his second daughter, Anne, became, as wife of Richard III., queen of England. But a fate, as fearful as it had been splendid, swept him and all his away.

He and his brother, John Neville, Marquis of Montague, both fell in the battle of Barnett; his father was beheaded, after the battle, at Wakefield; his brother, Sir Thomas Neville, was slain there too. His daughter Isabel, married the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., and whom Edward put to death in 1477, while their two children both fell by the hand of the executioner; Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, *the last male heir of Plantagenet,* beheaded on Tower Hill in the reign of Henry VII. 1499, and Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, also beheaded on Tower Hill in the reign of Henry VIII.

Such was the fatal splendour of the Warwick line of descendants of the great Earl of Westmoreland. His third son, by Joan of Lancaster, George Lord Latimer, transmitted a longer descent; and from his fourth son, by the same royal lady, Edward Neville, Lord Abergavenny, the present nobleman of that name, is lineally descended.

The elder line maintained their character and dignity as Earls of Westmoreland till the reign of Elizabeth, when the sixth and last Earl unfortunately engaged in the celebrated Rising of the North, with the Earl of Northumberland, to which we have already alluded—the destruction of himself, and his house was the consequence. A more ill-concocted and more disastrous enterprise never was engaged in. We have already noticed its rise and progress under the head of Durham; but the fine old ballad of "The Rising of the North," is so descriptive of the event, that to refresh my reader's memory I shall here quote it at length:—

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

Listen, lively lordlings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a Noble Erle,
The Noblest Erle in the North Countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walks his faire Ladie.
"I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee."

"Now heaven forfend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee;
But goe to London to the Court,
And faire fall truth and honestie."

"Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the Court I may not bee."

"O goe to the Court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee;
If any dare to do you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee!"

"Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The Court is full of subtiltie;
And if I goe to the Court, lady,
Never more I may thee see."

"Yet goe to the Court, my Lord," she sayes,
"And I myself will ryde wi' thee;
At Court then for my dearest lord,
His faithful borrowe I will bee."

"Now nay, now nay, my ladye deare,
For lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruel foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

"But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To Maister Norton thou must goe,
In all the haste that ever may bee.

"Commend me to that gentleman,
And beare this letter here fro mee,
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie."

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran,
Untill he came to his journey's end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was read,
Afore that goodlye companye:
I wis, if you the truth would know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, "Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seems to bee;
What dost thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good Erle's in jeopardy?"

"Father, my counselle's faire and free;
That Erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I would not have you breake your word."

"Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.

"Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trow you bee;
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good Erle and me?"

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie:
"O Father, till the day we dye,
We'll stand by that good Erle and thee!"

"Gramercy now, my children deare,
You shewe yourselves right bold and brave;
And wetherso'er I live or dye,
A father's blessing you shal have.

"But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton!
Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire;
Somewhat lies lurking in thy breast,
Whatever it bee, to mee declare."

"Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares,
For you to ryse in such a fray."

"Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of me:
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make so much of thee?"

"But Father, I will wend with you,
Unarmed and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he die."

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Erle of Westmorland was hee,
At Wetherbye they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three dogs with golden collars,
Were there sett out most royallye.

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The Half-moone shining all soe faire;
The Norton's ancyent had the Crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes, he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make,
Those noble Erles turned back againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled hee;
The uttermost walls were eathe to win,
The Erles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke,
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long ere they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rock of stone.

Then news unto leeve London came,
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our Royall Queene,
Of the Rysing in the North Countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a Royall Queene she swore,—
"I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before."

Shee caused thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
Shee caused thirty thousand men be rays'd,
To take the Earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsden;
Untill they to York Castle came,
I wiss they never stint ne blan.

Now sped thy ancyent Westmorland,
Thy Dun Bull fairie would wee spye;
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy Half-moon up on hye.

But the Dun Bull is fled and gone;
And the Half-moone vanished away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee Norton, with thine eight good sonnes,
They doomed to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
Nor them theire faire and bloominge youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight,
They cruellye bereaved of life;
And many a child made fatherless,
And widowed many a tender wife.

In strict historical fact, old Christopher Norton, however, was not executed, but escaped into Flanders, where he yet lived many years. It is also probable that not more than two or three of his sons were executed. But, in truth, the destruction of lives and estates was wide and sweeping enough. Elizabeth, who swore so like a royal queen, kept savagely her oath, that she would give them such a breakfast as they had never had in the North before. The wealthier rebels were doomed to attainder and confiscation, whilst all the severity of martial law was let loose on the miserable offenders who had nothing but their lives to lose. Above sixty persons suffered at Durham, chiefly petty constables and others who had acted under the orders of the insurgents. Executions equally sanguinary took place at Richmond, and in other places, where the rebellion had been most general; and in a tract of sixty miles from Weatherby to Newcastle, and forty broad, Sir George Bowes made it his boast that there was scarcely a village which did not witness the execution of some of the deluded offenders. But the country did not suffer merely from the severe execution of justice; the innocent were confounded with the guilty, amid the excesses of a disordered soldiery, and the defenceless peasantry were everywhere

the objects of indiscriminate outrage and plunder. The vast confiscations which followed the suppression of the rebellion, produced a more extensive change in the landed property within the bishopric than any preceding revolution since the Norman era. The princely house of Neville was overwhelmed in utter and irretrievable ruin, with all its adherents; and the immense forfeitures, the castles of Raby and Brancepeth, with all their train of dependent manors, were vested in the Crown.

Amongst the neighbouring families whose lives or estates were sacrificed on this melancholy occasion, were those of Swinburne of Cresswell, Tempest of Homeside, other branches of the Nevilles, Claxton of Old Park, Hebborne of Hardwicke, Lambert of Owton, Conyers of Layton, Smith of Nunstainton, Trollop of Thornley, Conyers of Cotham-Conyers, Blackiston, Swinnowe of Durham, Fenwick of South Shields, Claxton of Burnhall, Selwyn of Croxdale, Fenwicke of Brinkburne, Armorer of Belford, Collingwood of Abberwick, Collingwood of Etall, Horseley of Acklington, and many others.

The unfortunate noblemen fled into Scotland, where they wandered about in the wild border fastnesses, in disguise and great distress; pursued by spies, and their lives made a temptation by rewards set upon them. The Earl of Northumberland was at length betrayed by a traitorous borderer, Hector of Harelaw, to the Regent Murray, whose successor, Morton, sold him to Lord Hunsdon, governor of Berwick, and he perished on the scaffold.* The Earl of Westmoreland found a safe retreat with

* See the Ballad of Percy betrayed by Douglas in "Percy's Reliques."

Kerr of Ferniherst, and afterwards escaped into Flanders, where he entered as a colonel into the Spanish service, and protracted a life of unavailing regret, to extreme old age. The following note from Surtees gives us glimpses of more touching and stirring sorrows than are to be found even in romance, and indicate where the reader may, if disposed, see more of this subject:— "The conduct of Ferniherst, Buccleugh, and other border chiefs, who protected the English fugitives at their own imminent hazard, both against their Regent, and the threats and solicitations of England, forms a noble contrast to the villanous traitor who delivered up Northumberland. 'Th' erles rebells, and their principall confederats, do lurk and hide themselfs in the woodd and deserts of Liddisdale. Th' erles have changed their names and apparell, and ryde like the outlaws of Liddisdale.'—*Sadler*, II. 71. 'The Earl of Westmorland changed his rich armour with Jok-of-the-Side, at whose tower they left the Countess of Northumberland.'—*Cabala*, p. 160. In coarser language Mr. Secretary Cecil writes to Sadler, 25th December, 1569:—'The vermin be fledd into a forrayn covert, where I fear theves and murderors will be the hosts and mayntenors of our rebells untill the hunters be gone, and then they will pass to the seas.'—*Ibid.* 73. 'Hewme, Farniherst, Bucklough, Johnson, Sir Andro Carr, Badronlie, the Shiref of Tindaill, with a number of others, are determined to mayntayne the receipting of these rebells.'—*Hunsdon to Sussex*, 22d January, 1569; *Lodge*, II. 32. 'I hard, *vox populi*, that the Lord Regent wolde not for his own honor, nor for the honor of his country,

deliver th' arls; and if he wolde, the borderers wolde stert up in his contrary, and reave both the queene and the lords from him, for the like shame was never don in Scotland; and that he durst better eate his own luggs than come again to seke Farnyhurst. Hector of t'Harlowe's head was wished to have been eaten amongs us at supper!'—*R. Constable to Sir R. Sadler*, II. 119. The whole of Constable's detestable machinations to betray the fugitives, his conversation with the Earl and old Norton at Ferniherst, and his description of the deep distress of the unhappy Countess, form one of the most engaging parts of Sadler's negotiations, and can scarcely fail to excite, even at this distance of time, a lively feeling of interest."

Such were the events that swept away this great and ancient house, and dispersed their widely stretching and various estates into many families. Brancepeth was sold by the Crown in the reign of Charles I., and after passing through several hands, is now the property of William Russell, Esq. Raby Castle and estate were sold to Sir Henry Vane, and have descended from him, in a direct line, to their present possessor, the Duke of Cleveland.

On the 19th of May I walked over, on a fine morning, from Durham to Brancepeth. My way lay through a pleasant country; and at the distance of about four miles from Durham, the stately tower of Brancepeth rose before me. From Leland's account I expected to see the castle standing aloft on some rocky eminence or mound, as is usually the case with border towers:—"From Binchester to Braunspeth, four miles, al by mountaine ground, as is about Akeland, and not fertile of corn,

but welle wodid. . . . . The village and castelle of Braunspeth stondeth on a rokky hill, among hills higher than it." On the contrary, Brancepeth standeth on a plain, and I suppose must have done the same in honest Leland's time. I was on a slope *somewhat* higher than itself indeed, and saw, with surprise, the open and plain country in which a castle that once stood so much in the way of the Scots, and had so often been beleagured by them, was situated. It raised its wide range of turrets and battlements from a champaign, and its flag flapping in the wind, and denoting that its lord was at home, waved over rich and peaceful enclosures. How different a scene, and how suggestive of different reflections, to what it must have been to a stranger before the union of the kingdoms! Many a fierce torrent of martial Scots had the old castle of Brancepeth seen rushing from the north towards it, and had continually been sacked and destroyed by them. But now it stood restored in more than its ancient glory, in the midst of a strength and security that it never knew, even in the days of its mighty lords, the Nevilles, or when the habitation of Richard of Gloucester, who married Anne, the daughter of Warwick the king-maker.

Leland describes the castle in his time, as "strongly set and builded, and hath two courts of high building. There is a little mote that hemmith a peeice of the first court. In this court be 3 towers of lodgging, and three smaule adornments. The pleasure of the castell is in the 2 court, and entering into it by a great toure, I saw in 'scochin, in the fronte of it, a lion rampaunt. On the southe-west part of the castelle cummith

doune a little bek out o' the rokkes and hills not far off. Sum say that Rafe Navill, the first Erle of Westmerland, buildid much of this house—A.D. 1398. The Erle that now is, hath set a new peeice of work to it." Hutchinson adds:—"Within the works is a spacious area, which you enter from the north by a gate with a portcullis, and defended by two square towers. . . . The parts now inhabited lie on the south-west side of the area, and appear to have been connected by works of various ages. The original plan in that part seems to have consisted of four distinct towers, whose angles project as buttresses, with a small turret at the top of each angle, hanging on corbels, open at the sides, and not in front. . . . . Towards the north and east the castle has been defended by a moat; to the south and west, the walls rise from a rock nearly forty feet in height, washed by a small brook. The hills to the west are lofty." Much of this arrangement will apply to the castle at present, though it has been restored, or rather rebuilt, by the father of the present proprietor. You still enter by a gate with a portcullis, and see, with a pleasant surprise, the massy strength and extent of the whole place, which has been completed in the spirit and plan of the old fabric as much as possible. You behold in it with pleasure, the perfection to which the wealth of the present age carries that style of building which was dictated by the necessities of a former and more rude one. You advance through ample courts, surrounded by walls and towers that seem to bid defiance to every power but that of gunpowder. All is clean, bright, stately, and strong, and everywhere you behold in the

arrangement and the different ornaments of the pile, the taste and the affluence of the present age, which gives a finish to its works in the true spirit, but beyond even the art of the original builders.

I was fortunate enough to find Mr. Russell at home, and with the genuine courtesy of the English gentleman, he conducted me himself over the whole princely place, pointed out its various arrangements, and embellishments; named the artists and architects who had contributed to make it what it is, and pressed me to take refreshment, before we proceeded to make a survey of the surrounding scenes. This, indeed, is one of the noblest houses in the country. The rooms are splendid, and furnished with corresponding taste and richness. The entrance hall is very fine. In it stands the suit of armour, still richly inlaid with gold, said to be that of David Bruce, king of Scotland, taken at Neville's Cross. The hall has large oaken seats, or sofas, if they may be so called, the arms of which terminate with large and well-carved boars' or brawns' heads, in allusion to the legend of the huge brawn, said once to have haunted this spot, and to have been killed by one of its lords, and thus giving its name to the place—The Brawn's-path.

Mr. Russell has, in his Baron's Hall, a fine collection of armour and arms of all sorts. He remarked, what has been also generally remarked in these cases, that when applied to by gentlemen for the loan of suits of armour to wear at the Eglington Tournament, few could be found capacious enough for the persons who wanted them; a convincing proof, at least, if any

were needed, that men have not decreased in size, any more than in numbers, in modern times, in whatever other respects they may have degenerated. The windows of this and other rooms are finely painted by Collins. They contain the appropriate subjects of the Battle of Neville's Cross; full-length figures of the first Earl of Westmoreland and his lady; and of the Black Prince and Joan Beaufort. There is a long gallery containing the jacks, steel caps, muskets and swords, of a troop of cavalry mounted by the late Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell shewed me that the locks were all taken off the muskets, for fear of a surprise by the Chartists. When one looked round at the strength and massiveness of these walls, and that great portcullis, one could not help thinking that nothing *but* a surprise need inspire a fear of Chartists; and yet, what a strange change of times, and subjects of terror—no longer the Scots of the Border, but the operatives of those great towns, of which the Nevilles in their day knew nothing!

In the house are some good paintings, particularly a large one of a Boar-hunt, said to be by Snyders—very fine; and Diana and Nymphs bathing.

The country around is rich and pleasant. In the church are various monuments of the Nevilles.

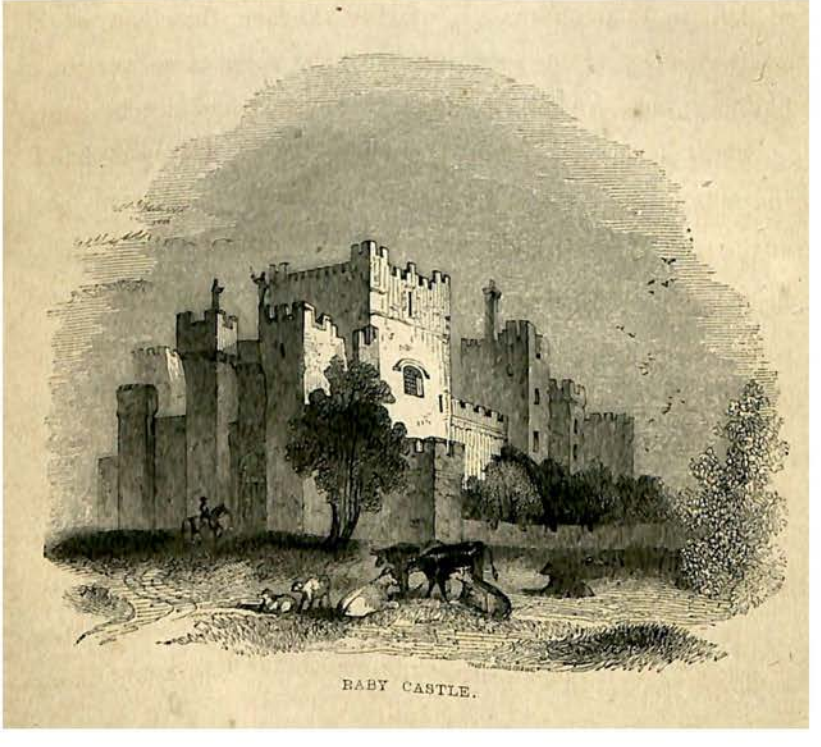
To reach Raby, we will return to Durham, and thence on our way will drop down a moment to take a hasty glance at the palace of the Bishop of Durham, at Aukland. This is a palace indeed! It stands on the hill above the town, which the prelatical residence seems in a great measure to have created, and

makes you feel at once, that in this country not only the merchants, but the prelates are still princes. The palace must be looked at as a whole, and not with too scrutinizing an eye to the character of its architecture, which is of various dates, all modern, and some of it not of the purest character. It is sufficient that it claims to be classed as Gothic. But as a habitation it is a splendid one—its situation, with hills and green sloping lawns, rocks, woods, and water, is very beautiful. It contains some noble rooms, and some fine paintings, as—Jacob and the twelve Patriarchs, by Spagnoletto; the Cornaro Family, by Titian; and others. This lovely site was selected by the bold bishop Anthony Bek, for a retreat, and here he built a fine castellated manor-house. At the time of the Commonwealth, it fell into the hands of Sir Arthur Haselrigge, who was not too much devoted to the republic to neglect accumulating large spoils of the confiscated property in these parts. He destroyed the old buildings, and raised himself a splendid house here, which, however, on the Restoration, was again pulled down by Bishop Cousins, and has been raised by others of his successors to its present condition and greatness.

As we proceed towards Barnard Castle, we suddenly come into view of the castle of Raby. The road brings us within a few hundred yards of it. Its grey extent of towers rises before us, with its park, well peopled with herds of deer, stretching around it. Comparatively flat again as is the situation, and which would seem to have been better liked by the Nevilles than more hilly and romantic ones, there is nothing that we

recollect to have seen anywhere which impresses us at the first view with a stronger feeling of the old feudal grandeur. It stands in its antiquity and vastness, the fitting abode of the mighty Nevilles. We can almost imagine that we shall find them still inhabiting it. The royal Joan, walking with her maidens on the green terrace that surrounds it, or the first great Earl of Westmoreland setting out with all his train, to scour its wide chases and dales for the deer, or to proceed to the Marches to chastise the boldness of the Scots. The exterior of the whole place has been well preserved in its true ancient character; it is the great, grey, and stately feudal castle,

With all its lands and towers.



BABY CASTLE.

Pennant, when he visited it, had a proper feeling of its exterior. "It is a noble, massy building of its kind, uninjured by any modern strokes inconsistent with the general taste of the edifice; but, simply magnificent, it strikes by its magnitude, and that idea of strength and command naturally annexed to the view of vast walls, lofty towers, battlements, and the surrounding outworks of an old baron's residence. The building itself, besides the courts, covers an acre of land; the size may from this be concluded. The south front is very beautiful; the centre is from a design of Inigo Jones; nothing in the Gothic taste can be more elegant than the style and proportion of the windows. The rooms are very numerous, and more modern in their proportion and distribution than one would easily conceive to be possible within the walls of so ancient a building; but by means of numerous passages and closets, many of which have been scooped out of the walls, and back-stairs, the apartments are extremely convenient, well connected, and at the same time perfectly distinct. Several improvements have been lately made, which add greatly to the spaciousness and convenience of the apartments in general. The bed-chambers and dressing-rooms are of a good size and proportion, and some of the lower apartments large, and elegantly fitted up. One of the drawing-rooms is thirty feet by twenty, and the adjoining dining-room is fifty-one by twenty-one; the windows of both of plate glass, and in the smallest and lightest of brass frames," etc.

It is, in fact, this complete adaptation to modern uses and splendour, which disappoints one in the interior of Raby.

The exterior is so fine, so feudal, so antiquely great, that when we step in and find ourselves at once in modern drawing-rooms, with silken couches and gilt cornices, the Nevilles and their times vanish. We forget again that we are at Raby, the castle of the victims of Neville's Cross, and of Joan, the daughter of John of Gaunt, and feel that we are only in the saloons of the modern Duke of Cleveland. We revert to the quaint description of Leland, and wish that we could see it as he did. "Ràby is the largest castel of loggínges in all the north countery, and is of a strong building; but not set either on hill, or very strong ground. As I enterid by a causey into it, there was a litle stayre on the right honde; and in the first area, were but two towers on a ech ende as entres, and no other buildid. In the 2 area, as in entring was a great gate of iren, with a tour, and 2 or 3 mo on the right hond. These were all the three toures of the 3 court, as in the hart of the castel. The haul and al the houses of offices be large and stately, and in the haul I saw an incredible great leame of an hart. The great chambre was exceeding large, but now it is fals rofid, and divided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a litle chambre wherein was in windowes of colorid glasse al the petigre of the Nevilles; but it is now taken down and glasid with clere glasse. Ther is a tour in the castel having the mark of 2 capitale B's for Bertram Bulmer. Ther is another towr bering the name of Jane, bastard sister to Henry IV., and wife to Rafe Neville, the first Erl of Westmerland. Ther' long 3 parkes to Raby, whercof 2 be plenished with dere. The midle park hath a lodge in it; and thereby is a

chace, bering the name of Langeley, and hath fallowe dere. It is a 3 miles in length."

It is, in fact, these old towers; these old courts; this great baronial hall, and the kitchen, that are the objects of real interest in Raby; remnants of its antiquity, the cotemporaries of those who stamped them with the feeling of belonging to them and their fortunes. The Cliffords' tower, and the tower of Bertram Bulmer, let us ascend to them, and gaze over the parks and glades of Raby, to the far distant scenes that once formed the princely possessions of the Nevilles. Near the top of this tower, which stands separated from the rest of the building, and to which you ascend by eighty-nine steps, are raised those old letters, the initials of Bertram Bulmer, mentioned by Leland, and a splendid prospect south eastward lies before you. Conscliff, Darlington, Sadberge, Long-Newton, Stockton, with the Cleveland Hills and "Black" Hamilton. From other points of the castle you catch equally noble and far views—the distant mountains of Hope and Arkendale, and westward the vale filled with the woods of Streatlam and Lady Close.

Carriages can pass through the large Gothic saloon, or entrance hall, into the interior court. Above the saloon is the old baronial hall, which forms one side of the square of the inner area. It is of the most magnificent proportions—ninety feet in length, thirty-six in breadth, and thirty-four in height. The roof is flat, and made of wood; the joints ornamented with shields of arms of the family of the Nevilles. Here, it is said, assembled in their time, 700 knights who held of that family.

A gallery of stone crosses the west end of this room used in ancient times for music, and that mimicry with which our ancestors were so much pleased. Unfortunately, here again our notions of the old times are completely disturbed. This roof, which no doubt is of real oak, is now smartly painted oak; and this hall, which should only display massy furniture, suits of armour, and arms and banners properly disposed, is converted into a museum of stuffed birds, Indian dresses, and a heap of things which may be better and more numerously seen elsewhere. In fact, any ordinary room of this many-roomed castle might have served this need. The kitchen, however, remains in all its huge and unalloyed antiquity. "It is," says Pennant, "a magnificent and lofty square; has three chimneys—one for the grate, a second for stoves, the third for the great cauldrons. The top is arched, and a small cupola lights it in the centre; but on the sides are five windows, with a gallery passing all round before them, and four steps from each pointing down into the kitchen, but ending a great height above the floor. There has been many conjectures respecting their use, but they certainly must have been in some manner for the conveying away of viands. From the floor is another staircase, that conducts to the great hall, but the passage is now stopped. What hecatombs must have been carried that way!" To this account must be added, that the kitchen is a square of thirty feet; the side where no chimney is, opens into the larders; opposite to the grate, the steps descend to the floor, and are wide enough for three persons abreast. On each of the other sides, to the

right and left of the grate, are two windows, with five steps descending, but not low enough to enable the persons who should stand thereon to receive anything from those in the kitchen. There are narrow passages channeled in the walls, but not capacious enough, we conceive, to allow a person to bear a dish of provisions for the 700 knights and retainers of the Nevilles. Yet we may very well imagine, that in the hurry and confusion of such a dining, those windows and descending steps might be very serviceable for the delivery of orders, and the passages in the walls for enabling one bustling person to avoid another. Besides, they might have some contrivance by a pulley or so, to raise the dishes to the persons on the steps. Be that as it may, the kitchen is a right ancient and singular relic of the genuine baronial time.

The park has many fine woods, glades, and lawns, and gives prospects of far beauty, but its aspect partakes of the character of the interior of the castle—newness. We are surprised to see so little timber bearing a relative antiquity to the castle. The trees are comparatively young. You see groups and plantations of a very modern date. The whole has the air rather of a place new made, than of one old as the days of Canute, who is said to have built some part of the original house. You do not see those old, grey, and gnarled oaks around that you see in the forests of Sherwood, Needwood—Chartley and other parks. It seems as if some great revolution, as is the fact, had passed over it; and that in its days of change, the axe of the spoiler had laid low its ancient forests. The castle looks like a grey

patriarch left amid a more juvenile race. Let us rejoice that the strong walls of the stout old Nevilles have defied the ravages of politics as well as of time, and that future generations may see in them a fine example of what the habitation of the great old English noble was. For my part, I looked on the old house with eyes of affection. It had, through the beautiful ballad of the "Hermit of Warkworth," been to me a dream of youthful poetry. I was carried back into the days when at school we chanted that lovely poem over, day by day, under sunny walls and in our walks, and even at night when we should have been asleep. There was in it a spirit so pure, so refined, so delicate, so full of beauty, of love, and of heroic magnanimity, that it mingled itself entirely with the pulses of our hearts, because our hearts were then like it in soul, in temperament, and in imaginative freedom. What dales of Northumberland—what mountains, and glens, and chieftains' towers of Scotland, did it not bring to our spirit's vision! With what eagerness did we follow the forlorn Sir Bertram and his brother, in their northern quest for the lost fair Isabel of Widrington. How did we weep over the catastrophe!—and when the young Earl Percy and his lovely bride, of the house of Neville, appeared for our comfort, how earnestly did we follow the venerable prior who, to propitiate the princely parents of Eleanor,

> Then straight to Raby's distant walls
> Did kindly wend his way!

And how many times did we clap our hands as we learnt that

> Mean time their suit such favour found
> At Raby's stately hall;
> Earl Neville and his princely spouse
> Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,
The royal grace implored;
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restored!

Mr. Surtees has written a ballad full of the true spirit of that composition, suggested by a scene in Raby Park—Langley Dale; a beautiful dale, and ancient chase, belonging to Raby Castle. An old tower, close by the park, is said to have been the residence of a mistress of the last Earl of Westmoreland. Mr. Surtees' ballad, however, rather connects itself with the general circumstance of "The Rising of the North," than with this particular incident, and, like "The Flowers of the Forest," perpetuates a natural and beautiful sentiment, which must have been deeply and long felt, on beholding Raby after that fatal event. With this poem we will close our Visit to Raby.

LANGLEY DALE.

As I down Raby Park did pass,
I heard a fair maid weep and wail,
The chiefest of her song it was,
Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale.

The bonny mavis cheers his love,
The throstlecock sings in the glen;
But I must never hope to rove
Within sweet Langley Dale again.

The wild-rose blushes in the brae,
The primrose shows its blossom pale;
But I must bid adieu for aye,
To all the joys of Langley Dale.

The days of mirth and peace are fled,
Youth's golden locks to silver turn;
Each northern flowret droops its head
By Marwood Chase and Langley Burn.

False Southrons crop each lovely flower,
And throw their blossoms to the gale;
Our foes have spoilt the sweetest bower—
Alas! for bonny Langley Dale.

VISIT TO DARLINGTON AND SOCKBURN.

The little West Auckland Railway soon set me down, after leaving Raby, in the town of Darlington. Though this is an old place, having a fine church built by the celebrated Hugh Pudsey, and rich lands, held principally under the rich see of Durham, it is not my intention to linger much amongst its antiquities. The old episcopal palace is, I believe, now converted into a workhouse, and many other old things here have been compelled to give way to the new. The place is now far more of the present times than the past. Its character is that of active industry, and accumulation of capital by modern arts and speculations. Railways, of which the Darlington and Stockton was the first in the kingdom, coal mines, woollen mills, and such things, are what have given a *status* and a spirit to Darlington. One great feature of the place is the number of the Society of Friends who reside here, and whose houses and grounds bear testimony to the fact that they have neither been asleep nor improvident. As the clergy in a cathedral town give the *ton*, and seem to have comfortably sate themselves down just on the particular spots that a fine eye to the picturesque and the agreeable would instinctively notice, so here the Friends have shewn a similar and equally good taste. Wherever you see a large house in a pleasant location, and surrounded by extensive

and beautiful pleasure-grounds, you may say, "That belongs to a Friend," and you are pretty sure to be right.

But there is this difference between the Clergy and the Friends. The former have had their paradises chosen for them ages ago by the old monks, who had the organs of *place*, of *inhabitiveness*, and of *adhesiveness*, very finely developed, without the necessity of any phrenologists being then alive to tell the public that such organs existed. The clergy since have had nothing to do but to *reside;* the Friends, on the contrary, have been born in the enlightened modern times, when phrenology *did* exist, and have added to these other organs, the one discovered by this science as very large in modern heads—*acquisitiveness*,—and they have accordingly, most of them, made their fortunes by their own right hands. It must be allowed at the same time that the Friends, and amongst them conspicuously the Darlington Friends, have been as free to distribute their wealth for the public good, as to acquire it for their own. They are active in all works of public interest and improvement, though in this particular it may shrewdly be said that they find such matters by no means inimical to their own interests. But beyond these, it is the glory of the Friends that they have ever been amongst the foremost, the most persevering and undaunted advocates of the oppressed, who have nothing but their prayers and blessings to give in return. In opposition to war and to slavery of every kind, they have always stood firm and active champions. Amongst these, the Friends of Darlington have ever been prominent. One of them, James Backhouse, is

just now returned from a nine years' travel and sojourn amongst the convicts and natives of Australia and Africa; and to another, Joseph Pease, sen., we owe the formation of a society—that of British India, which if properly supported by the public, would confer more blessings on the population, both of this country and of the Indian Peninsula, than it has ever yet been the privilege of human nature to work out;—might save to this country the finest possessions which ever were put under the control of another nation;—might extinguish slavery all over the world, by the vast products of the free labour of a hundred millions of fellow-subjects which it would pour into the market; and by correspondent demands for the labour of our artizans on this account;—might wipe from the hands of Britain some of the deepest and the foulest stains of blood and oppression that cling to, and that paralyze them,—and might yet raise from the slough of despair, and the fear of anarchy, this great empire, by enabling it to employ its wretched thousands of artizans, and pointing out an escape from its debts and distractions. This is much to predicate; but it is the simplest, at the same time that it is the awfulest of truths, as it regards our national fortunes and moral responsibilities; and he who will inquire into it, will soon find that, as a man and an Englishman, he ought to be up and to the rescue of British India.

One of the most remarkable characters of the present day I recognised in Darlington, in the person of my old schoolmaster, Joseph Sams. I well remembered him, because he caned me twice at school for running errands for him; but since then

he had made a great journey into the East in quest of Biblical MSS., and here he was, no longer swaying the pedagogic sceptre, but surrounded by quaint and curious books. In listening to his narrative, I forgot the canings, and felt quite ready to run another errand for him, even at the risk of a third rap on the knuckles. He had been in Egypt, mounted one of the pyramids, and wrote a letter thence home; went up into Upper Egypt and the Lybian Desert; across the Red Sea, where the Israelites crossed it; and followed their track along the Wilderness, verifying, as he went, the different locations. He came to Mara, and found, to his cost, that the waters were still bitter; thus, as he said, the more completely proving the truth of the Mosaic account—the sweetening of the waters, by the miracle of the time, being only effected for the temporary purpose of the Israelites, and the Well being left again to its natural influences.

He mounted Horeb and Sinai; went on into Palestine; visited Jerusalem, and every spot around it that had been trodden by, and illustrated the History of Christ; swimming twice across the Jordan, and bringing a bottle of the water with him, part of which he has yet; having, however, given a few vials of it away. He then returned into Egypt the way that the sons of Jacob went to buy corn during the famine. He kept a journal, which he has, however, never published; and all this he did long before so many people were running hither and thither, making no more of going to gather dates in Syria than a citizen used to do of going to get a cucumber in his suburban garden; and what Wilkinson and Rossalini have since made very familiar to the reader, were here locked up in Joseph Sams's journal.

I found him in his Armenian cap, and looking considerably eastern. He told me that he has an exhibition room in London, where he keeps the curiosities collected in his travels, including mummies, and other relics of times that seem to belong rather to dreamland than to reality. He has there two signets of the Pharaohs, taken out of their tombs; one of great value, for which he had been bidden a hundred guineas. He related much concerning the modes of Egyptian burials, as that every profession and rank had their distinguishing signs buried with them. A warrior, some of his weapons; a king, his signet; a baker, some of his bread, of which he had a piece, of an equal date with that which Sarah baked for the sages under the oak of Mamre; a loaf of which now must be rather toughish nibbling. In a farmer's coffin was put wheat; and he had some as old, or older, than that with which Joseph filled the sacks of his brethren.

Such are the singular circumstances of life. We went back, and talked of the old school-days; of teachers and scholars that were familiar to us both. What a vacuum! What numbers had gone a longer journey than to Jerusalem or Egypt! And here were we, after more than thirty years, met—not to act over again the running errands and the canings for it, but to talk of sitting on the top of pyramids, in the tents of Arabs, traversing the Wilderness of Sin, swimming in the Jordan, eating figs in Bethlehem, and smoking in the Convent of Mount Carmel, just as if these famous places lay somewhere about the Land's End, or in the Channel Islands.

The country about Darlington has nothing romantic in it;

but it is rich and pleasant, and has in the neighbourhood many of those sweet riverside scenes which abound, and yet are so little observed by travellers, in the north-eastern counties of England. Under the guidance of my young friend, John Pease, jun., I walked to Sockburn, the ancient seat of the old family of the Conyers, and the scene of the tradition of the Sockburn Worm, or Wyvern. In going or returning we passed through Hurworth; a village where formerly lived Emmerson—a rough fellow, but the first mathematician of his age, and which, as if the taste had been propagated by him, is distinguished by the greatest number of sun-dials on the points of its houses of perhaps any village in the kingdom. We passed also the singular pools, three in number, called the Hell-kettles, and strolled through the wood of Dinsdale up to the knees in spring grass, bluebells, and primroses.

The whole of the scenery of this neighbourhood lying on the banks of the circling Tees, is of the most retired, reposing, and calmly beautiful character. The manor of Sockburn is a long projecting peninsula, the most southern point of the county, around which the Tees sweeps with its swift clear waters. Surtees, with his true feeling of nature, describes in a sentence or two, the character of this sweet valley. "Two families of ancient gentry, and the little female monastery of Nesham, possessed the whole of this green peninsula. The minute parochial divisions of the district prove its early settlement and cultivation. No fairer spot could attract the notice of a Norman soldier; and nowhere were his descendants more likely to

transmit their possessions in deep hereditary peace. The knights of the Tees might mingle in the Border warfare; but the bugle horn of an assailant would seldom startle the inmates of their quiet halls. Their mansions stood without tower or fort. Dinsdale had only its fosse; and Sockburn on its level lawn was guarded only by the circling sweep of the Tees. The sale of the estates to wealthy families, already possessed of hereditary seats, has occasioned, within the last century, the desertion of these ancient halls and quiet fields, which now breathe a spirit of even deeper retirement."

The family of Conyers is one of the oldest of the North. It claims, though of Norman name, to be older than the Norman Conquest. Its early heads were stout warriors, and one of them, Roger, was made by the Conqueror constable of Durham Castle, and keeper of the arms of the soldiers therein; a post afterwards secured to him by Bishop Carileph, and to his family *in perpetuo*. Another, Roger Conyers, it was who compelled the notorious Scotch intruder Comyn, who had seized on the temporalities of the see, and set the bishop at defiance, to submission; gave the bishop shelter in his house; and afterwards led him in triumph into Durham, where Comyn was glad to come down on his knees, and in humble penitence to sue to the prelate for pardon. But the manor of Sockburn is most remarkable for being the location of one of those Worm or Dragon stories so prevalent in these northern counties. The manor is still held under the Bishop of Durham by knight's service, and the following ceremony. At the first entrance of the Bishop, the Lord of Sock-

burn, or his agent, meets him in the middle of the river Tees when the water is fordable, otherwise on Croft Bridge, when he presents a falchion to the bishop, as an emblem of his temporal power, and repeats the following words:—"My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion, wherewith the champion Conyers slew the *worm, dragon,* or *fiery flying serpent,* which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that, upon the very first entrance of every bishop into the county, this falchion should be presented." The bishop then takes the falchion into his hand, and immediately returns it to the person that presented it, wishing the Lord of Sockburn health, and a long enjoyment of the manor.

In the ancient pedigree of the family of the Conyers, it is set forth, that—"Sir John Conyer, who slew the monstrous, venomous, and poysonous *wyvern, ask,* or *worm,* which overthrew and devoured many people in fight, and the scent of the poison was so strong, that no person might abide it, and hee, by pr'vidence of Almighty God, overthrew it, and lieth buried at Sockburn, before the Conquest; but, before he did enterprise, went to the church in complete armour, and offered up his sonne to the Holy Ghost. Which monuments are yet to see; also the place where the serpent lay is called *Greystone.*"

Unfortunately for the correctness of some of the details of this legend, the falchion bears on one side of the hilt, three lions of England guardant, which were not borne till the reign of King John, and could not therefore well have belonged to a hero

before the Conquest; and the figure in the church shewn as that of the veritable Sir John Conyers who slew the Worm, is in chain armour, has his legs crossed, and therefore does not date higher than the Crusades; and, in fact, is said by Leland to be the effigy of Sir John Coniers, who married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Bromflete, in the reign of Henry VI.

These facts, however, do not invalidate of themselves the story of the Worm; they only shew how circumstances and instruments are engrafted on these old stories, to perpetuate them. These stories of worms, or dragons, are amongst the most curious subjects of antiquarian inquiry. In almost all countries and ages they have prevailed. The oldest writers, sacred and profane, introduce dragons, and such creatures, as actual and existent things. Job calls himself "a brother of dragons, and a companion of owls." The later Scriptures continually speak of the dragons of destroyed cities, and waste places of the earth. Herodotus tells us of the griffins, a species of dragon, which guarded the gold in the plains of Caucasus, from the thievish Arimaspians. The monsters of the ancient Greeks; the Hydra and Chimera; the Serpent of the Hesperides; the Serpents of Laocoon; the monstrous Serpent, which the Roman historian tells us contended the passage of a river in Africa with Regulus: these, and the same creatures in the Arabian and Persian tales, all point out the universality of the belief in such creatures. But nowhere do they abound more than in the heroic legends of the Teutons and Scandinavians. Spreading from Asia with these nations, and meeting the legends

of the Greeks and Romans, they have diffused themselves over the whole of Europe, even amongst the Italians, as the poems of Ariosto and Tasso, and the old romancers, bear plenty of evidence. Many writers, of late years, seeing how many of these dragons have been located in the north of Europe, and at comparatively recent dates, have adopted the conclusion that they were only heraldic bearings on the shields or on the crests of northern fierce warriors, who, being slain by others, were figuratively spoken of as dragons and wyverns. Supposing this even in some degree to be the case, it still does not account for the original introduction of, and belief in, the dragon. Those armorial bearings had an origin; and what so probable as that the origin was the actual destruction of actual dragons, or monstrous serpents? The modern discoveries of geology have shewn us that there once existed in the megalosaurus, iguanodon, mosasaurus, ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, etc., monsters of this description far more gigantic and horrible than romance ever feigned, some of them no less than seventy feet in length, armed with claws, and having mouths of the most terrible powers. Who shall say when the last of these ceased to exist, or to what monstrous bulk and fierceness some of these serpents in the wastes and morasses of old Europe, even within the period of human history, may not have attained? Nothing, however, is more curious in these matters than the entire agreement between the creatures, the localities ascribed to them, and the feats of those who slew them, in the English and the German legends. St. George and the Dragon is to a great degree the

prototype of them all. We have there the monster grown to such a size and force that he ravages whole districts, scatters the people in terror, makes daily demands of victims, and carries off, to devour them, the most beautiful maidens. What is essential to the monster's growth, is water, and sleep in the sunshine, and often plenty of cows' milk. The heroes of the Niebelungen Lied, and the heroes of the North of England, find the dragon always under the same circumstances—on the banks of rivers, generally with mountains around, but always with a mound on which to coil himself up, and there to sun himself. There is, moreover, also a well of particularly fine water, in which he passes the most agreeable hours of his youth and growth. It is thus with the dragon of the Drachenfells—literally "dragon-rocks"—on the Rhine, which the Horned Siegfried slew, and thereby rescued the Princess of Wurms: thus with the dragon which Tristram slew in Ireland, and thereby won Isalda, the king's daughter. Schiller, who has woven all the striking characteristics of the dragon stories into his Battle of the Dragon, has described his monster as growing in this manner. But what is more singular, is, that in England we have preserved the word of the Germans, which was brought over by our German ancestors, for these creatures. It is Der Wurm—the Worm of the Germans, and it is still the *Worm* of the North of England, although a dragon does not correspond very much with our modern ideas of a worm. It is the Worm of Lambton, the Worm of Sockburn, the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh, near Bamborough; the Wode-

Worm of Wormiston, near Linton, in Roxburghshire, etc.* Did it happen that the people of the North preserved more of their Saxon language, or did their wilder regions permit the more frequent growth of these creatures? There is some truth, probably, in both cases; and if we only reflect how much the imagination can do in simple people, we may very well suppose that an overgrown serpent, in most or all of these cases, might really exist, only deriving abundant exaggerations and sundry attributes, as wings and flaming breath, from the terror of the ignorant populace.

Some of these worms are in the legends represented as fair ladies, transformed into worms by the power of envious witchcraft, like the Fair Melusina, or as the Lamia in the story of Apollonius, so beautifully amplified by Keats; or the Daughter of Hippocrates, in the island of Lemnos, by Leigh Hunt,—which are all to be recovered by a kiss. The Laidley Worm was of this description; and we may as well introduce it here while we are on the subject. The king of Bamborough had a fair daughter who was transformed into this laidley or loathsome worm by her malicious step-mother. In her distress, and hating to be seen, she betook herself to the rocks of Spindleston Heugh, a few miles from Bamborough, and not far from Budle Sands.

* The Dragon of Wantley is a burlesque, written on the model of these stories; and in reality, Sir Stuart Wortley, who threw down villages and enclosures to increase his park, was the dragon; and so "houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys," and the tenements of More of More Hall, and the other independent freeholders, were most literally—"The stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack," etc.

THE LAIDLEY WORM OF SPINDLESTON HEUGHS.

A Song Five Hundred Years old;
Made by the old Mountain Bard, Duncan Frazier, living on Cheviot, A.D. 1270.

[*From an ancient Manuscript.*]

The King is gone from Bambrough Castle:
Long may the Princess mourn;
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
And with her she has them ta'en;
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
She tripped into the yard;
But it was more for the king's sake,
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king
Brought the queen with him home;
And all the lords in our country,
To welcome them did come.

O! welcome father! the lady cries,
Unto your halls and bowers;
And so are you, my stepmother,
For all that is here is yours.

A lord said, wondering while she spake—
This Princess of the North
Surpasses all of female kind,
In beauty and in worth.

The envious queen replied, At least
You might have excepted me;
In a few hours I will her bring
Down to a low degree.

I will liken her to a Laidley Worm,
That warps about the stone,
And not till Childy Wynd comes back,
Shall she again be won.

The Princess stood at her bower door,
  Laughing; who could her blame?
But ere the next day's sun went down,
  A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,
  And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
  So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows—
  It was costly her to keep—
Was brought her daily, which she drank,
  Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave
  Which held her folded up,
And the stone trough, the very same,
  Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
  And word is gone over the sea,
That a Laidley Worm in Spindleston Heugh
  Would ruin the North Countrie.

Word went east, and word went west,
  And over the sea did go;
The Childy Wynd got wit of it,
  Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,
  They thirty were and three;
I wish I were at Spindleston
  This desperate Worm to see.

We have no time now here to waste,
  Hence quickly let us sail;
My only sister Margaret,
  Something I fear doth ail.

They built a ship without delay,
  With masts of the rowan tree,
With fluttering sails of silk so fine,
  And set her on the sea.

They went on board: the wind with speed
Blew them along the deep;
At length they spied a huge square tower,
On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the water clear,
When they approached nigher,
King Ida's castle well they knew,
And the banks of Bambroughshire.

The queen looked out at her bower window,
To see what she could see:
There she espied a gallant ship,
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails
Full glancing in the sun,
To sink the ship she sent away
Her witch-wives every one.

Their spells were vain: the hags returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rowan-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,
Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ship,
But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
She plaited round the stane;
And aye as the ship came to the land,
She banged her off again.

The Childe then ran out of her reach,
The ship on Budle Sand;
And jumping into the shallow sea,
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry-brown sword,
And laid it on her head;
And swore if she did harm to him,
That he would strike her dead.

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow
And give me kisses three;
For though I am a poisonous Worm,
No hurt will I do to thee.

Oh! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
If I'm not won ere the sun go down,
Won I shall never be.

He sheathed his sword, and bent his bow,
And gave her kisses three,—
She crept into the cave a worm,
But stepped out a ladie!

No cloathing had this lady fine,
To keep her from the cold;
He took his mantle from him about
And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,
And it he wrapped her in,
And they are up to Bambrough Castle,
As fast as they can win.

His absence, and her serpent-shape,
The king had long deplored;
He now rejoiced to see them both
Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found
All pale and sore afraid,
Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wynd's, who said:—

Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
An ill death mayst thou die;
As thou my sister hast likened,
So likened shalt thou be.

I will turn thee into a toad,
That on the ground doth wend;
And won, won shalt thou never be,
Till this world hath an end.

Now on the sand, near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad,
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town,
Will swear that they have seen
This spiteful toad of monstrous size,
Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire
This story to be true,
And they all run to Spindleston,
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frazier,
Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme;
Lest Bamboroughshire men should forget,
Some part of it in time.

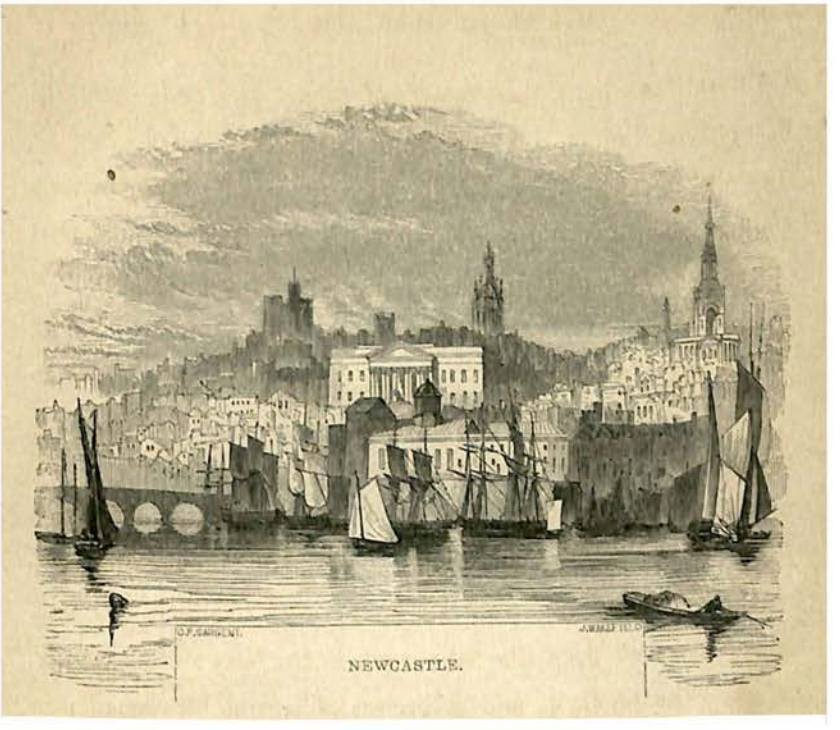
This ballad, which Hutchinson says was presented to him by the Rev. Mr. Lamb of Norham, appears to have been modernized, and does not agree with other traditions, that represent the knight as coming on horseback to the rocks at Spindleston Heugh; and there, while he went to attack the worm, flinging the bridle over an isolated tall piece of rock which yet stands there, and is still called the Bridle-stone. Another part of the ballad has been recently falsified by a farmer, who cares neither for ballad nor legend, but has destroyed the cave and the trough, and pulled down part of the rocks themselves, and burnt them into lime.

The localities of the Worm of Sockburn have also undergone of late great changes. Mr. Surtees says, "of the house of Conyers not one stone is now left upon another. The little church, standing lonely on its level green, has survived the halls

of its ancient patrons." Such are the changes of a few years, that *now* a house again has sprung up, and the old church has nearly, if not entirely, vanished. The estate has been some time in the family of the Blacketts. Sir Thomas Conyers, the last male of his ancient house, died in 1810. He was in the workhouse of Chester-le-Street, where Surtees interested himself to raise a subscription in order to have him removed to a more suitable place; where he ended his days soon after in comfort. Mr. Blackett, the present possessor of Sockburn, is a young man. He has erected a handsome Elizabethan mansion there, which to my eye, wanted nothing but a wife to make it perfectly complete; but the ancient church which, as Surtees remarked, stood lonely on its green, he had nearly pulled down when I was there. I entreated him by all means to leave what remained of it standing, as it was a remnant of such high antiquity, and contained the ashes and memorials of the Conyers; representing to him that ivy would soon run over it, and render it an object venerably picturesque as seen from the windows. He appeared at the moment to assent to these views, but whether Sockburn church has entirely vanished from the scene or not, I cannot tell. Just below it, near the margin of the river, is the Well to which they say the worm came to receive the milk that was given it, to bathe itself, and return.

In returning from Sockburn up the valley, we were struck both with the pastoral beauty and with the air of early habitation of the scene. The Tees swept round the meads of Sockburn in one of those fine circles for which it is so remarkable, and

luxuriant trees hung their masses of foliage here and there, full of a profound quiet. We passed the remains of the old Manor-house of Dinsdale, the original seat of the family of Surtees, amid its ancient orchards, and traces of once extensive buildings; passed a great salmon-wear, an old mill, the stone pillars of a gateway, that led to nothing; and past long extents of massy garden walls, the houses once belonging to which had vanished. Probably one of these was Neasham Hall, and one the site of the Nunnery of Neasham. Whatever they were, they were all indications of this quiet and hidden region having once been inhabited by wealthy families, whose lives might here pass as a dream, and who have now all disappeared together, like one. The grass grew deep; the birds sung in the lofty and slumbrous woods; the bluebells and primroses of spring blossomed profusely on hedge-row banks, and in the cool damp woodlands; but the worshipping nuns, the old squires and knights, with all their deeds of prowess and dragon legends, were departed, and yet seemed to have left a silence, as of their absence, behind them. The vales had still all the feeling of the past, and of the monastic upon them.



NEWCASTLE.

VISIT TO NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

NEWCASTLE is one of the most remarkable towns of the British empire. Mr. Sopwith, in his compendious little Guide, says, "a rapid glance over the history of Newcastle presents three marked and peculiar characteristics—War, Religion, and Commerce." The three things which now will rather strike the mind of the visitor, are—its history, its coal, and its improvements.

Newcastle, as might be expected from its situation, has stood in the centre of many of the martial tempests that for ages ravaged this noble island; and especially those to which it was exposed from the hostility between England and Scotland. To

say nothing of the various contests of Romans, Britons, Danes, and Normans, many a fierce tempest of wars has raged round its walls,—from the Scotch against the English, or the English against one another; from one claimant of the crown against another; and even from the subjects against their monarch. Amongst these events, some of the most curious are those which occurred in the time of the Edwards. Besides warlike transactions, Newcastle witnessed in those earlier ages many a festive scene, when monarchs and their queens here

In weeds of peace bright triumphs held.

Here David I. of Scotland, in the reign of Stephen, made himself master; obliged the people to swear allegiance to the Empress Maude, and kept his head-quarters in the town, till a truce was entered into with Stephen. Here John of England and William the Lion of Scotland had a conference in the year 1209. Here again Alexander of Scotland and his Queen came in 1235-6, and had a conference with the King of England, on a demand made by the Scotch, for the restitution of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. Here Baliol, having sworn fealty to Edward I. at Norham, on Christmas-day, did homage to Edward in the hall of the castle; and in four years after, the king had to march back through Newcastle on his way to Scotland, to chastise the Scots for endeavouring to cast off their humiliating yoke. In 1299, William Wallace made one of his inroads into England, and wasted Northumberland as far as the walls of Newcastle, on which he made many vehement attacks, but was as often repulsed by the valour

of the inhabitants. Here, in 1312, the weak Edward II. was nearly surprised with his favourite Gavestone, who was afterwards seized and beheaded. Edward's unhappy queen was meantime staying at Tynemouth, whither the Earl of Lancaster, the prisoner of the favourite, sent her a message of condolence. Five years afterwards, Edward here suffered a worse disgrace, in having to conclude a truce with the Scots, who had wrested from him all that his father had won in their country with much iron tyranny and bloodshed. The year after, a vain attempt at a permanent peace was made here—two nuncios of the Pope, and two envoys from Philip of France, besides the English and Scotch commissioners, being present. In 1322, Edward was again here, on his way to perpetrate one more disastrous campaign in an attempt to wrest Norham Castle from Robert Bruce. Various similar affairs took place here during the contests with the Edwards for Scotland; amongst which Edward Baliol once more did homage for the crown to Edward III., who kept his Whitsuntide here, as his father John Baliol had done to Edward I. Two circumstances more particularly worthy of notice occurred in the wars of these times here. In 1342, David Bruce, king of Scotland, having committed horrid ravages on his march through Northumberland, came before Newcastle with a powerful army, amounting in numbers, according to some authors, to 60,000 foot and 3000 horse. John Lord Neville, who commanded the castle, made a sally with 200 chosen lancemen, and entering the Scotch camp, surprised the Earl of Murray, one of the chiefs in command, in bed, and

dragging him forth, returned to the castle with their prisoner, and much booty, without the loss of a man. The Scots enraged, made a fierce attack on the town, but were repulsed with great slaughter. David raised the siege, and marched to Durham, committing great atrocities by the way, but was, at the battle of Neville's Cross, defeated and taken prisoner, with the loss of from 15,000 to 20,000 men and many of his nobles. Twelve years afterwards, commissioners met here to consult on his ransom. The delegates for England were the Bishop of Durham, William de Bohun, Earl of Northampton and Constable of England, Gilbert de Umfreville, Earl of Angus, the Lords Percy and Neville, William, Baron of Greystock, and Henry le Scroop. For Scotland, the Bishop of St. Andrew's and Brechin, Patric of Dunbar, Earl of the Marches of Scotland, the Abbot of Dunfermline, and Walter de Moffat, Archdeacon of Leonesse.

Froissart mentions a gallant and characteristic contest which took place here in Richard II.'s time, between the Douglas and Hotspur. The Scots having invaded England, and being come into the bishopric of Durham, the Earl of Northumberland sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph, to Newcastle, to which place the county were appointed to assemble; whereupon ensued several light skirmishes betwixt the English and Scots, and many proper feats of arms done. Among others, there fought, hand to hand, the Earl Douglas and Sir Henry Percy; and by force of arms, the Earl won Sir Henry's pennon. Whereupon, Sir Henry and all the English were sore displeased; the Earl saying to him: "Sir, I shall bear this token of your prowess

into Scotland, and shall set it on high on my castle of Alquest, that it may be seen afar off;" which so provoked the Percys, that after divers bold adventures against the Scotch forces, at length they obtained the victory, and slew the Earl James Douglas. But Sir Ralph Percy was therein wounded and taken prisoner by a Scotch knight. And after this, in another encounter, this Sir Henry Percy, fighting valiantly with the *Lord Mountcumber*, a stout knight of Scotland, was by him taken prisoner. These latter events occurred at the celebrated battle of Otterburn, whither Hotspur had pursued the Scots. Froissart's Lord Mountcumber was Sir John Montgomery.

But in no period of our history did Newcastle play a more conspicuous part, than in the wars of King Charles and the Parliament. In 1642 it was beleagured by the Scotch army, under old Lesley, who dividing his forces, assailed it on all sides with the utmost fury. The Marquess of Newcastle, who was governor for the king, however, stoutly and successfully maintained it against him; though he broke down and gained some of the outworks. But in the next year the Scots under General Leven took it by storm. Sir John Marley, then mayor, retired to the castle with about five hundred men, which he held till terms of capitulation were obtained. On the 6th of May, 1646, the unfortunate monarch having thrown himself under the protection of the Scotch army, was conducted hither, where, perceiving the base treachery of his countrymen, he attempted to escape out of their hands. There is a popular tradition, says Brand, that the king attempted his escape from the

house where he was lodged, by the passage of Latburn, and that he had got down as far as where the grate at present is, in the middle of the Side, when he was apprehended. A ship was to have been in readiness to carry him abroad, but false friends are said to have been in the secret, and the plot was divulged. He was in disguise when taken. The sequel is well known. The greedy Scots, lest so rich a prize *should* escape out of their hands, sold him to the English for 200,000*l.*; he was handed over to commissioners appointed to receive him, and conducted from Newcastle to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire. In the succeeding struggles, Newcastle was garrisoned for the Parliament; and Cromwell, Sir Arthur Hastlewood, Colonel Fenwick, Lord Fairfax, and such names, are those that flourished in Newcastle, as guests or governors.

Such are a few of the many historical events of which Newcastle has been the theatre. Many a fierce host of Scots has marched up to its walls, having carried devastation before them all the way from the Borders; and many a gay scene of feasting, and consulting kings and queens, has it witnessed within its walls, that it requires us not to particularize. Here, on one occasion or another, have been seen the greatest monarchs and statesmen that England has produced, and here many a beautiful and august princess has added the wonder and majesty of her charms and her state.

He who now approaches this ancient town beholds another sight. Its old walls are, with the exception of a few sturdy fragments, and a solitary tower or two, pulled down. Wide

over its hills stretch its dense buildings, and its tall chimneys, vomiting volumes of blackest smoke. On its river lie masses of ships; and others, with busy steamers, are sailing up or down it. You feel at once, that war has long had its day, and that a host of active beings are eagerly at work on the arts and acquisitions of peace. If you approach from Durham, Gateshead, on one side high and dense with houses and swarming with population, and cloudy with the smoke and soot of many a manufactory; on the other side, stands high Newcastle on *its* hills, and deep between them the Tyne, with all its ships and coal-boats, and with its banks lined with coal deposits, and a hundred other black and wealthy erections. A bridge, bearing a dusky and somewhat melancholy resemblance to London Bridge, spanning a lesser Thames, links these two populous towns into one; and right and left, up the river and down the river, on this side of the country and on that, the kindred objects of coal-mines and railways and steam-engines, and a hundred thousand grimy buildings and creatures, smokes and fumes, noises and commotions, blend the two towns into one unique and indivisible existence.

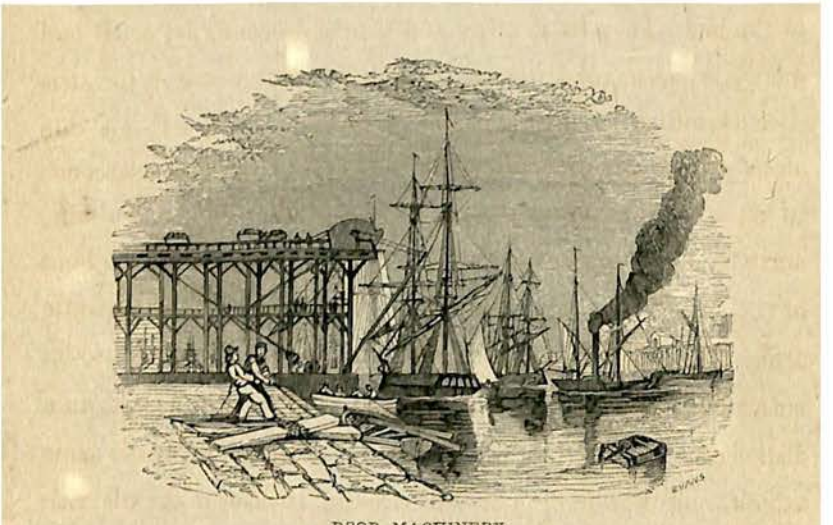
A strange mixture of ancient and modern objects strikes your eye in the more lofty and prominent features of Newcastle. There stands, tall and stalwart and square, and black as ink, the old donjon-keep of Robert Curthose, the son of the Conqueror, from which the town derives the name of *New*-castle. To the left, still higher, towers over the town the fine steeple of St. Nicholas; and to the right, the new and lofty column in honour of Earl Grey. Here, along the banks of the river, you see ranges, one

above another, of dim and dingy buildings that have stood for centuries amid the smoke of the great Capital of Coal; and there, on its bold eminence, a Grecian fabric, standing proudly aloft, like the Temple of Minerva in Athens. Beyond it again, you catch the tops of houses and ranges of streets that indicate a degree of modern magnificence which at once astonishes you, in the midst of so much that is different, and stimulates you to a nearer inspection. But, before we enter into Newcastle, it will be as well to take a cursory glance at the outskirts and the country round, for they present a scene which is only here to be found, and which have made Newcastle what it is.

We are then in the midst of that singular region that sends forth to the south, and to foreign countries, the enormous quantities of coal that keep the fires and manufactories of monstrous London, and of many another place, going. This neighbourhood, and far around, have now for centuries been bored and excavated to furnish the most unparalleled supplies of this mineral fire; and every year greater and greater demands are making on the black mass of its subterranean wealth. When you get into the Bishopric of Durham, going northward, as I have observed in the Visit to Houghton-le-Spring, you begin to see tall engine-houses, and vastly tall chimneys, breathing into the sky long black clouds of smoke. You hear groans and whistlings, and numerous unearthly sounds, around you. These engine-houses contain those great steam-engines that work the coal-mines; and those noises proceed from pulleys and gins, and railways, and other inventions and instruments for raising and

conveying away the coals. As you get into the country nearer Newcastle, all these operations—these groanings and wailings, these smokes and fires—increase upon you. Here you pass one of those tall engine-houses that you saw in the distance, with its still taller chimney hoisting into the sky its slanting column of turbid smoke. You now see from the upper part of the engine-house, a huge beam, protruding itself like a giant's arm, alternately lifting itself up, and then falling again. To this beam is attached the rod and bucket of a pump which, probably at some hundred yards deep, is lifting out the water from the mine, and enabling the miners to work, where otherwise it would be all drowned in subterranean floods. Or you see a great beam suspended by its centre, and elevated aloft on a proper support, wagging alternately its ends, up and down, up and down, with that busy and whimsical air, that has obtained it the name of a Whimsey: this is performing a similar operation by a different contrivance. There again, those huge engines are at work, whirling baskets down into the deep shafts for coal, or whirling the colliers themselves down to get the coal. For two or three hundred yards down a hideous gulf, into the bowels of the earth, are they sent with a rapidity that to a stranger is frightful, to their labour, or pulled up after its performance to daylight as fast,—all the time these great engines of, perhaps, two-hundred-horse power, groaning and coughing over their toils like condemned Titans; and the wheels and pulleys that they put in motion, singing and whistling lamentably, like so many lesser spirits doomed to attend on their

labours. Here you see baskets of coals emerge from the mouth of the pit, and immediately, as by self-agency, run away, empty themselves into a wagon or boat, and come back empty, and ready for a fresh exploit. There, as you advance over the plain, you see a whole train of wagons loaded with coal, careering by themselves, without horse, without steam-engine, without man, except there sits one behind, who, instead of endeavouring to propel these mad wagons on their way, seems labouring hopelessly by his weight to detain them. But what is your amazement when you come into sight of the river Tyne, to see these wagons still careering to the very brink of the water. To see a



DROP MACHINERY.

railway carried from the high bank, and supported on tall piles, horizontally above the surface of the river, and to some distance into it, as if to allow those vagabond trains of wagons to run right off, and dash themselves down into the river. There they go, all

mad together! Another moment, and they will shoot over the end of the lofty railway, and go headlong into the Tyne, helter-skelter! But behold! The creatures are not so mad as you imagine. They are instinct with sense! They have a principle of self-preservation, as well as of speed, in them. See! as they draw near the river—they pause! They stop! One by one they detach themselves, and as one devoted wagon runs on, like a victim given up for the salvation of the rest, to perform a wild summerset into the water below—what do we see? it is caught! A pair of gigantic arms separate themselves from the end of the railway! They catch the wagon! They hold it suspended in the air! They let it softly and gently descend, ay, softly and gently, as an angel dropping to earth on some heavenly message —and whither? Into the water? No! we see now that a ship already lies below the end of the railway. The wagon descends to it; a man, standing there, strikes a bolt—the bottom falls, and the coals which it contains are nicely deposited in the hold of the vessel! Up again soars the wagon in that pair of gigantic arms. It reaches the railway! it glides, like a black swan into its native lake, upon it, and away it goes as of its own accord, to a distance to await its brethren, who successively perform the same exploit, and then joining it—all scamper back over the plain to the distant pit again!

All this, which to those who never saw these things may seem extravagant nonsense, is but the plainest truth, and is performed by the means of the most ingenious and simple machinery. A railway, on which these wagons are propelled by a stationary

engine at a distance, with a machine called a Drop, acting by a proper adjustment of balance, does all the business, while it conveys the coal carefully and unbroken into the ships, and fills the stranger with the utmost astonishment. Formerly, the coals on reaching the river were shot down inclined planes into the vessels, or into the staiths, or coal-sheds, and were much dashed to pieces, and deteriorated in value; these simple and ingenious drops, while they present objects of great wonder and interest to those who for the first time sail on the Tyne, convey the coal, very little broken, into the holds of the ships.

But by-the-by, what a river this Tyne is! It is in itself a fine river. Not so big as the Thames or the Mersey, but still a fine river; and, before it reaches Newcastle, has run from the mountains of the west and north, through a fine wild country, between high and beautiful banks, and amid scenes that stand brilliantly marked in the history of the nation. On its bold heights stand the shattered castles of the once mighty Baliols, Umfrevilles, the Herons, the Riddells, the Blenkinsons, the Blacketts, the unfortunate Derwentwater, and other warrior races now gone down. Britons, Romans, and Scots, have left their memories, and traces of their abode and battles there; Corbridge and Hexham, and Stella Haugh, are names not to be forgotten; and on its banks—honour enough for one river—in more peaceful days, was born Thomas Bewick. Below Newcastle, here, on one side, terminated that stupendous work the Roman Wall; there, on the other, lived and died the truly Venerable Bede. The honours of the past, however, are even little when compared

with the importance and bustle of the present. The Tyne presents to a southern eye the most singular aspect of all our British rivers. Independent of the general traffic upon it, and of all the works and manufactories on its banks,—plate-glass works, lead works, foundries, chemical works, steam-engine manufactories, and so on,—its features as connected with the coal trade are very singular and striking. Along its margin you see vast extents of coal-sheds, called Staiths; you see those railways and drops for carrying the coals into the vessels, just spoken of, at work; and you meet on the water, fleets of those round-looking, stout, open boats, loaded with coals and propelled by one enormous long oar, called Keels. Of these features you catch glimpses in Bewick's wood-engravings; but nothing but the actual scene can give you an idea of the reality and bustle of the whole.

The managers of these boats, the Keelmen, are a very peculiar race. They are noted for their strength, boldness, and rough independence. They have, in former times, figured in riots, and resistance to what they deemed aggressions on their rights and liberties, in a manner which made their names formidable. Makenzie says, "The keelmen are a hardy and laborious class of men, and are distinguished by their great muscular strength. Few employments require more exertion than theirs; nor could they perform it, were they not supported by nutritious food. Accordingly, the hardy keelman never goes aboard the keel till his basket is stored with a good joint of meat, and a substantial loaf, generally of the best flour, which, with a bottle of beer, form his usual diet. The flesh, which is of the fattest kind, is

sliced, laid upon a piece of bread, and then cut into convenient bites with a knife. Seated round the *huddock*, or cabin, and covered with sweat and coal dust, they enjoy their meal with peculiar cheerfulness. One boy is attached to every keel; he is under the immediate orders of the skipper, but each of the crew contributes a small portion of his victuals for the boy's support while on board the keel.

"From the practice of hailing one another on the river, especially during the night tides, they acquire a loud and vociferous manner of expressing themselves; yet their conduct is uniformly civil and exemplary, and they are gradually losing that blunt roughness by which they are characterized. They are remarkably friendly to one another, being, to use their own language, all *keel bullies*, or brothers." Brand says, that a pauper of a parish in Newcastle, giving an account of himself to the officers in order to obtain a settlement, told them, *inter alia*, that his father had brought up six of them bullies; that is, had brought up six sons. Such a clause in a deposition in the office at Bow-street would have justly alarmed a London audience with the prospect of such a brood to be let loose upon the town.

The fund which the keelmen have established for the relief of each other during sickness and old age, and also for the relief of their widows and children, is highly honourable to themselves, and affords an example to others worthy of imitation. The wives and daughters of this laborious race are also well fed, healthy, and strong. They usually wear woollen bedgowns, with an excellent silk kerchief of various colours thrown care-

lessly over their shoulders, and one or two others tied round their heads. Some of them sweep the keels, and have the sweepings for their pains. These are called *keel doctors*.

These hardy fellows are met in fleets with their keels, both above bridge and below, bringing the coals from distant collieries, and conveying them to various staiths and vessels between Newcastle and the rival and crowded towns of North and South Shields, built opposite to each other, near the mouth of the estuary. Now they are coming down the stream, with their keels piled high with coals, and guiding them with their one enormous oar; or they are returning empty, working their keels up stream again, with a long pole, which they stick in the bottom of the river, and propel their keel by running along its side, pressing with all their force on this pole. Nothing can be more laborious, and nothing can exceed their perseverance. When their labours are over, however, they know how to enjoy themselves; and they and the colliers have a treasury of songs peculiar to themselves; amongst which is the well-known ballad of

THE KEEL ROW.

As I cam through Sandgate, through Sandgate, through Sandgate,*
As I cam through Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing:
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my lad is in.

He wears a blue bonnet, a blue bonnet, a blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, and a dimple in his chin;
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that my lad is in.

* In Newcastle.

In the song of the Sword Dancers, their peculiar mode of propelling their keels is alluded to.

Next comes a skipper bold,
He'll do his part right weel;
A clever blade I'm told,
As ever *poyed* a keel.*

O! the keel lads are bonny, bonny lads,
As I do understand;
For they run both fore and aft,
With their long *sets* in their hand.

But before going into Newcastle, there is yet another class of people that we ought to take a peep at, and that is the Colliers. This class is, of course, a very numerous one, and it is as peculiar as it is numerous. To gain a true idea of these men, and indeed of the staple trade and nature of the neighbourhood of Newcastle, we should first visit one of its coal-pits. Imagine yourself then at one of these huge engine-houses that we have seen. Here you find a circular-shaft descending into the earth to a depth beyond your power of vision; in fact, to a depth of perhaps three hundred yards. Down this yawning gulf you see men seated in baskets, or in a mere loop at the end of a rope or a chain, let down rapidly by the steam-engine to the dismal regions below; and you see the coals which they have dug ascending and conveyed away. If you have a curiosity so strong as to wish to descend yourself, and see what is going on below, you must obtain leave of a Viewer, change your dress, put on a flannel one, with strong boots to preserve your feet dry,

* Puoy, Puy, or Pouie, a long pole with an iron spike at the end, used in propelling keels in shallow water. French, *appui.—Brockett's Glossary.* The *Puoy* on the Tyne is the *Set* on the Wear.

and an old hat. Putting your leg then into the loop, you are, for a few moments, suspended over the mouth of the pit, and then let down with amazing rapidity. There are some collieries that are worked horizontally, that is, the shaft is cut into the side of a hill, and you may enter, and proceed perhaps two or three miles underground to the works; but, at your first entrance, the darkness, the sound of wagons fastened to each other by chains, and running at the rate of ten miles an hour in those subterranean passages, with a noise like thunder, are perhaps more terrific than the descent of the perpendicular shaft.

If you descend by the shaft, you come to the first seam, or stratum, where the coal has been got, perhaps at the depth of two hundred yards. Here you find the stables for the horses, the steam-engine for raising the coals from the lower seam, and the ventilating furnace by which the impure vapours are drawn off. Here the process has to be repeated. You must be let down the second shaft, which, as it is in those regions of subterraneous darkness, and itself as dark as death, is tenfold terrific. You will probably have yet to descend to a third depth before you reach the scene of action, where perhaps, three hundred yards from the surface, you will find a multitude of human beings busy hewing out the coals, and conveying them on little wagons to the shaft up which they have to ascend. Here you may have to traverse a great region of darkness, till you reach the face of the coal where the men are at work. There, with a candle fixed by a bit of clay to the face of the coal, each man is pursuing his labour. He is seated cross-legged on

the floor, undermining, with his sharp pick, a certain portion of the coal as far as he can. He then cuts this portion off from the rest down the front, and driving in wedges at the top, brings it to his feet. It is then filled into the corves, or baskets, and conveyed away on little railways by ponies, or by men or even by women, on their backs, to the shaft.

In this process, the collier always take care to leave behind him in the excavated space, strong pillars of coal, or the roof would fall in and crush him on the spot. These pillars are removed only when the main coal is all got, and the owner does not care if the upper mass then fall in. There is an overman, whose office it is to go through the pit to examine the places which the men have worked, to measure their work, and to see that the pit is free from inflammable vapour. There is also a deputy-overman, to superintend the pillars of coal that are left, and to set up props, or build walls, where the roof is loose and threatens to fall. The business of the person called an onsetter, is to hang the corves, usually baskets made of hazel rods, upon the rope to be drawn up the shaft.

Thus, engaged in these mouldewarp operations deep in the earth, you will find men, boys, horses, and engines, all busy as bees, and the human creatures merry, as if daylight did not make any part of their rejoicings. They have, notwithstanding, tremendous enemies to contend with here in the bowels of the earth. There is a thing called a *creep*, or a sit, because it is of an insidious and creeping nature, and sits down in such a manner that it lets nobody that it catches ever get up again.

That is, when the pillars of coal are left too small, so that they fail and yield under the pressure of the superior strata; or when the pavement of the coal is so soft as to permit the pillars to sink into it, which sometimes happens from the great weight that lies upon them; in either case the solid stratum above the coal falls and crushes the pillars to pieces, and closes up a great extent of the working, or probably the whole colliery—making prisoners of all within, and crushing all that happen to be beneath.

Besides these, are the *choke-damp*, as they call the carbonic acid gas, which renders those who breathe it insensible, and soon destroys them; and the *fire-damp*, or carburetted hydrogen gas, which, on a light being introduced, explodes, and scorches up scores of the wretched workmen at a time, like so many singed flies. The explosions of this gas, which is gradually generated and accumulated in the old workings, have been too frequent and too fatal to need any particular mention of them. They have sometimes destroyed upwards of a hundred persons at once, and produced all the effects of a volcano and an earthquake. Such was one that occurred in 1812, at the Felling Colliery near Jarrow, at two pits at once, called the William Pit and the John Pit. It took place about half-past eleven on a morning in May, and the neighbouring villages were startled with the explosion. The subterranean fire broke out with two heavy discharges from the John pit, which were almost instantly followed by one from the William pit. A slight shock as from an earthquake was felt for half a mile round the workings; and

the noise of the explosion, though dull, was heard for three or four miles distance, somewhat resembling an unsteady fire of infantry. Immense quantities of dust and small coal rose with these blasts into the air, in the form of an inverted cone. The heaviest part of the matter fell near the pit; but the dust, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in a continual shower from the pit to the distance of a mile and a half. In the village of Heworth, it caused a darkness like early twilight, and covered the roads so thickly that footsteps were strongly imprinted in it. Pieces of burning coal, driven off the solid stratum of the mine, were also blown up one of the shafts. Out of one hundred and twenty-one persons at work in the pit, only twenty-nine were saved.

Near Walls-End, there has for years been a pit on fire, probably ignited by similar means. A pipe is now inserted into the shaft, and the gas keeps burning night and day, within view of the railroad between Newcastle and North Shields.

To prevent such tremendous accidents as these, various means were tried—as air shafts, funnels, hanging doors, walling up old workings, and other contrivances. A cylinder of steel turned against flints, so as to produce a stream of sparks, was employed for the men to work by; but it was not till Sir Humphry Davy made his experiments, and introduced the wire-gauze lamp, that the necessity for these explosions was totally surmounted. It is melancholy to say that, since its introduction, many a fatal ignition has yet taken place, from the carelessness of the workmen, or from the attempt to work in

quarters so strongly impregnated with the damp as to have been previously given up. Of the number of men employed in this dangerous trade, some idea may be formed from the enormous quantity of coals annually dug in this part of the country. Mr. Sopwith says, "In 1836, upwards of two and a half millions of tons of coals were shipped coastwise from Newcastle; and in 1837, the number of tons was 2,385,192. There were also exported to foreign countries and British settlements, in 1836, 411,697 tons; and in 1837, 471,150 tons; making the total quantity in 1836, 2,686,465 tons—and in 1837, 2,856,342, or nearly three millions of tons of coals per annum shipped from the river Tyne. Upwards of one million was also shipped from Sunderland, and a like quantity from Stockton. The total number of tons shipped from the various parts of the United Kingdom was, in 1837, 7,848,795 tons; from which it appears that the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees, supply nearly twice as much coal as all the other parts of the kingdom." He adds, that "the clouds of smoke stretching mile after mile across the coal-fields of the Tyne and Wear, indicate at once the *present abundance* and the *rapid consumption* of this most important article, and suggest the propriety of adopting every reasonable economy in its use." Mackenzie calculated that about two and a half million tons exhausted one square mile of the coal bed; and observes, that the area of the coal strata had been reckoned at the highest at three hundred square miles; so that consequently three hundred years would totally exhaust the coal-fields of the North. But here, the consumption in 1837 had

risen to nearly three millions per annum, and the vast increase of demand for our railroads since then has considerably extended the consumption, as appears by the returns down to 1840; so that on these data it would appear that, at the present rate of consumption, we must limit the term of duration to about two hundred years; a circumstance which would awaken many serious and curious reflections, especially when it is calculated, that independent of all our machinery, and manufactures, and firesides, that require coals, no less a body than several hundred thousand men are probably employed directly in the coal trade of England, had not later calculators came to our better contentment. By these, from such men as Buddle and Taylor, the coal-field of the North has been calculated to occupy not less than *seven* hundred square miles; and Bakewell, in his Geology, Professor Buckland, and others, state that such is the extent and thickness of the coal beds of Wales, and of the Midland Counties of England, that although not less than twenty millions of tons of coals are annually consumed or exported by Great Britain, it will require, at the present rate of consumption, two thousand years to exhaust the coal-fields of the United Kingdom.

Of the character and habits of these singular men, Mackenzie gives the following particulars, which agree wonderfully with those of the colliers that I have known from a boy in the Midland Counties:—"The colliers are first put to work when seven or eight years old; and being confined, for the most part, to their own society, they acquire certain distinguishing marks of character by which they are easily known from the rest of their

countrymen; and the language, deportment, and general behaviour of the different individuals, are so nearly alike, that by an acquaintance with one of them, a tolerably correct judgment may be formed of the whole body."

In their dress they often affect to be gaudy, and are fond of clothes of flaring colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *posey jackets,* are frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various dyes; and their stockings mostly of blue, purple, pink, or mixed colours. A great part of them have their hair very long, which on work-days is either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls; but when dressed in their best attire, is commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wear two or three narrow ribbons round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it is customary with them to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers.

Those who have been long employed in pits where the passages, or *head-ways,* are very low and confined, contract a partial deformity of shape. In such subjects, the breast is more than usually prominent, and the body rather twisted; others are crooked in the legs.

Colliers commonly work eight hours at a time. This is called a single shift; but in cases of emergency, when there is a quick sale for the coals, or a scarcity of hands, they work double shifts. They seldom taste victuals during work-hours; but on their return home, as soon as their bodies are washed clean, they make a hearty meal, and soon afterwards retire to rest, enjoying that sound and refreshing sleep which particularly

falls to the lot of those who labour hard and think little. If the appointed hour to rise be at midnight, or early in the morning, they generally have notice from the *caller,* whose business is to visit the houses of all the individuals intended to compose the company for the next shift. The manner of expression of these callers is somewhat remarkable. One of them coming to the door of one of his pitmates, was heard to cry, with a loud voice, "Robin Winship! a-ho! i' the neam o' God rise, and come to your wark!"

There are commonly as many houses erected near each colliery as serve the whole of the workmen, and each one is allowed a small plot of ground for the growth of potherbs, potatoes, etc. They are fond of good living, in which they freely indulge, whenever their circumstances will allow them. Pies, dumplings, and puddings, with the best of beef and mutton, etc., are their common fare. They have a great liking for kneaded cakes baked on the girdle, which with them are called singing-*hinnies,* and their propensities for black-puddings is notorious. On market-days,

> ——For black puddings, long measure,
> They go to Tile Trullikay's stand,
> And away bear the glossy rich treasure,
> With joy, like curled bugles in hand.

As the colliers form a distinct body of men, and seldom associate with others, they entertain strong feelings of mutual attachment. When they combine, or *stick,* for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy. This appears to be a

very old custom, the origin of which is lost in the remoteness of time.

Their diversions are bowling, foot-racing, hand-balls, quoits, cards, and sometimes, in places where they dare pursue it, hunting and fowling. Cock-fighting used to be a great diversion before it was forbidden by the law. When they have their bowling matches, they usually repair to a level piece of ground on a moor or common. A certain number of throws is agreed upon, and the game is won by the party who, to use their own phrase, "measures out the greatest length of ground." Some of these bowlers can throw to an incredible distance. Many of them will venture the full amount of their fortnight's wages—for they are paid only once a fortnight—on a bowling match, and often to the great embarrassment of their family affairs.

To the annual public feasts, vulgarly called *hoppings*, in the southern parts of the county, great numbers of the colliers resort. Here some of them display their buffoonery in grinning for a parcel of tobacco, which is commonly either hung on the sign-post of a public-house, or suspended at the end of a stick projected from one of the windows for that purpose. The competitors exhibit beneath, with their eyes fixed on the precious prize, which is the reward of him who assumes the most frightful countenance. They also at these places shew their activity in playing at the hand-ball, in dancing, and foot-racing; and he who outstrips his fellows in the race, is presented with a coarse woollen hat of about three or four shillings value.

In the families of colliers there are frequent intermarriages.

Preparatory to their weddings, great plenty of meat and drink is provided,—often more than their circumstances can well afford; and the relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom—in general very numerous—are invited to attend the celebration of the nuptials.

The blithesome, buxom country maids,
With knots of ribbons at their heads,
And pinners fluttering in the wind,
That fan before and toss behind,
Come there from each adjacent place—
Strength in their limbs, health in their face,
To do their honours to the bride,
And eat and drink, and dance beside.
And all the country lads around,
That get their living underground,
Attend———

If the marriage be not held on a Sunday the company is generally attended by musicians, who play on the bagpipe or fiddle, enlivening them with their music in the road to the church and on their return home, and the remainder of the day is spent in feasting and dancing, and all the tumultuous joys of rude intemperance. When the colliers' wives lie in, their friends and neighbours are sent for, and are entertained with bread and cheese, and beer. Their customs and hospitalities at these times are set forth in an old song, called "The Collier's Invitation," of which this is one stanza:—

At home we've a cask of brown ale that is nappy,
A round whacking cheese, and some good Hollands gin;
Then come, honest pitmates, partake and be happy,
With the rest of our friends, now that Susy lies in.

Of late years, the Methodists and Temperance Societies

have produced a great reform in their habits and their Sunday drinkings, and consequently fights are not so often seen; so that no doubt there is now much more truth in the collier's wife's song of

THE BONNY PIT LADDIE.

The bonny pit laddie, the canny pit laddie,
The bonny pit laddie for me, O!
He sits in his hole, as black as a coal,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

The bonny pit laddie, the canny pit laddie,
The bonny pit laddie for me, O!
He sits on his cracket, and hews in his jacket,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

Having made our observations on the pit laddy, so important a personage here, let us now enter the great Capital of Coal. If we proceed from Gateshead, we shall find ourselves descending streets steep enough and narrow enough; and to the right and left others still closer, and more populous. If it be raining pretty heavily, torrents of muddy water will be rushing impetuously down the gutters on each side of the street, and troops of ragged lads who have no shoes or stockings to impede their diversions, walking up the torrents, and trying to stem them here and there, by setting five or six of their legs together, or by collecting straws and mud, and making bonny mill-dams with them, till the whole pool and its embankment is swept down the precipitous street together, to their great delight. When we reach the vicinity of the Tyne bridge, we have only to turn a little to the left in order to see one of the prettiest little specimens of a narrow and populous street, or lane, or

burrow of humanity, that any northern or even southern town can furnish. This narrow street, styled Pipewell Gate, which in the days of the cholera became the haunt of that pest ten thousand strong, is now as rife with existence as ever, and presents at every step the finest collection of obstacles for those who pride themselves in threading an intricate track,—children in scores, old sows in dozens, wheelbarrows in little fleets, and such a collection of petty pothouses, old clothes and old iron shops, with views right and left into alleys and dens, dark and dirty, and crammed with a miscellany of goods and chattels that would defy the vocabulary of a Jew or dealer in odds and ends to name. Returning out of this cimmerian region and by-place of existence, and passing the bridge, you may admire the fine view up and down the river, with all the ships and signs of traffic, if it be not a dry and windy day, on which occasions the wind and the dust out of both towns meet here to amuse themselves. The bridge, we presume, is a sort of debateable land, subject to neither the Mayor of Newcastle nor the authorities of Gateshead, where the moss-trooping winds and legions of dust and straws find no molestation, but are at liberty to molest everybody that passes. Here they sport, and dance, and whirl themselves round in the most elaborate columns, and pile themselves up into very fine pyramids, not forgetting to fill all the eyes and puff into all the bosoms that they can.

Advancing into Newcastle, the prospect does not much mend. You come into a low and dingy region called the Sandhill, and then wind along an ancient and ascending street

called the Side, with narrow streets going off right and left up other hills, and composed of other old houses. Presently, however, you find yourself in a wider and better street—Dean Street; and what is that? Before you opens at once one of the noblest and most magnificent streets you have ever beheld! Here all that is old at once ceases. You are in the midst of lofty and modern mansions. Theatres, hotels, and other public buildings, with noblest columns and of the finest style of Grecian architecture, with houses and shops of corresponding size and

elegance, rise on either hand of a long and wide street, at the top of which stands a lofty Tuscan column, crowned with the figure of a statesman. You ask what is this? and they tell you this is Grey Street, and that column is there erected in honour of Earl Grey. You ask, and what architect has done this? They tell you it is Mr. Grainger, a native of the town, and once a poor boy in it. You turn here and there, and find, to the right and to the left, far and wide, the streets and squares of this new city. Other cities have grown, and expanded themselves with the wealth and the stimulus of modern times, and every new street, and crescent, and square has risen in greater pride and dignity. But here is one that has undergone an entirely different process. Leaving its outskirts, still as old and as queer, as dingy and as dusty as they were years ago, the genius of renovation here has begun to work in the very heart of the scene. It has swept away the old centre, and raised a new city of extraordinary magnificence. You walk into what has been long termed the COAL HOLE OF THE NORTH, and find yourself at once in a city of palaces; a fairyland of newness, brightness, and modern elegance. And who has wrought this change? It is Mr. Grainger. After reaching my inn, I issued forth again to seek the post-office, to inquire for letters. A working man, of whom I inquired the way, said "Down this street a little; turn to your left, and ye'll see the Ark-head before you. It's in that." The Ark-head? I went on, expecting to see some old building with the quaint emblem of the head of Noah's Ark projecting from its front.

But when I turned the corner, behold!—the *Ark-head* was, in fact, an *Arcade,* of equal pretensions to the Lowther Arcade in London! And who had built this?—Mr. Grainger. Here was a massy gaol, of different and appropriate architecture. Who had reared that?—It was still Mr. Grainger. I advanced to the outskirts, and came to a deep valley. This was in the act of being filled up, and a road carried across it. A brook in the bottom was culverted over, and carts in dozens were bringing earth and rubbish, and shooting them in to fill up this great hollow. And whose schemes and works were these? O! they were Mr. Grainger's. I turned back, thinking Newcastle a very extraordinary place, which seemed to have consigned its streets, houses, buildings of all kinds, its bordering valleys and highways all to the power of a necromancer—to pull down and raise up, to level hills and fill up valleys at pleasure; and this Mr. Grainger as one of the most extraordinary magicians that ever appeared. As I returned, I found myself before a handsome Mechanics' Institution, and expressed my approbation of it. "O," said the bystanders, "Mr. Grainger is going to take that, and give the town a much larger and finer one." In another quarter, I came to a large hotel, and asked if Mr. Grainger was the erecter of that too? "O yes! but that is nothing; Mr. Grainger is going to build us a much better; and, indeed, look at the hotels in Grey Street;" in one of which, the Queen's Head, I was already located. I wandered on through other handsome streets, and came to a spacious covered market, where the old vegetable women were washing their cabbages in splendid Grecian vases

of a magnificent diameter. It was all the work of Mr. Grainger. I was conducted to a building called the Central Exchange. It was a semicircular edifice of great height and space, and within was a smaller semicircle, supported by lofty Ionic pillars, the area within which formed a news-room, where the merchants of Newcastle sate reading the papers, and amongst them, I recognised the celebrated singer, Braham. The noble effect of this building it is not easy to describe. As you enter, it strikes you with a most agreeable surprise, and that surprise is not decreased as you have leisure to study the proportions, and to observe the handsome manner in which every thing is finished. This, of course, was the work of Mr. Grainger, too.

On observing all these great works, it was impossible not to be struck with admiration and surprise at the genius and energy of the man who had accomplished them; but when I saw the enormous amount of new shops, and the much more expensive character of them—when I saw still new streets, all full of shops, yet unoccupied, branching off westward, and was told that it was the intention of Mr. Grainger to continue them to Elswick where he lives, two miles off; it was equally natural to feel a little alarm, lest in the comprehensiveness of his schemes he should overshoot the reasonable demands of the place. When I asked the shopkeepers whether they did not participate in these fears, and feel some anxiety on account of the host of new competitors that such a great increase of shops must bring. "No! they were not alarmed; Mr. Grainger had a plan for clearing the bed of the river from shoals, and making it

navigable for the largest vessels. The trade of the place, as well as the population, were rapidly increasing; and they had no doubt that Newcastle would become a far greater place than it was—the seat of the wealth and the commerce of the North of England." In short, Mr. Grainger had an ubiquitous being and influence in Newcastle. He had its stone and mortar, its heads and hearts, all in his possession. There was nothing that he had not done well, and there was nothing that he could not do which was within the reach of human enterprise and mechanical genius.

In fact, the marvellous change which Mr. Grainger has, in comparatively few years, effected in the once dingy Newcastle; and the great success which has attended all his speculations and enterprises, warrant that confidence which his native town awards him; and it is beautiful to see the most extraordinary metamorphosis that any town in modern time has undergone, connected with the perfect falsification of the old adage, "that a prophet has no honour in his own country." At least, whatever the case may be with a prophet, it is no longer so with a builder. Mr. Grainger, amongst his other triumphs, has completely triumphed over that.

I shall the less particularize his architectural achievements here, because they have been so well described by others, particularly by Mr. Sopwith in his Guide to Newcastle, and by Miss Martineau in a series of able and zealous papers in the Penny Magazine of March, April, and May, 1840.

It is the more extraordinary that this wonderful work has

been achieved by a man who has made his way from the condition of a charity boy, and the apprentice to a carpenter and builder. His education has been totally destitute of those advantages that have been considered necessary to a great architect. It is by genius alone that Mr. Grainger has mastered his profession, and produced those erections that have so splendidly adorned his native town. It appears by the papers just alluded to, that when he began his architectural enterprises he had never visited the Continent, and had drawn his actual observation alone from a trip to Edinburgh, and one or two to Dublin and London. His father, it seems, was a porter of the quay; and his mother, after her husband's death, gained a livelihood by stocking-mending, glove-making, and clear-starching. Richard, this son, had no education but what he got at the charity-school of St. Andrews, whose course of study was comprised in the Bible, Tinwell's Arithmetic, Tom Thumb, and a Spelling-book. Some of the inhabitants of Newcastle can recal the appearance of the boy in those days, in his green badge-coat, with his round, ruddy, smiling face, and his quiet manner. How he acquired his powers as an artist, remains a mystery, it is said, even to his own mind. It is, in fact, the working of that inward power which we call genius, and which can achieve its greatest aims by means which, to ordinary minds, appear scanty and meagre if they appear at all. The most extraordinary part of the business, after all, is the confidence with which he has been able to inspire his townsmen, and thus to acquire a command of those stupendous sums of money which were abso-

lutely necessary to such vast undertakings. This argues well for the *mind* in the town itself; and, indeed, it would have been difficult for Mr. Grainger to have risen in a place where his own great powers would have been sooner met and supported by such superior mind and liberality in his townsmen. It was only necessary for him to shew that his plans were really great and beneficial, for them to be embraced and appreciated.

The accuracy of his calculations, and the success of all his speculations, reflect the highest credit not merely upon him, but on the judgment as well as taste of his townsmen, who at once saw and sanctioned the safe magnificence of his plans. Before this united genius and sound public judgment, all obstacles of public or private property have vanished like so many phantasmagoria. Monopolies have lost their usual obstinate force; and prejudices have sunk, like the mere imaginary impediments of a romance writer. There is nothing like it in any history of any age. The whole affair is a romance of the strangest, and yet of the most consistent character. It is like a dream under an oak in a summer's day, that rises in a young poet's mind; yet it has been worked out with the plodding industry of the most ordinary business, the exactness of a precisian—and there it stands in solid stone, where it will stand for the wonder of future ages! Before the magic of Mr. Grainger, not merely have stone and timber become ductile and pliant, but the stony hearts and horny ideas of bankers, assurance-brokers, and capitalists in general, have melted, and run down before him in streams of superabundant gold. The vast sums

placed in his hands may be imagined by the results that have been produced.

"The following," says Miss Martineau, "is a summary of five years' work of Mr. Grainger, from August 1834 to August 1839. The old property removed consisted of two theatres, the late butcher-market, Anderson Place, one large inn, eight public-houses, eighty private houses, and a great number of workshops and inferior buildings.

The site of the improvements cost . . .	£145,937
Workmen's wages and materials . . .	499,753
Total .	645,690

Out of this have arisen the following:—nine new streets, extending collectively one mile 289 yards. The new Market, the Central Exchange, new Theatre, new Dispensary, Music Hall, Lecture-room, two chapels, Incorporated Company's Hall, two Auction Marts, ten inns, twelve public-houses, forty private houses, and 325 houses with shops.

Annual rent of occupied houses and shops .	£ 17,416
When fully occupied, it will be . . .	40,000
Value of the property	800,000

This with former new erections, amounts to 995,000*l*. Thus, nearly a million has been added to the value of the town by one man in five years, confining the estimate to the narrowest pecuniary consideration of the case.

The value of other property in the town has risen and is rising. The common complaint of the place is, that there are no houses to be had. The other architects and builders of Newcastle have more to do, the more Mr. Grainger does. The

importation of Baltic timber has become considerable. Two thousand workmen at a time have been employed by Mr. Grainger alone, and the presence of their prosperous families is, in every way an advantage to the town; the population of which is, at this time, increasing at the rate of 1500 a-year. It would be thought on the Continent, a great credit to a state to have done in the same period, what we now witness at the hands of this charity-boy."

If we add to this, that Mr. Grainger has given simply for the estate on which he lives 200,000*l.*; that it contains those quarries of fine stone out of which he builds his best houses; and a spring of beautiful water, with which he contemplates supplying the town; that his plan comprehends the junction of several railways, the formation of extensive quays, the erection of ranges of manufactories, and on the high ground, of villas and terraces, it must be confessed that his schemes are magnificent, and if he lives successfully to complete them he will present an instance of one of the most extraordinary men of any period.

Besides this cursory glance which we give at his works generally, there are a few particulars concerning one or two of them which, for a more definite conception of their real extent and value, we may add.

Grey Street being a central object, and one which generally meets the view of the stranger as early as any, strikes with proportionate surprise. It is, like the eight other new streets in connexion with it, all of fine solid stone, and of a Grecian

architecture, the whole length of the street being divided into different compartments, varying in design, yet in rich keeping as a whole. The street is of an easy sweeping line, so as to destroy anything like formality, and to gratify the eye—it advances with the development of the different façades, of houses, and public buildings. It is 400 yards in length, and about eighty in width. The inhabitants are fond of comparing it with Regent Street, and the streets of the new town of Edinburgh, and giving it the preference over both. In many particulars this is undoubtedly true; but in others, perhaps no street in the world can compare with Regent Street. The air of life and wealth. The mass of wealth in the shops; the crowd of carriages of the aristocracy at certain hours, and the presence of the English aristocracy themselves—some of the finest specimens perhaps of the human race, both men and women. Spite, therefore, of the solid stone-work, the varied and noble architecture, the width and grace of Grey Street, it is perhaps rather unwise in its native admirers to challenge rivalry with the capital, for that brings ideas with it that make one feel a comparative want and loneliness, that must in the comparison force themselves on the imagination in any country town. Let Grey Street, and the other improvements in Newcastle, be admired for themselves, and they will command unmingled admiration. The façade of the theatre, which owes its design to another native architect, Mr. Green, is in particular strikingly noble; and affords another cause of just pride in native talent. The front is in the centre of the street, and is 120 feet in length.

"The façade is divided into three masses; the centre one comprising a grand portico, after that of the Pantheon at Rome, of six Corinthian columns, upon pedestals of about six feet high, and surmounted by an enriched pediment, the tympanum

GREY STREET, FROM THE THEATRE.

of which is ornamented with the royal arms, cut in stone by Mr. Tate of Newcastle. The pedestals, columns, and pilasters in the front elevation are about forty-one feet in height. The front of the theatre, with its bold projecting portico, is one of the most striking objects at a first glance up or down Grey Street, and the more it is dwelt upon the more does it gratify

the eye of the beholder." Besides this, the different Banks are splendid buildings, but the most remarkable is the Central Exchange. This is a large pile of building occupying a triangular space of ground between three streets, and therefore triangular itself. It is beautiful to see with what ingenuity so awkward a shaped site has been made to produce a building of unique grace and splendour, both external and internal. The corners of the triangles are rounded off, adorned with Corinthian columns, and crowned with domes; which produce a fine effect approach which way you will. The interior serves as a news-room, coffee-room, and a place of public meeting. Here, soon after its erection, the British Association held its meetings. Its area is 150 feet by 95, and its Ionic columns 25 feet high. Of its effect on entrance I have spoken. It has five approaches. The platform within the columns, serving for a news-room, is carpeted. The rest of the floor is elegantly tesselated, and the whole finishing in every respect rich.

The new covered Market is pronounced to be the finest in the kingdom. Its area is more than two acres. It exceeds Hungerford Market in the proportion of 9050 to 6400 square yards; and it exceeds St. John's Market at Liverpool in the proportion of 9050 to 8235 square yards. This is exclusive of the ranges of surrounding shops, which properly form part of the market. The Green Market is a hall of 388 feet long and 57 feet wide. It has fourteen entrances from the streets, and 243 shops to shut up and lock. Two handsome fountains in the shape of wide flat vases, each containing 3000 gallons of water, are placed

in the midst of the market, in a line with two of the cross avenues. It is, in a word, the largest, and one of the most complete, best regulated, and well supplied markets in the kingdom.

Besides these remarkable erections of Mr. Grainger, the town possesses many other objects of interest, amongst which I would particularly point out the Literary and Scientific Institution and St. Nicholas' Church. The latter in addition to its monuments, boasts a very light and beautiful steeple, which Dr. Dibdin pronounced "one of the heaviest, coarsest, and most stunted church towers in the kingdom," which is no more than saying that whatever Dr. Dibdin may know of the beauty of old books, he knows nothing of the beauty of old churches. The Literary and Philosophical Institution was founded in 1793, and had additional apartments added in 1836. It contains a fine library and reading-room, with about 14,000 volumes; a museum, a geological museum, meeting-room of the Antiquarian Society; room of Egyptian antiquities, and gallery of Roman altars and other antiquities. The whole is rich in works of nature and art. The library contains a cast of Milo, and a marble statue of James Losh, late recorder of Newcastle, both by a native artist, now the celebrated sculptor Lough, who worked as a common mason at the original building of the library. It possesses also busts, of James Watt, (Westmacott); Thomas Bewick, and the Rev. William Turner, (Bailey); James Losh, (Dunbar); Dr. Charles Hutton, Bolton, and Lord Brougham.

This institution owes its origin principally to the Rev.

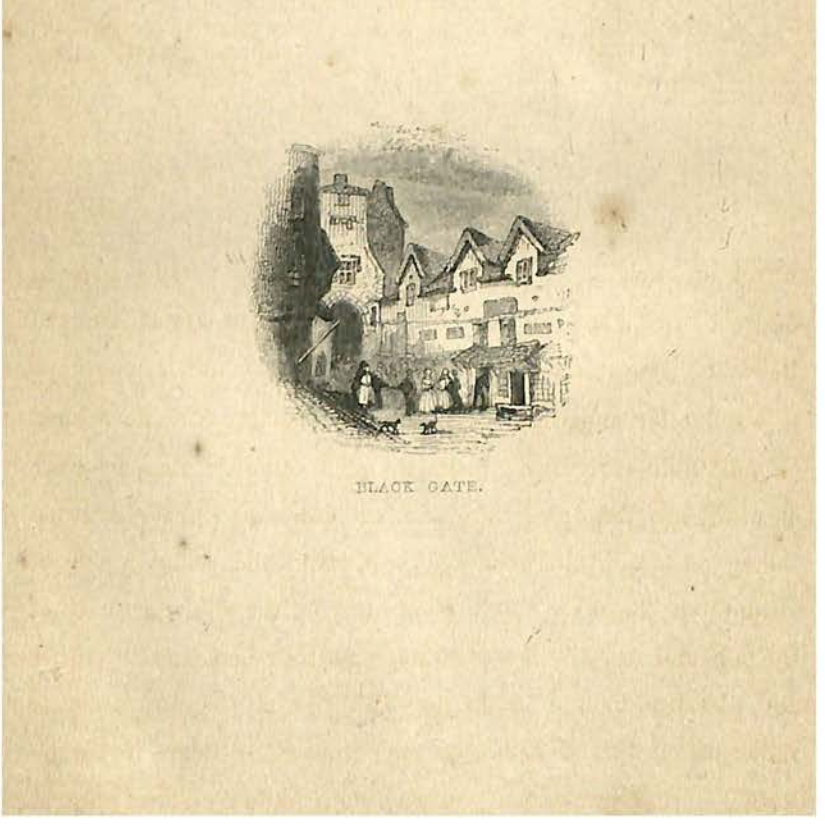
William Turner, who, for many years, has laboured assiduously to raise a spirit of inquiry, of knowledge, and liberality, in Newcastle; with what effect, he must have contemplated with the highest satisfaction, as his fellow townsmen in return justly regard him with veneration and affection. Newcastle, indeed, may look upon its distinguished men, as among its most remarkable features. Bewick here revived the art of wood-engraving. Here was born the Rev. Dramatist Brown and Akenside the poet—the house of his nativity is yet standing. Bailey, Dunbar, and Lough, in sculpture, stand pre-eminent; and it possesses first-rate painters in Martin, Carmichael, and the Richardsons, father and son. While Mr. Turner has been labouring in the town to create and foster a literary and scientific spirit, Mr. Buddle has been carrying science and enterprise into the extensive coal regions around it. Besides Mr. Grainger, Newcastle possesses other able architects. Lords Eldon and Stowell, pre-eminent in law, were born and educated here; and at the present moment, no town in the kingdom can boast of a finer body of men of all classes, breathing a more liberal and active spirit, and desirous of distinguishing their native town by its love of literature and science, and its bold prosecution of commerce, mechanics, and the manufacturing arts.* When I

* Amongst the remarkables of Newcastle, this is not the least. Going along Grey Street, a stout man put a printed paper into my hand, embellished with a strong wood-cut of his own portrait. The paper was signed "William Martin, National Christian Philosopher;" and contained a claim of having proposed to ministers in 1817, a plan of lifting the Royal George, or if not worthy of that, of tearing her asunder, and blowing her up with gunpowder. This William Martin, who always signs himself National Philosopher, and boasts of having

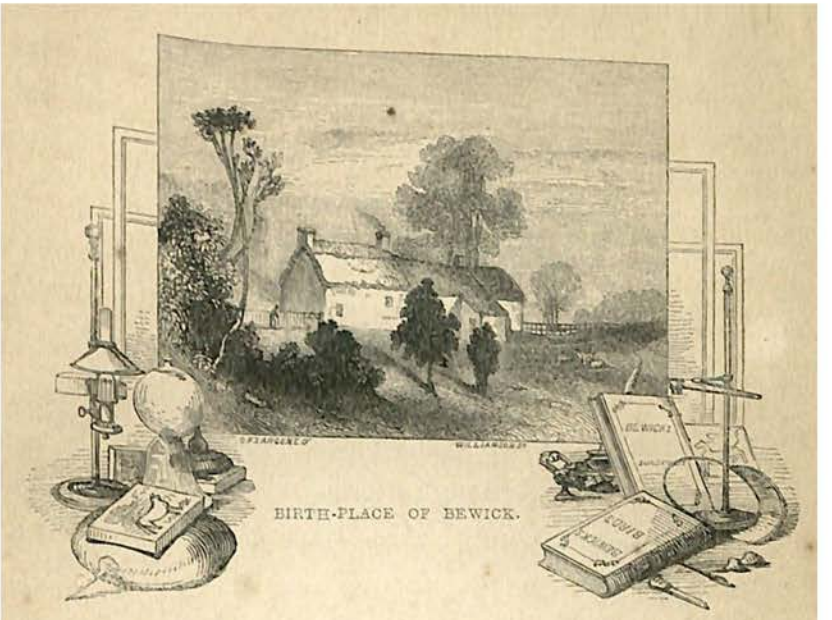
was there, in May 1840, the Polytechnic Exhibition was a striking proof of this. It had been got up by the Society of Artists of Newcastle, and the two Mechanics' Institutions of Newcastle and Gateshead, at an outlay of 2000*l.* In the single article of a steam-engine they had expended 400*l.* On May 28th, they had already returned 2300*l.*; had sold upwards of 8000 season tickets; had from 1200 to 1600 visitants daily, and had got six weeks to run. The collection of paintings sent in by noblemen, gentlemen, and artists, would have done honour to the Metropolis, as would also the assemblage of antiquities, works of art, and specimens of the natural and manufactured productions of various countries. The figure of Belted Will Howard, from Naworth Castle, in his proper armour and accoutrements, was a striking feature in its rooms; where also you saw all sorts of curious trades, carried on by mechanics brought together from all parts of the empire. Of the final results of this spirited exhibition, my friend Mr. Sopwith has since transmitted me this statement:—It was open twenty weeks, in two separate periods of thirteen and seven weeks. The number of persons admitted altogether, including children and charity scholars, were no less than 236,323. The total receipts, including sales of catalogues, confectionary, etc., were 4470*l.*, and it was hoped that a clear available surplus of 1500*l.* would

superseded the Newtonian Philosophy, I was not a little surprised to find was no other than a brother of Martin the celebrated painter, and of Jonathan who made the celebrated bonfire at York. Wildness appears a characteristic of this family; but unluckily only one of them has discovered the art of uniting it at once to the profitable and the sublime.

be realized; but the expenses amounted to 3763*l.*, leaving only 750*l.* as the ultimate profit. Recalling, therefore, the various particulars of this chapter, it will, I think, to conclude, most completely have borne out the assertion with which I commenced it—that Newcastle is one of the most remarkable towns of the British empire.



BLACK GATE.



BIRTH-PLACE OF BEWICK.

VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE AND THE TOMB OF BEWICK.

From an early age, there were few places that I had a greater desire to visit than the scenery of the youthful life of Thomas Bewick. Accustomed from a boy to delight in the country; to wander far and wide, early and late, and explore its wildest or most hidden recesses; to lie amongst summer grass, by swift clear streams, indulging those sunny day-dreams which only come there; or to join in active pursuit, amid the yellow woods of autumn or the deep snows of winter, of the wild creatures of the field and forest,—it was to me a source of continual surprise and pleasure, to find in the pages of Bewick the most accurate reflex of all that I had seen and learned to know in nature itself. Others presented you with more showy pictures, but he

gave you the truth and variety of life itself. I had therefore a strong curiosity to see the spots in which the accurate and poetic observer had picked up the material for his after-works—like Shakspeare—in boyish rambles, when he never dreamt of the wealth he was garnering in his heart.

Being, therefore, at Newcastle with Mrs. Howitt, an equal lover of the country and admirer of Bewick with myself, we resolved to spend a day in a visit to Cherryburn and Ovingham. Fortunately we had for our guides and companions, those who, next to Bewick himself, were best acquainted with the localities and their connexion with the artist—two of his daughters. The worth and amiability of the man are transmitted to his family, who, without pursuing his art, are yet full of the same sterling spirit and virtues, and of his inextinguishable attachment to nature.

That trip of about ten or a dozen miles which Thomas Bewick during the days of his apprenticeship used to make on foot, in order to see his parents and native haunts, we found shortened for us by the Carlisle railway; and had scarcely resolved to be at Cherryburn, when lo! we were there. Even as we now whirled up the valley of the Tyne, we could recognise the character of many a snatch of scenery in Bewick's wood-cuts. The winding river, its steep banks hung with lofty trees and luxuriant broom; the stream here pouring over a gravelly shallow bed, here rippling past willowy islands; and villages peeping out from amongst the thick foliage, and troops of urchins making the little crofts and river banks alive with their play.

We flew past a hanging little field, sloping from woods above towards the Tyne, where John Bewick, the brother of Thomas, and also a genuine artist, used to fancy that he would build himself a rustic retreat, and live and die amid the scenes that were dearest to him. He died ere he could realize this poetical imagination; and now the iron steam-path has cut in two the very field, and destroyed all its solitude. A few minutes more brought us to Cherryburn, the birth-place of John and Thomas Bewick. It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farm-house, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artists; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling—"May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come."

The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. It was a thatched cottage, containing three apartments, and a dairy or milkhouse on the ground-floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. Bewick was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes, and often used to talk of "the little window at his bed-head." Which room this was, however, none of the family knew.

The new house is a pleasant and commodious one, and the

inhabitants seem to possess all the simple virtues and hospitality of the Bewicks. They spread their country cates before us, and were glad to talk of their celebrated kinsman. They have a portrait of him in his youth, hanging in their parlour.

Below the house, on the descending slope, lies the old garden shrouded with trees, and a little stream running at its bottom. One felt sure that this was just the spot to attract the boyish fancy of Bewick, and indeed, there we found a trace of his hand which marked his attachment to it, and no doubt the connexion which it held on his memory with some of the pleasantest hours and sweetest affections of his youthful existence. It was the gravestone of his father and mother. One of those heavy, round-headed, and carved stones that you see so often in his designs. By some accident this stone had been broken, and his filial piety led him to erect a more modern and enlarged one to his parents, on the left hand of the path leading to the porch in the churchyard of Ovingham, when, instead of suffering this to be destroyed, he had it brought and put down here. It had a singular look, in the rustic garden, but it spoke strongly of the man. He could not suffer any thing to be destroyed that had been connected with the history of life and death in his own family circle. He was fond of recording the dates of family events on his vignettes; and the curious observers, who have wondered what such a date, carved as it were on a rock, or rude stone, meant, would find, if they could have the matter traced out, that it marked the passing of some domestic event of deep interest to him. Thus, in the Fables, at page 162, this

inscription in a vignette—"died 20 Feb. 1785," is the date of his mother's death; and "died 15 Nov. 1785," is that of the decease of his father. It is equally interesting to know, that the words at page 152 of the same volume—"O God of infinite wisdom, truth, justice, and mercy," were those with which, he told his family, he was accustomed to preface his petitions to the Great Disposer of events, and that they and the Lord's Prayer comprised the substance of his prayers, and seemed to him more comprehensive than human wisdom could introduce into other language, however long and wordy. No doubt, this old and fractured headstone was become sacred to him, not merely for the purpose for which it had been used, but by the tears with which his own grief had watered it. And who could not see in the spot where he had now replanted it, beneath a spreading elder, the retrospect of blessed and sunny hours, in which the loveliness of nature, and the smiles of his mother, had made a heaven for his young heart! And what scene, except the brightest of the eternal Heaven itself, can ever cast into comparative dimness the paradise of a boyhood in the country, under the pure and angelic guardianship of a mother! In my own heart, such a time shines on through all the gladness or the sorrows of life, as a holy and beatified existence, belonging rather to a prior world than to this. God in his goodness has built me a house, and peopled it with hearts that make existence to me precious and beautiful; but even into the fairest hour of that domestic peace and affection, which no thankfulness can repay to the Divine Giver, still gleams the serenest and most joyful

sunshine of those days, when around the native home lay greenest fields, golden with flowers, murmuring with bees, musical with birds, and in some odorous nook of the old garden, or under some orchard tree, I sate and listened to that voice, and gazed on that beloved face, which made the light and the charm of the young world to me. No, there was no winter, no sorrow, no weariness there! Crime nor impurity, selfishness nor deceit, cruelty nor contempt, could ever break in there with blackness and bitterness, from that world which we have since had to traverse, and to make desolate discoveries in; or if there were such things as winter, as passions, or as heaviness, they have been so swallowed up in the memory of fairyland delight, that their existence can no more be believed. There were walls of crystalline peace; hedges of rosy and innocent joy hemming in and guarding that true Eden of human life from all jeopardy and frostiness; wings of angels hovered around in the sunshine, and wafted airs of delicious soothing on the nightly bed. There is not a bird that sings; there is not a flower that blows, in garden or in field; there is not a creature that belongs to the rural home, or enlivens the country by its presence or its voice, that does not call up before me those days of paradisiacal felicity, and the one ever loving, ever gentle, ever benignant being that made that felicity perfect. He that has been blessed with a worthy mother can never disbelieve in the being of a God, or the futurity of virtue. The peace and glory of heaven have received him into this world; the hand of angels has sown his early way with flowers of beauty from the inner sanctuary of God, fair

beyond all mortal creation; the wisdom and purity of the divine nature have been shed for him on the maternal heart in measureless affluence; the glorious hopes of immortality have been made actualities on her tongue; the triumphs and the rewards of goodness have arisen before him in the very tones of her voice as she sung to him the songs that stirred her own soul, like glowing faces and forms of seraphs, whose nature and mission he could not then comprehend, but saw and felt that they were beautiful. Yes; where a true mother walks amongst her young children, there walks as actual a spirit of divine love and loveliness, as ever trod the pavement of eternity itself. She is a soul on fire with that hallowed flame of affection, and filled with that overflowing abundance of virtue, high principle and purity, that shall endow her children with a sufficient portion for their whole lives, and give them power, if worthily imbibed, to tread down all the serpent natures that beset the onward course of existence. And what balmy slumbers on a soft bosom, what hand-holding along fair scenes in country and in town, while the mind sought, and the ear received in gentlest music, one long perpetual stream of intelligence on all that surrounded us, from that exhaustless fountain of our youthful knowledge; what bright hours of song, of legend or domestic merriment, of pity and pensive story, connect themselves with the name of a mother; and more than even these, what a sense of heroic defence against every unjust suspicion, or arbitrary harshness! Such are the feelings which crowd upon the grateful heart, after years on years have gone by, and when the green maternal grave sinks into

levelness with the surrounding turf, making us feel that woman in her dearest character as a wife, can scarcely rival herself in her heavenly nobility as a mother. It is only such a man, in such a moment of heavenly retrospect, that can comprehend all that that old head-stone, in its green garden-nook, was in the eyes of him who there placed it.

Leaving Cherryburn, my recollection is of crossing the river at the spot where Bewick used to cross it when an apprentice boy on his way home, at the Ferry of Eltringham, and of strolling slowly on—for this visit was several years ago—through fields of ripe barley, the Miss Bewicks pointing out to us as we approached the village of Ovingham the spots which have been introduced in their father's designs, and relating anecdotes connected with the characters of his old acquaintances, or others that have been made to figure in his works. There was the old soldier who used to tell him of his wars, and so often of the battle of Minden, that he went by the name of "the old soldier of Minden." On one occasion of Bewick visiting Ovingham, the old man was dead, and as he approached the village he saw that broad hat and old veteran's coat, that had so often covered the worn limbs of his old friend, then hoisted on a pole as a scarecrow, and thus they show in one of his tail-pieces. There was the drunkard, that made a vow never to enter a public-house again, but used to call at the door and drink as he sate on his horse. These, and the houses where others had lived, were pointed out to us. As we drew near the village, it was like looking at one of Bewick's own scenes. It stands beautifully

on the steep bank of the Tyne. Gardens clothe the banks to the water's edge, and lofty trees add the richness of their shrouding foliage to the spot. In the river you see willow islands, and those snatches of shore scenery that are so delightful in his Natural History. The sandpiper and kingfisher go by with their peculiar cries, and here and there a solitary angler sits as naturally on the sedgy bank as if Bewick himself had fixed him there. The village is just such a place as you wish and expect it. Quiet, old-fashioned, and retired, consisting principally of the parsonage, a few farm-houses, and labourers' cottages. The church is large for a village, and built in form of a cathedral. Wherever you turn, you recognise objects that have filled the imagination and employed the burin of Bewick. Those old, heavy, and leaning headstones—it was certainly on them that the boys in rush caps and with wooden swords rode, acting dragoons. That gate of the parsonage, you have seen it before. The very churchyard is the one which is so beautifully and solemnly depicted in the silence of a moonlight night.

But it is at the west end of the church that you find the tomb of the artist. Here he lies beside his wife, and his brother John, who died before he had acquired the fame to which he would have arrived, but not before he had proved that he possessed much of the genius that had so widely spread the name of his surviving brother.

A square plot of ground adjoining the west-end of the church is enclosed with handsome iron palisades. The graves of the deceased are covered with flat stones, and on the church

wall above stand, side by side, these inscriptions:—"In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man." "The burial-place of Thomas Bewick, engraver, of Newcastle. Isabella, his wife, died 1st February, 1826, aged 72 years. Thomas Bewick, died 8th of November, 1828, aged 75 years."

This spot, which will now for ever form the most noted one in the churchyard of Ovingham, was obligingly granted to the Bewick family by the lay patron, C. W. Bigge, Esq., and they were allowed by him, after Bewick's death, thus to enclose it. How little in such rustic places the fame of men who have there sprung or there repose, avails, might be seen in connexion with this very handsome and appropriate grant, for there were not wanting those, who ought to have known better, who rose in opposition to it, even went so far as to say that if the palisades were put up, they would pull them down again; and very characteristically asked the question—"If every man was to have such a piece enclosed, how was the churchyard to accommodate the inhabitants?" not being able to see that there was no danger whatever of every man becoming a Bewick.

On the south-side of the church is a tablet erected to the memory of another artist, Robert Johnson, a pupil of Bewick's, who, after shewing great talent, died in his youth, in Perthshire, in Scotland; and this reminds me that since Bewick's death, a more insidious attempt has been made to lay waste and make common property of his reputation, than was thus made to

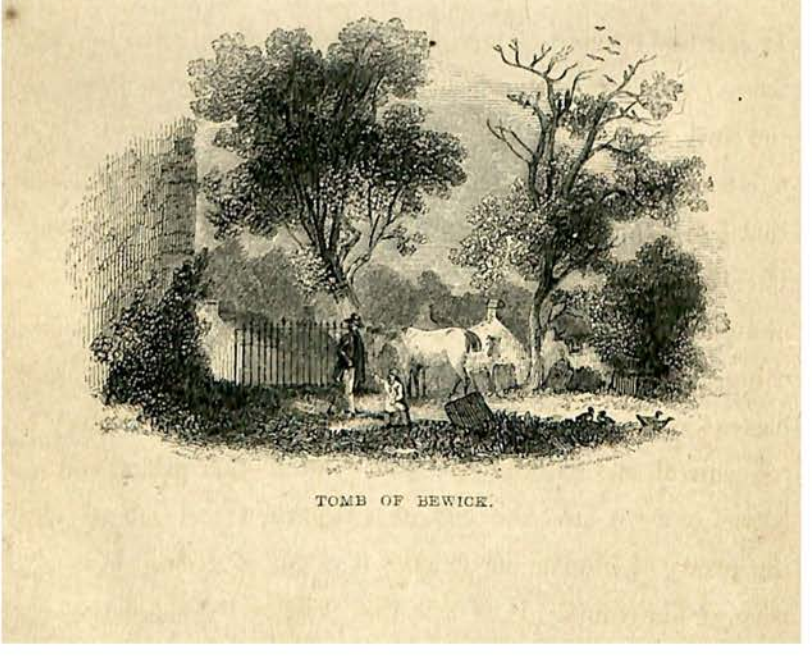
prevent the secure repose of his remains. In Jackson's History of Wood-Engraving, there is a list of no less than seven and forty pieces given from his works, the execution of which is very liberally distributed amongst his pupils; besides giving to them nearly the whole of the cuts in the Fables published by him. A more infamous proceeding than this it is not easy to conceive. The writer himself quotes Atkinson, who, in his Life of Bewick, remarks, that having one day heard a gentleman say that few of the wood-cuts were finished by his own hand, he put the question to him, and that he denied the fact, and stating that all that he could recollect to have been done by his pupils were three—the whimbrel, the tufted duck, and the lesser fern; appealed also to his eldest daughter, who asserted that she could call to mind no others; yet, spite of this his own declaration, and of his daughter's confirmation, here have we, after his death, his reputation parcelled out most freely amongst his pupils. Clennell, Nesbit, this Robert Johnson, and several others, are made to have designed and cut these and many more. We did not happen to have the pleasure of Bewick's acquaintance, but we are so satisfied of his blunt honesty in his works, that we would rather take his word than that of a thousand envious calumniators, and pickers and stealers of other men's goods after their decease; and knowing his daughter well, we are quite sure that both she, and the other branches of the family, are better acquainted with the facts than any other persons can be. Those respectable artists whose names are here implicated, should be the first to come forward and discountenance the moss-trooping

act committed in their name. That they may have been employed on some of Bewick's cuts, as the pupils of all artists are on the works of their masters, there need be no question; but that they gave the original designs, or that they put the finishing hand to some of the most striking and characteristic of the cuts which bear the name of Bewick, and are marked by his peculiar feeling and fancy, nobody will believe, especially in opposition to his own assurance. They should be the first to denounce this practice, because it is one which may be turned against themselves, and if admitted, would soon put an end to all artistical fame. That which they are made to do against their master, their pupils will not be slack to do against them. When a man is dead, if his pupils start up and say—this I did, and this I did, and so slice up the fame of their teacher amongst them, where is it to end? The greatest masters, sculptors especially, would be most liable to this mischief. We therefore, strongly expressing our indignation against this attempt, ask these artists, if these works in truth be theirs, why they have claimed them only since the death of Bewick? Why they did not claim them while he lived, and was able to give them an answer? We ask them too another question; and that is, if they did these things in their boyhood—things which have built up a splendid reputation for Bewick—why they do not do something as good, or better, of the same kind now? Why they do not give us other instances of their talent in this particular style, as full of nature, of humour, and of poetry? There is, in fact, no answer that they who still live can give to our

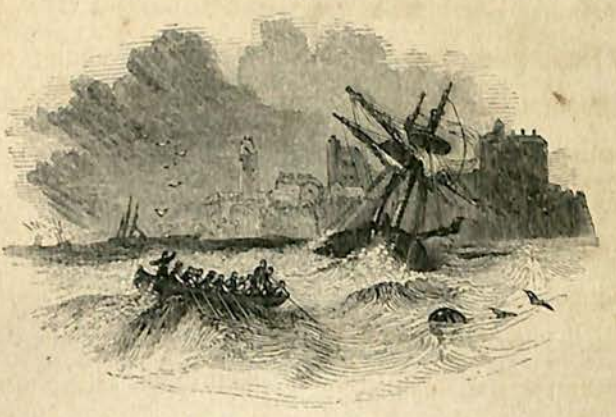
disbelief and contempt for this sort of posthumous robbery, than by executing Bewickian vignettes, as far excelling the genius and mastership of these seven and forty cuts, as their present practice and experience exceed the rawness of their then youth. Nothing short of this will ever place their claim on a footing of equality with the denial of Bewick himself, or remove the disgust with which we read a charge calculated to undermine, if admitted to become a practice, the reputation of the most famous artists, and to convert a set of pupils, after their master's death, into a set of hyenas picking the bones of his reputation. Chantrey and Canova, and indeed every artist who is known to have employed pupils, will have their finest works snatched from them the moment they cease to be in existence, and therefore incapacitated to cast back the hungry and cannibal attempts of those who learnt the principles of art under them, and who should be, in truth, the first to defend their fame. That Bewick, like them, has employed his pupils in cutting out his designs, or even in designing under his suggestions and guiding spirit, there can be no doubt; but the spirit itself, the manner, the peculiar style and humour, all testify to the hand and genius of the master, and will, in spite of such attempts as those we have alluded to, hand down intact his reputation to the latest posterity.

We could not pay a visit to the tomb of this our favourite artist, whose works have afforded us from our boyhood so many hours of pure enjoyment, and now afford the same to our children, without thus expressing our scorn of the base attempt;

the more so as his own amiable family, however they may feel, never step out of their way to notice such calumnies, confident of the honest foundation and sterling endurance of their father's reputation. But spite of good or evil deeds above him, Thomas Bewick now sleeps well. In the very churchyard where he ran as a school-boy, or rode on gravestones as a sham-soldier with his comrades, he rests with his wife and his parents; and it has not been one of our least pleasures in visiting the North, to tread the scene of his birth, and stand by his village tomb.



TOMB OF BEWICK.



VIEW OF TYNEMOUTH.

VISIT TO SEATON-DELAVAL.

If splendid remains of antiquity, a noble natural situation, and many great historical associations, could tempt us to linger by the way, Tynemouth Priory might claim a distinct visit. Yet it is a fact that I took it only in my way to Seaton-Delaval, and that I feel only disposed to give it the same passing notice now. It is difficult to say exactly why it is that it does not detain one and demand a distinct notice, but it does, in reality, lack something, in default of which the imagination flits over it, and hastens on to other spots. It is, I suspect, that its history is too general, and like the history of a dozen other places, and no legend or event has enough of what is peculiar and imbued with the poetry of human life to raise it in our affections above the mass of fine ruins. It is true that it dates its foundation far off in the night of time; that in the year 617, Edwin, king

of Northumberland, built a chapel of wood here, wherein his daughter, Rosetta, took the veil; and if we could lift the veil again from the royal damsel's history, it is probable that we might come at something romantic; but the historian has left us only the bare fact. Here the Danes committed great ravages; here at various periods, kings and queens have been entertained; here lie buried too, Malcolm, king of Scotland, and Prince Edward, his son, both killed in battle on St. Brice's day, in the year 1094; and here many a fierce assault has been witnessed. But all these things a hundred other places can boast, and we long to pass on. Beautiful are the lofty ruins of Tynemouth Priory, and noble must it have been in its days of glory, fit abode of lordly prior, and sojourn and refuge of queen and pious princess; and still, with its lofty windows, its ancient arches, of mingled styles—Saxon, Norman, and later English, with its broken pinnacles, and scattered wide-stretching remnants of grey walls, it is truly beautiful. Here the antiquary and the architect may find ample matter for inquiry and admiration. Here the moralizer and the ponderer over the wrecks of mortality may find much to employ them, amid the thickly standing tombs of mariners and strangers. Here the observer of present manners and life will be struck with the peculiarity of the spot, for this is, at once, a revived priory and a fortress. The modern barracks stand strangely within the walls where once rose only the chanted mass, and the hymn of vespers or of complines. Tombs and sentry-boxes, grey ruins and red soldiers, oddly mingle. The decaying church and the noisy canteen rise

side by side; and while the sentinel stumps down on the hard pavement below the butt-end of his musket, above, the starling wails as for the days that are over.

But these are not all the features of Tynemouth Priory. It stands on one of the boldest and most airy of promontories. Stupendous precipices, at whose feet lie strown gigantic masses of rock, against which the sea dashes and roars, fill the imagination with a feeling of the sublime; and far around stretch receding shores, the wide fresh ocean, scattered with glowing sails and smoke-trailing steamers; and broad sands tempt the foot to tread them, and to watch the doings of fishermen, who are busy with their nets, and of fishermen's children, who are equally busy poring amongst the rocks, and digging in the sands, and turning over masses of wet sea-weed, for some fishy prey or other, of what kind and value they know best. Parties of gay people are strolling along the short turf on the open strip of common above the beach; and really, altogether, Tynemouth is a very charming, airy, refreshing place, and it is not at all to be wondered at that hundreds of people flock to it in the summer months, and that thousands are whirled hither by the railway from Newcastle for a summer-day's sea-side pleasure. Yet, spite of all this, we are strongly drawn onwards towards Seaton-Delaval; and therefore, after taking a cup of tea with Miss Martineau, and listening to her philosophy, always full of deep sense and views for the good of humanity, at the same time that we are watching from her windows the billows come, which with the advancing tide running landward into the bay,

just like so many great white sea-porcupines, with quills and entire shapes of snow, racing on the waters,—we march northward. Our excellent young friend, Mr. Henry Rankin, the translator of Fieramorea, goes, as the people of Derbyshire say, a little *gatewards* with us, and amid the fresh airs and the calm sunshine of evening we follow the windings of the shore. How beautiful is the sea! So fresh, so breezy! the splendid billows marching on in such glorious state to the shore, and bursting in foam and thunder amongst the rocks. And how varied are the colours of the ocean in different distances! Near the shore brown—no doubt with the sand shining through—then green, and farther off, beautiful blue!

But my friend, Fieramorea, gives the parting hand, and turns his face towards the Capital of Coal, and I putting onward alone, speedily, though still far from Seaton-Delaval, stumble on a memorial of the Delavals. It is the MONK'S-STONE, so called from its history, which is worth the telling. A monk of Tynemouth, says tradition, strolling abroad, came to the house of Mr. Delaval, an ancestor of the ancient family of that name, who was then out hunting. Going into the kitchen, the monk found things proceeding bravely. Many a savoury dish was in preparation for the return of the lord of the house and his friends; but what pre-eminently captivated the nostrils and the imagination of the monk, was a young pig that was roasting especially for the eating of Mr. Delaval himself. The monk, enamoured of this delicious roast, insisted on having some of it; but the cook protested that he must not meddle with it, seeing

that it was for the lord and master. The monk, however, cared not for the cook, but like a monk who knew what was what, and was accustomed to make free, cut off the head; popped it into his hood, and made off towards Tynemouth. He had got within a mile, when the knight of Delaval overtook him. Returning from the chase with a hunter's appetite, and with his imagination charmed at the prospect of his roasted pig, what were his wrath and consternation to find its noblest part missing, and to hear the story of the monk's audacity from the equally indignant cook. Young and fiery, he remounted his horse, and commenced a new and more furious chase in pursuit of the offender; and coming up with him where this stone now stands, belaboured him with a cudgel called a hunting gad, till he was hardly able to crawl. The monk dying very poetically, that is, exactly in a year and a day—though, as the story goes, not in consequence of this thrashing—the brethren of Tynemouth made it a handle to charge Delaval with this murder, who, before he could get absolved, was obliged to make over to the monastery, the manor of Elsig and other valuable estates, in expiation of the deed; and by way of *amende honorable*, to set up an obelisk on the spot, on which the monks immediately carved this inscription:—

Oh! horrid dede!
To kill a manne for a pigge's hede!

Pennant, when he visited this stone, thought the story defective in several parts. No date is affixed; and it seems difficult, says he, to account for this monk being so far from his monastery, especially alone, which was strictly prohibited by

their rules; and his not being of the Mendicant order, he could not be going on "the quest." The only method, he adds, of accounting for it is to suppose that this personage was a lay-brother, and servant to the house. It, however, shews how dangerous it was to injure the meanest retainer of a religious house—a peril very ludicrously though justly expressed in the following old English adage:—"If, perchance, one offende a Frere's Dogge, streight 'clameth the whole brotherhood, 'an heresy! an heresy!'"

It seems of very little consequence whether it was a lay-brother or a clerical one, the story is too good to be doubted; and the inscription was there too long to leave a question about it. It is clear enough that the monk was not of the mendicant but of the predatory order; and when religious houses were armed with such spiritual powers as they were then, it is not worth while trying to account for any relaxation of their discipline. Pigs' heads roasting in good houses, we presume, were quite incentives enough for a ramble, and if a rich lord laid on his gad, all the better, for manors, monasteries, and other estates must go to heal the wounds of the holy man. We are told that Elsig became afterwards the summer retreat of the Priors of Tynemouth. How the pious rogues must have laughed in their sleeves as they solaced themselves there, over the tragedy of the "pigge's hede!" By-the-by, this notable verse should be repeated with a hollow voice, a slow tone, and a solemn look, and it has quite a swinish sublime about it.

The stone is now broken, and the *horrid* inscription is gone.

Only about four feet of the Monk's-Stone yet remain standing, in a field near a farm-house.

A delightful walk along the sea shore brought me to the little port of Seaton-Sluice. The tide, thundering below me on the sands and amongst the fallen rocks, and groups of children near the villages playing along the edges of the waves, standing as the billows came roaring on, as if they would brave them out, and then scampering off, as the growling, hissing, and fizzing breakers came sweeping towards them. The gorse on the sandy strips of common on the margin of the sea smelling delightfully; and bondage girls busy in the fields.

As I drew near Seaton-Sluice, Seaton Delaval itself shewed its ruins amid the woods on my left. This splendid abode, the seat of an ancient and most jovial family, has something far more melancholy about it than a ruin which has fallen into decay by the very lapse of time, or by the force of a revolution three hundred years ago. Till the last generation, it was the hospitable mansion of a race that seemed to live free and jocundly, as if they had a patent of exemption from care and casualty, and made all this part of the country resound with their jollity, and gay with the bustle of their friends and servants. Now, all is deserted and melancholy. Wide woods encircle a ruin, that was made so suddenly by fire. The family is extinct; and over the whole vicinage there seems to brood a sad remembrance of once happier times. This little harbour of Seaton-Sluice is a testimony of the liberal spirit of the Delavals, and of their bold recklessness of labour and expense in every thing

that contributed to the benefit of their estates and the good of their neighbours. It was originally of small extent, dry at low water, and difficult at the entrance. Sir Ralph Delaval, who was continually contriving improvements, made this port on his own plan, and entirely at his own charge, for the benefit of his tenants and himself, but without excluding anybody from its use. In the construction of this small harbour he found enough to exercise his skill and patience. The stone pier which covered it from the north-east wind was carried away by the sea more than once; and when he had overcome this difficulty by using timber as well as stone, he found a new inconvenience. His port filled with mud, though a pretty sharp rill ran through it. In order to remove this nuisance, he placed a new strong sluice with floodgates upon this brook, and these being shut by the coming in of the tide, the back-water collected itself into a body, and forcing a passage at the ebb, carried all before it, and twice in twenty-four hours scoured the bed of the haven clean. Charles II., who had a great taste for matters of this kind, made him collector and surveyor of his own port. The late Lord Delaval added greatly to the completeness of this harbour. At vast expense he cut through the solid rock, and discharged the current of the river directly into the sea, nearly due east, so as to form a port accessible with every wind, and a moorage secure against every storm. He threw a drawbridge over the cut, for the convenience of passengers; and about this spot the traveller may observe much contrivance and machinery. Here, under the care and stimulus of the Delavals, coals were shipped, and

an activity given to the collieries, by which a great number of people were employed. Glasshouses, copperas and other works sprung up, and that scene of bustle and prosperity was created that results from capital put into action by liberal enterprise for the good of the community. But the family became extinct in the male line. The estate passed into the hands of a distant stranger, and the neighbourhood felt a severe shock.

But it is the house which excites the deepest feelings of regret and melancholy. It is there that we seem to become fully sensible of the change, which fell like a thunderbolt on the neighbourhood, checking that jovial life which had so long reigned here, and paralyzing the spirit of activity in the whole

surrounding neighbourhood, and cutting off at once the sources of support and happiness to thousands. The external walls of this once noble house stand scathed by fire,—not like some ancient ruin, which seems the work of age and natural decay, but like the skeleton of a strong man, destroyed by a sudden and violent death. This house, which Scott, in Marmion, describing this coast, calls—

The lofty Seaton-Delaval,

was the finest erection of Sir John Vanbrugh, and one of the most splendid mansions in Northumberland. The following description gives a lively idea of it as it stood entire.

In the north front of this magnificent structure, consisting of five stories, the whole of which is built of beautiful stone, and of the most excellent masonry, there is a flight of sixteen steps on each side of the uppermost landing. There are three superb Doric columns, which, by their bold projections, give an extraordinary effect to their richly embellished entablatures. Immediately over these are placed handsome vases on pedestals. Here the attic story rises, having a grand pediment, with a triangular tympanum, in which the arms of the family, and various trophies are carved, and so relieved that all their parts are perfectly seen, free from its entablature. This façade is rendered extremely beautiful by the breaks and fine proportions of its parts, and by the excellent sculpture with which it is dressed, and the whole is crowned with a balustrade, and proper pedestals, on which urns are placed. At each end hereof are seen the upper external parts of the grand staircases, rising

nearly to the height of the apex of the central pediment, which produce a very graceful effect, being ornamented with a series of round balusters terminated by pedestals, out of which arise, in form of urns, the tops of the chimneys. The perron to the portal has two landing-places, the upper of which is of the height of the basement story, constructed boldly in bossage-work, serving as a basis for the edifice, and giving an appearance of great strength to it. On each side hereof, a corridor unites to the house two noble wings, adorned with beautiful arcades, extending along the whole length of the fronts. These, as well as the body of the house, are all covered with lead. Their perfect unity therewith, their graceful projections, niches and pediments, form a most grand and pleasing court, being terminated with two beautiful pavilions, connected also by a corridor.

The first room which you enter is a most stately hall, forty-four feet long and forty-four feet high. Here, all the ornaments strike by simple, but grand uniformity. Numerous arches, recesses, and niches, please the informed observer more with the harmony of their proportions than with the splendour of their decorations. The floor is of a black and white marble, and the chimney-piece finely adapted to the great style of the room. The figures which support it are exquisitely executed, as are the basso-relievos and all the decorations. Opposite to the door is a grand music-gallery, faced with elegant iron balustrades upon a fine entablature, and supported by beautiful consoles. In the uppermost niches are statues as large as life, admirably executed by the best Italian artists, with their attri-

butes and symbols, representing Music, Painting, Geography, Sculpture, Architecture, and Astronomy; and in the interstitial solids are the pictures of Lord and Lady Delaval and their children. The ceiling is extremely elegant. To the right and left are passages, paved with marble, leading through lofty arches to handsome rooms, wainscoted with mahogany, in which are the pictures of Admiral Delaval, and others of Lord Delaval's ancestors, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and other good portrait painters; and also to the two grand winding geometrical stone staircases, seventeen feet in diameter, reaching from the bottom to the top of the house, of a structure which has been greatly admired by all who have seen them, having iron balusters of a very light and elegant form.

The hall leads to a splendid saloon, fronting the pleasure-grounds, seventy-five feet long, and from the door at which you enter it to the folding glass-doors on the opposite side, it is thirty feet wide. These open into a most magnificent portico, of the Ionic order, tetrastile, of which the columns are three feet in diameter. In this room there are eight majestic fluted Corinthian columns, of the most beautiful stone, and the same number of pilasters, which divide it into three spaces. The ceiling was executed by the famous Italian artist, Vercelli, and is exquisitely modelled, and admirably coloured. Here are several finely painted whole-length pictures of this family. At the end is a small ante-chamber, which leads into a spacious drawing-room, and also into a lesser drawing-room contiguous to an elegant eating-room, beautifully ornamented with festoons of

fruit and flowers, formed of a most durable composition, and so admirably painted as perfectly to resemble nature. Collateral to those stately apartments are others for retirement, and waiting rooms, connected with a stone winding staircase, of fine workmanship, being ten feet three inches in diameter, and communicating with the great staircase at every landing-place, through either of which you may ascend to a grand gallery on the next floor, on each side of which are several large and finely proportioned bed-chambers, whence you may pass into fourteen rooms built by the late Lord Delaval; among which are several other stately bed-chambers and dressing-rooms. He also highly ornamented the greater part of this fine mansion with new and rich furniture. Most of the bedrooms have marble chimney-pieces of admirable workmanship. All the offices in the basement story, which are very numerous, are arched with hewn stone, whence you now go on the same level to the east and west wings. In the former there are noble stables, the chief of which is sixty-two feet long, and forty-one wide, the roof being supported by three superb arches, twenty-one feet four inches high. The divisions of all the stalls, and the niches for the hay, are of stone. In the east wing there is a gallery extending the whole length of its front; and in the west wing there is a spacious and lofty kitchen and extensive offices.

Such was the house in its glory, justly said to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Sir John Vanbrugh. If he had never built worse than in this instance, he could not have deserved the sarcastic epitaph—

Lie heavy on him Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This was light, airy, and graceful. It was an Italian palace, with all its native beauty and amplitude, translated to the north of England. It is now an empty ruin. About eighteen years ago, fire swept through it, and laid waste all the painting, carving, statuary, the beautiful ceilings, and gay halls here described. The family in the male line was extinct, and by the female it had diverged into the hands of Sir Jacob Astley, now created Lord Hastings, who never cared about it, and seldom, if ever, came near it. Nay, the country people do not hesitate to ascribe the destruction of it to himself. They say he did not want to live in it, and therefore caused it to be burnt, to put an end to being taxed for it. Such a supposition is, perhaps, too absurd to deserve a moment's credit. One cannot imagine a man so destitute of taste as to wish to destroy so noble and splendid a place. Yet the people say that the fire was first observed at night, ten or a dozen miles off, by some colliers, and the alarm passing from mouth to mouth, some of the neighbours ran into the house, where they found the housekeeper, the sole inhabitant, going from room to room with a candle, and yet pretending to be unconscious that the place was on fire.

The whole interior was destroyed, the wings alone escaping, and some fine articles of furniture and a few paintings being rescued. That noble hall now strikes you at once with its beautiful proportions, its amplitude, its loftiness, and its present desolation. Those large figures in their niches, mentioned in this passing

description, which are those of five females in Roman costume, are dreadfully mutilated by fire and weather. The pedestals, which appear to be of stone, are elegantly worked, but the figures themselves stand shattered and decayed, betraying the iron wires and canvass which helped to hold their composition together; some without arms, most without noses, and in others the head hanging on the bosom by a wire.

The massy fireplace has two noble Caryatides as supporters, and a central frieze tablet of figures in Roman togas. The corridor mentioned above, is very elegant, supported on rich brackets, carved with the acanthus, and in the centre of its light balustrade is the escutcheon of the Delavals. But the finest thing about this hall is the art by which it is made to command one of the most extensive prospects in nature. It is not only elevated by the basement story, but the two opposite entrances and side windows are so disposed as to give you views on all hands, and you feel, indeed—in a country not of apparent great elevation—a strange sense of elevation, and a command of view that is most surprising and delightful. Your eye wanders over the most extensive stretch of landscapes. On one side you behold the sea dotted with ships; to the south there is a fine view over a verdant lawn to another bay of the sea, to Tynemouth Priory, and over several villages lying in the broad plain. A tall obelisk rises at about a mile from the house on another side, giving a feeling of solemnity, dignity, and space. To the west there is an avenue of a mile and quarter long; and to the north a view of a great part of Northumberland,

extending over sixty miles, and confined only by the mountains of Cheviot.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the sense of delight and cheerfulness which this wide range of country and of ocean, seen without an effort from this noble hall, thrown as a mighty picture, as it were, around it, inspires; and if we recal the image of this mansion in its perfect state—all in order and completeness; and inhabited by a gay, a witty, a wealthy and a beautiful race, with all their friends and servants about them, we may well imagine what a scene of pleasure and festive beauty it was. We can then catch some idea of the times and doings here which the country people describe, and feel what a sensation the witty, wicked Delavals must have created in the country round.

The Delavals came over with the Conqueror. Guy Delaval married Dimeria, the second daughter of Robert Earl of Morton, brother by the mother's side to the Conqueror. Sir Henrick Delaval, second son of Guido, Lord of Delaval, carried one of the head banners when his cousin William, Duke of Normandy, conquered England. Gilbert Delaval was one of the twenty-five Barons sworn to see the *Magna Charta* and *Charta de Foresta,* granted by John at Runnymede, confirmed by the Pope.

The long line of the Delavals from that period to the reign of Charles I. was often to be found in arms, or in the civil service of their country. In William III.'s reign, George Delaval was Rear-admiral of the Blue, and afterwards Vice-admiral of the Red, and had a signal share in the glorious victory over the French, off Cape Barfleur, in May 1692.

It is since that period that the Delavals acquired their reputation for courtly splendour, profuse living, and open-house jollity. Sir Francis Blake Delaval, and his brother, the late Lord Delaval, especially. Lord Delaval had a large family, as well as several brothers, yet by many of the sons not marrying, and, as it were, by a fatality, the family became extinct in the male line in the last generation, in the person of his brother Edward Hussey Delaval, and the change we have noticed ensued.

Strange are the stories told by the people of the neighbourhood, of the mode of life of the Delavals of those two generations. The vast and almost perpetual crowds of company entertained; the fêtes given, when this beautiful house and gardens became in truth a perfect fairyland of light, and beauty, and music; with floating throngs of gay and lovely creatures, that were ready to rush into the most extraordinary frolics and scenes of mischief imaginable. The daughters of Lord Delaval, who were very handsome, are said to have been fond of assuming various disguises, and playing off in them various pranks. The Delavals were particularly fond of theatrical amusements, and on one occasion the whole family acted on the boards of Drury Lane, by permission of Garrick. Here too the same pleasures went on, and a variety of practical jokes of no scrupulous kind. The lovely Lady Tyrconnel was one of these daughters, who had hair of such rich luxuriance, that when she rode it floated on the saddle. There is a portrait of her,—as well as of others of the family, and amongst them of her husband, said to be the finest man of his time,—at Ford Castle, and an arch

and most lovely creature she must have been. The present Marquis of Waterford no doubt inherits not only Ford Castle, but *his* strong penchant for practical jokes, from this family, as well as his fair complexion and light hair, his mother being the only daughter of Lord and Lady Tyrconnel.

It is said that many were the contrivances in the house for carrying into effect these jokes; such as beds suspended by pulleys over trap-doors, so that when guests had retired after a carouse, and were just dropped asleep, they were rapidly let down into a cold bath, and awoke in consternation, finding themselves floundering in darkness and cold water. Another contrivance was that of partitions between sleeping rooms which could be suddenly hoisted up into the ceiling by pulleys, so that when ladies and gentlemen were retiring to rest, and had doffed all their finery, of wigs and hoop-petticoats, they were in a moment astonished to see the walls of their rooms disappear, and to find themselves in a miscellaneous assembly of the oddest and most embarrassing description.

A story illustrative of their amusements, is told of the brother of Lord Delaval. He laid a wager to walk blindfold from some distant part of the garden into the house in a straight line; but for this purpose he had provided a very fine silken thread as a clue to guide him. A boy, however, who had sharper eyes than the rest, perceived it, and silently pointed it out to the competitors, who speedily shifted the end from the grand portal to which it was attached, and placed it in a direction right across a pond on the lawn. Mr. Delaval, therefore, boldly marching on, as he

supposed to the door, soon plunged headlong into the water—a fact announced not only by his own disagreeable astonishment, but by the peals of laughter with which it was accompanied from all sides, and which gave him no little wrath and chagrin.

In such merriments and prodigalities, it is said flew those days at Seaton-Delaval; feasting was a daily matter of course, and such good things did the farmers pour into the house, that on rent-days they had, it is said, more frequently to receive money than to pay it. Lord Tyrconnel was a dissipated man, who kept several mistresses, and Lady Tyrconnel, on the other hand, was said to be the mistress of the Duke of York. It is no wonder then that the country people talk of the wickedness of the Delavals, and look on the extinction of this numerous family so rapidly and completely, as a judgment on that account. Yet, if we may judge from other circumstances, the Delavals were rather mischievous to themselves than to their neighbours. They appear to have spent their estates freely amongst them, and to have been not only profuse, but generous, liberal, and sparing no cost to promote the good of their tenants, and those about them.

From Sir Francis Delaval's acquaintance with Foote and Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, we have more record of his character and life, than of the rest of the family, and shall therefore insert a few notices of him, which may serve as specimens of the family proceedings.

Cooke, in his Memoirs of Foote, gives the following character of Sir Francis: "This gentleman was born with very superior

advantages of person and of fortune. The former he availed himself of in the prosecution of his pleasures; the latter he employed alternately as a means of dissipation and of generosity. In modern honour and modern gallantry, he vied with the first fashionables in Europe. He had not a grain of Nero's cruelty, but had he been born in his court, would have rode with him as a charioteer, fiddled with him as a musician, fenced with him as a gladiator, and strutted with him as a player. Though indolent in business, he was active in his pleasures; and so strongly did he possess the spirit of emulation, that he would be the leading showman of his day, whatever species of frivolity was the fashion. Yet, with all these drawbacks on his character, he was not deficient in either wit or learning, or in the ready application of both. He excelled sometimes in repartee; and once replied to the late Lord Chatham, in the House of Commons, with a point and promptitude which for a time abashed even that celebrated statesman. To the character of an agreeable gay companion, he united generosity, affability, politeness, and goodnature, nor was he, perhaps, ever intentionally any man's enemy."

This character agrees perfectly with that conveyed to us by Mr. Edgeworth. Sir Francis, indeed, was a thorough man of pleasure, and of the world; accomplished, handsome, good-natured, and fond of frolic, with talents for better things. Foote and he in early life formed an acquaintance, which continued to the death of Sir Francis, and it was impossible that such a friendship should not be marked by many pranks and strange passages of whim and folly.

Whenever these two wits were in town at the same time, they generally dined together, either at their own or some of their friends' houses, the tavern, etc. Foote, just after returning from Ireland, lived mostly with Sir Francis, who, though he kept a good table, did not always spread it with much taste. The conversation turning one day on the hospitalities of the Irish, Foote praised them very much, and said they had the superiority of living in some respects above us. This Sir Francis denied, by saying that, though they gave good things, they did not generally introduce them to the best advantage. Soon after this Sir Francis having occasion to step into an adjoining room, Foote turned round to one of the company, and cried out, "Did you ever hear such a hound as this? Talking of the elegances of a table; and here have I been seven days together dining with him on a greasy loin of pork. What he can mean by it I don't know, except he means to run his pork against The Beggar's Opera." Sir Francis by this time returned; and overhearing the last sentence, goodhumouredly exclaimed, "What, Foote! at my loin of pork still?" "No," said he, "your loins of pork have been *at me*, and if you don't take them off, in another week I suppose I shall be as full of bristles as Peter the wild man."

These little sallies of humour, however, did not interrupt the harmony of the two friends. They played, as it were, the first and second fiddle alternately; and, provided the concert contributed to their own or the company's amusement, all was well. Sometimes they regaled themselves over a bottle; some-

times amused themselves in the green-room, sporting with the performers. Sometimes at ridottos, masquerades, etc.; and occasionally making the *virtuoso* round, as they called it, which consisted in visiting all the curious exhibitions from the Tower to Hyde Park Corner.

In going home one day from the Turk's-Head Tavern in Gerard Street, not a little inebriated, these two choice companions espied a *bona roba* most tawdrily dressed out, ogling them from her drawing-room window. This was enough to excite the gallantry of Sir Francis, who instantly dropping on one knee, theatrically exclaimed, "*Ah, ma chere belle!*" Foote, seeing this, was determined not to be outdone, and accordingly placing himself at the side of Sir Francis, exclaimed in the same impassioned tone of voice and manner, "*Ah, ma Jeze-bel!*"

Sir Francis carried this whimsical humour into the country, where, whether at his own house or at his brother's, the late Lord Delaval, Foote, as his *arbiter deliciarum*, arranged all the festivities. These were composed by turns of an ass-race, a puppet-show, a grinning-match, a shift-race by women, and lastly, though not least frequently, a sack-race, in which all the runners were close buttoned up to the chin in sacks, and in this condition the first who jumped to a certain distance was the winner.

These amusements drew a great deal of the company of the neighbourhood to Seaton-Delaval, where they all partook of the convivialities of the table, as well as of the sports on the lawn.

In the midst of this gay, frolicsome life, Foote suggested to

Sir Francis, that as he, Sir Francis, was fond of the stage, and a good performer himself, it would be turning his talents to some account, to get up some creditable play, in which himself and friends might fill up the characters. The hint was immediately taken, and Garrick was applied to for the use of his theatre, who readily granted it at the request of so many noble and honourable suitors.

Private theatricals were at this period very rare. They had been almost laid aside from the time when Frederick Prince of Wales had honoured them by his encouragement at Cliefden and Leicester Houses; so that the report of this intended fête, as a novelty, drew much of the attention of the town. The scenery was for some months in preparation, the dresses were magnificent, and tickets of admission were distributed only to people of the first condition. The play fixed upon was Othello: the part of Othello, by Sir Francis; Iago, by his brother, afterwards Lord Delaval; Desdemona, by his sister, Lady Mexborough; and after the play, there was to be a ball, supper, etc. in grand style.

Foote was intended for one of this party, but, either from accident or design, did not attend till the play was finished, and then entered the great green-room, as the company were all taking refreshments. "O Foote! where have you been? What have you lost! such a play you'll never have another opportunity of seeing!" was the general buzz from one end of the room to the other. To all this the wit bowed contrition, disappointment, and so forth; when slily approaching the place

where Garrick sate, he asked him, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by the whole company, what he *seriously* thought of it. "Think of it!" said Garrick, equally wishing to be heard, "why, that I never *suffered* so much in my whole life!" "What, *for the author?* I thought so. Alas, poor Shakspeare!"

The company not being prepared for this stroke, the laugh was unanimous against Garrick, which Sir Francis joined in with as much good humour as if he was not at all affected by the sarcasm.

Who can doubt whence Lord Waterford derives his peculiar idiosyncracy; his taste for dissipation, frolics, wild practical jokes, and those other and better qualities which make him beloved as a landlord, and admired for many excellent feelings of heart, which exist oddly enough with so eccentric a head?

But all these gay follies dipped deep into Sir Francis's pocket. It was necessary to look out for a wife,

Whose gold might gild his waste;

Foote soon pointed one out to him, Lady Nassau Paulet, a widow with 90,000*l.* In order to secure her, Foote and Sir Francis undertook one of the most extraordinary schemes imaginable. They set up as conjurers and fortune-tellers, and put the whole fashionable world into a ferment with the strange things they brought to light. Of this exploit we may give Lovell Edgeworth's account.

"Some years before I was acquainted with him, Sir Francis, with Foote for his coadjutor, had astonished the town as a conjurer, and had obtained from numbers vast belief in his

necromantic powers. This confidence he gained chiefly by relating to those who consulted him the past events of their lives; thence he easily persuaded them that he could foretel what would happen to them in future; and this persuasion frequently led to the accomplishment of his prophecies. Foote chose for the scene of their necromancy a large and dark room in an obscure court, I believe in Leicester Fields. The entrance to this room was through a very long, narrow, winding passage, lighted up by a few dim lamps. The conjurer was seated upon a kind of ottoman in the middle of the room, with a huge drum before him, which contained his familiar spirit. He was dressed in the Eastern fashion, with an enormous turban, and a long white beard. His assistant held a white wand in his hand, and with a small stick struck the drum from time to time, from which there issued a deep and melancholy sound. His dragoman answered the questions that were asked of him by his visitants, while the conjurer preserved the most dignified silence, only making signs, which his interpreter translated into words. When a question was asked, the visitant was kept at a distance from the drum, from which the oracle seemed to proceed. The former habits and extensive acquaintance of Sir Francis Delaval, and of his associates, who, in fact, were all the men of gallantry of his day, furnished him with innumerable anecdotes of secret intrigues, which were some of them known only to themselves and their paramours. Foote had acquired a considerable knowledge of the gallantries of the city; and the curiosity which had been awakened and gratified at the west end of the town by the

disclosure of certain ridiculous adventures in the city, gave to the conjurer his first celebrity. It was said that he had revealed secrets that had been buried for years in obscurity. Ladies as well as gentlemen, among the fools of quality, were soon found to imitate the dames of the city in idle and pernicious curiosity, and under the sanction of fashion the delusion spread rapidly through all ranks.

Various attempts were made to deceive the conjurer under false names and by a substitution of persons; but in general, he succeeded in detecting these; and his fame stood at one time so high, as to induce persons of the first consideration to consult him secretly. His method of obtaining sudden influence over the incredulous was by telling them some small detached circumstances which had happened to them a short time before, and which they thought could scarcely be known to anybody but themselves. This he effected by means of an agent, whom he employed at the door as a porter. This man was acquainted with all the intriguing footmen in London; and while he detained the servants of his master's visitants as they entered, he obtained from them various information, which was communicated by his fellow servants, through a pipe, to the drum of the conjurer.

It was said that in the course of a few weeks, while this delusion lasted, more matches were made, and more intrigues brought to a conclusion, by Sir Francis Delaval and his associates, than all the meddling old ladies in London could have effected, or even suspected, in as many months. Among the

marriages was that of Lady Nassau Paulet with Sir Francis himself, which was the great object of the whole contrivance. As soon as it was accomplished, the conjurer prudently decamped, before an inquiry too minute could be made into his supernatural powers. Lady Nassau Paulet's vast fortune became wholly Sir Francis' by this marriage. Her ladyship died soon afterwards, and her fortune did not long continue to console her husband for her loss. The whole of it he contrived soon to dissipate."

Edgeworth says that at Sir Francis' house he saw more of what is called *the world* in six weeks, than he could possibly have seen elsewhere in as many years. He relates various affairs in which he was engaged with Sir Francis, as magical and conjuring operations, and similar things. They concerted a system of telegraphs, by which they had it in their power, if they had been so disposed, to fleece the bettors of Newmarket to a vast extent. They set up telegraphs between Sir Francis's house in Hampstead, and one which Edgeworth frequented in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and proved the entire practicability of their scheme. He mentions a curious bet on a coachmaker's journeyman that was accustomed to run with a coach-wheel, by Lord March, which Sir Francis by his ingenuity enabled Lord March to win. He had, says Edgeworth, a universal acquaintance with all the gay and gambling world. This Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensbury, Jennison Shaftoe, Lord Eglinton, Mr. Thynne, Lord Effingham, Colonel Brereton, and numbers whose names have long since been forgotten, consulted Sir Francis in their schemes at Newmarket; and his ingenuity and never-

failing resources made his acquaintance highly valuable to such gentlemen of the Turf Club as made bets out of the common line of gambling.

Another scheme for a Play was got up, and in this acted no less a personage than the Duke of York, who was in love with Lady Stanhope, one of Sir Francis' sisters. The play was the Fair Penitent: and the actors and actresses were Sir Francis, as Horatio; Mr. (afterwards Lord) Delaval, as Sciolto; Sir J. Wrottesley, as Altamont; the Duke of York, as Lothario; Lady Stanhope, as Calista; and Lady Mexborough, as Lavinia. A theatre was engaged in Petty France, near the gate of the Park, and after the piece the party adjourned to the King's Arms, Covent Garden. Here the company, says Edgeworth, were still in fact performing amusing parts, though they were off the stage, and amongst them in great glory was Macklin, who throwing off his wig, called for a night-cap, which was his sign that he meant to be very interesting. Edgeworth and Sir Francis carried on, by concerted signs, one of their juggling schemes, by which they defeated Macklin, who declared that no man alive could make the slightest difference apparent to an audience between the three words in italics in this sentence, "*Pare* me a *pair* of *pears*."

This play of the Fair Penitent was acted also at Seaton-Delaval, on the 29th of December 1791, in an elegant theatre which was fitted up in the house; with the afterpiece of "You may Like it, or Let it Alone;" and amongst the actors were Lord Delaval, and Lord and Lady Tyrconnel.

With one story of Sir Francis as an electioneerer, however, which shews so strongly the man's ready resources and his love of fun, we must conclude our notices of him.

Once when he stood for the borough of Andover, an opposition took place, and the corporation were so closely divided, that it was a nearly drawn battle between him and his competitor. One sturdy fellow among the voters held out against all applications. He declared that he would vote for neither of the contending candidates. Sir Francis paid him a visit, and with much address endeavoured to discover some means of softening him. Sir Francis knew that the man was unassailable by plain bribery; he therefore tried to tempt his ambition, his love of pleasure, his curiosity, in short every passion that he thought could actuate this obstinate voter. He found that all the public spectacles of London were familiar to this man, who had often gone to town on purpose to see various exhibitions. This seemed to have been his favourite relaxation. After many attempts, Sir Francis at last discovered that this odd mortal had never seen a fire-eater, and that he did not believe the wonderful stories he had heard of fire-eaters; nor could it, he said, be imagined that any man could vomit smoke, flame, and fire from his mouth like a volcano.

Sir Francis proposed to carry him immediately to town, and to shew him the most accomplished eater of fire that had ever appeared. The wary citizen of Andover could by no means be prevailed upon to go up to town. Sir Francis instantly dispatched a trusty servant to London, to request Angelo to come

to his assistance. Among his various accomplishments, Angelo possessed the art of fire-eating in the utmost perfection; and though no pecuniary consideration could have induced him to make a display of his talents in such an art, yet to oblige Sir Francis, to whom all his friends were enthusiastically devoted, Angelo complied. A few hours after he received the request, he thundered into Andover in a chaise and four, express, to eat fire for Sir Francis Delaval's friend! When the obdurate voter saw this gentleman come down, and with such expedition, on purpose to entertain him, he began to yield. But when Angelo filled his mouth with torrents of flame, that burst from his lips and nostrils, and seemed to issue even from his eyes; when these flames changed to various colours, and seemed continually to increase in volume and intensity; our voter was quite melted. He implored Angelo to run no farther hazard; he confessed, "that he did not think the devil himself could cast out such torrents of fire and flame, and that he believed Sir Francis had his Satanic majesty for his friend, otherwise he never could have prevailed upon him to break the vow which he had made not to vote for him."

For this time Sir Francis succeeded in his election, but on the next occasion he found his interest still lower than before in Andover. When he commenced his canvass he went to the house of the mayor of Andover, who had hitherto been his friend, and with whom he usually lodged. The mayor's lady had also been on his side formerly, but Sir Francis now perceived by her averted glances that he had lost her favour. As he paid her

some compliments while she made tea, the lady scornfully replied, that "his compliments to her were no more genuine than his tea-canisters." Now it seems that on the former occasion, a promise had been made to her of a handsome tea-chest, with silver canisters, in place of which she had received only plated canisters. Sir Francis was struck dumb by this discovery. When he recovered himself, he protested in the most energetic manner that the trick had been put upon him as well as upon her, by the person whom he had employed to purchase the tea-chest. He offered to produce his order to his agent; he pleaded his own character as a gentleman, and his known habits, not only of generosity but of profusion. All would not do; the enraged mayoress treated his apologies with disdain, and his professions as counterfeit coin.

What was to be done? With the mayor's vote he lost other votes. The corporation openly declared that unless some person of wealth, and consequence, and honour, appeared from London, and proposed himself candidate, they would elect a gentleman in the neighbourhood who had never canvassed the borough, rather than let Sir Francis come in. Next morning an express arrived early in Andover, with an eloquent and truly polite letter from Sir Robert Ladbroke, who was then father of the city, declaring his intention to stand candidate for the free and independent borough of Andover, intimating that his gouty state of health required care, and begging the mayor, with whom he had some acquaintance, to secure for him a well-aired lodging. Mrs. Mayoress, in high exultation, had a bed pre-

pared for the infirm Sir Robert in her best bedchamber; supper was ready at an early hour—but no Sir Robert appeared. At length a courier arrived with a letter excusing his presence that night, but promising that Sir Robert would breakfast next morning with the mayor. In the meantime the neighbouring gentleman, who had been thought of as a rival candidate to Sir Francis Delaval, not finding himself applied to, and seeing no likelihood of success, had prudently left home to avoid being laughed at. The morning came, the breakfast passed, and the hour of election approached. An express was sent to hurry Sir Robert. The express was detained on the road,—and when the writ was to be read, and the books opened, the old member, Sir Francis Delaval, appeared unopposed on the hustings; his few friends gave their votes; and in default of the expected Sir Robert, who was never forthcoming, Sir Francis was duly elected.

Here ended Sir Francis Delaval's electioneering success at Andover. His attorney's bill for these elections was enormous, and was brought before the King's Bench. Of this, one item stood thus—"To being thrown out of the window of the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill, and loss of time and business—all in the service of Sir Francis Delaval—500*l.*" It appeared, when this curious item came to be explained, that the attorney, who was a better hand at a bill than at a joke, had been attempting to imitate those of his patron, but in a very clumsy fashion. He had sent cards of invitation in the name of the mayor and corporation, to the

officers of a regiment in the town, to dine and drink his Majesty's health on his birth-day, and similar ones from the officers to the mayor and corporation. The two parties met, dined, drank; but preparing to break up, each began to thank the other for the hospitable entertainment, when the trick came out; and the unlucky attorney, who had the folly to be present, was seized, hoisted through the window by the enraged company, and his leg, as stated, broken by the fall into the street.

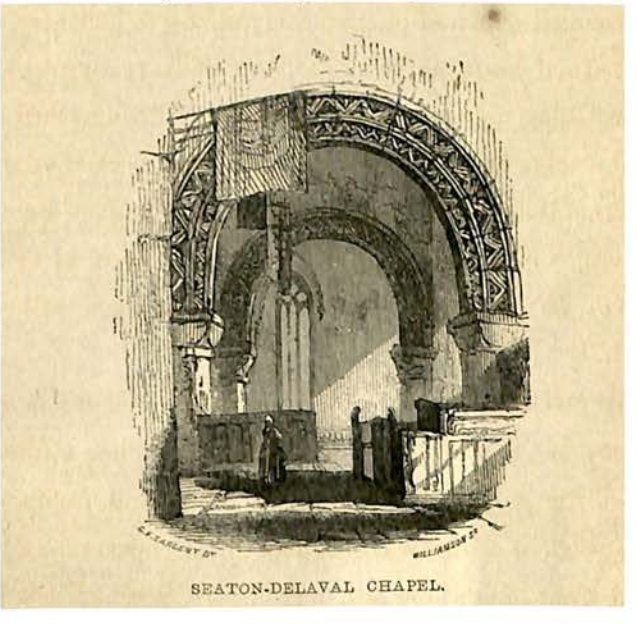
Sir Francis Delaval died at a comparatively early age. Of the manner of his death the accounts differ. Cooke says he was dining at his brother-in-law's, Lord Mexborough, and having taken a large quantity of ice was seized with spasms, and died without ever recovering from the fit; Edgeworth, that the last illness was attributed to his drinking large quantities of water and small beer, of which last he had always a large jug standing by his bed. However, when Edgeworth went to see him, a little before his decease, he spoke of himself in a manner which might apply but too well to the generous but dissipated Delavals in general; and how strikingly effective might his last words be, if a certain living relative were to consider them as addressed expressly to him. "Let my example," said he, "warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fit for greater things, than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speaking has always

increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in useful information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of making myself merely a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement—instead of giving myself up to gallantry, which disgusted and disappointed me—instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate, or the army; I should have become a USEFUL member of society, and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man! Pursue what is USEFUL to mankind. You will satisfy them, and what is better, you will satisfy yourself."

How melancholy is the end of such a man! and how melancholy now is the aspect of that abode, which once witnessed so many of the gaieties and expensive follies and frolics of his family, when it was numerous, and to all appearance likely to descend in as long a line as it had hitherto reached. It is now a dreary ruin, where the name of Delaval lingers only as a remnant of the past!

Not far from the house, the dome of a lofty mausoleum shews itself above the trees, and seems already only another image of neglect and decay, as it is a monument of blasted hopes. It was raised by Lord and Lady Delaval, in memorial of their only son, the heir and hope of the house, who died universally regretted. In another direction, also shrouded in trees and not far from the house, stands the little chapel, which

has stood there through all the fortunes of the family, since the days of the Conqueror; and if tradition and its own character have any weight, since Saxon days themselves. It is one of the most complete and beautiful little pieces of antiquity in England. Here divine worship has always been performed. Its roof is



SEATON-DELAVAL CHAPEL.

supported by massy and Saxon arches, rich with the zigzag, and raised on low sturdy pillars. As you enter, at the west end, you see in each corner near you a recumbent figure. One is of a knight, and the other a lady. They are both painted black, and have a grim and antique look. The legs of the knight are crossed, and that circumstance, and the shape of his shield, denote him to belong to the crusading ages. Various banners depend from the walls, now decayed into mere fragments. Six of these hung above the Delaval pew, with a steel cap and crest;

and the sword of a former Sir Francis suspended from his escutcheon, with his plate-armour to defend the hands. Banners again hang in the chancel, with helm and crest, and from them depending the armorial escutcheon. An ivory-hilted sword is also suspended; and on a bracket stands the crest of the Delavals. Every thing in this little chapel speaks of antiquity. It brings vividly before you the idea of that ancient house, where warriors and ladies have from age to age come hither, and kneeled in prayer for victory, or in thanks for it. There hang the mouldering trophies of its martial pride, won generations ago; beneath our feet they themselves sleep,—and then comes the melancholy thought, that this long prosperous line is extinct; and even their gay modern mansion, revived on or near the site of their ancient castle, is an empty ruin. The very chapel seems, in the recollection, to wear a deeper gloom, and the damp shade of the trees around to partake of the sentiment.

But not only are the Delavals gone, but a totally opposite spirit reigns over the place, and influences every creature there. In my reception, there was to me something so strangely ludicrous, that it amused me not a little, and may amuse others. I had procured a letter from Mr. Griffiths, of Newcastle, the solicitor, I believe, to the estate. Without this letter I should have seen nothing; with it, this was what took place.—As I walked up towards the house, a tall old man with a short staff in his hand, like a baton of office, came out, and with a stern look, said—"Nobody sees this place."

"Nobody?"

"Nay! nobody, but those that Mr. Brown lets."

"Don't they really?"

"Nay! deed don't they! People comes here fra Tynmouth, 'Castle (Newcastle), Morpeth, and de'il knaws where; and th' Ha' would be full of 'em, did we but suffer it. They go doin' all sorts o' mischief, and wad soon rive th' auld pláace doon, an'let 'em."

"But the place is so ruinous, that I can't well see what there is to injure."

"There's th' figures i' th' Ha', and plenty o' things beside!"

As I moved towards the Hall steps, the old man in great agitation exclaimed again—"Ye canna see it, I say; I shall not let ye see it, I tell ye!"

"Well, my good fellow, don't be alarmed; I am going to see Mr. Brown."

"Varra weel; and if Mr. Brown wills ye to see it, I'll shaw it ye."

As I drew near the door of the west wing, in which this Mr. Brown, the bailiff, lives, out came two dirty servant girls, and began to shake some very dirty carpets close to me, as a very good thing to drive anybody away. I begged them to desist a moment while I reached the door, but they looked at one another and shook on. I asked, "Is Mr. Brown at home?" "No."—"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" "Yes; Mrs. Brown is."—"Very well, I wish to see her."

They looked again at each other, as much as to say, "I won't go if you won't." At length, however, one of them

dropped the end of the dusty carpet, and went into the house, leaving me meanwhile standing in a long stone passage. As I heard a husky, quaint voice calling in the next room, "Who are you?" I went in there. It was a parrot in a cage in the kitchen. There I suppose I waited a quarter of an hour, Poll continuing to demand who I was, and desiring me to scratch her head. At length came a woman having the appearance of a farmer's wife, and said—"Well, sir, and what may you want?"

"To see the house; and I have a letter from a gentleman in Newcastle to Mr. Brown."

"Mr. Brown is not in."

"So I have been told; but that, I suppose, need not prevent me seeing the house."

"Well, I cannot say; but there are the *outbuildings*, you can see them; *they say the stables are very fine;* and there's an old man can shew them you."

"But I wish to see the house too;" presenting my letter.

At this she looked for some time, first at the address, then at the back—it was not sealed—then turned it up to look at the address once or twice again, and then looking at the signature. For awhile I fancied she could not read it; but at length she said—"O, from Mr. Griffiths, the lawyer. Well, if you must see the house, the *gell* can shew you the pictures."

"But," I added, "I understood from that letter, which was given open to me, that there was something in the grounds that I should see."

After a long and very cool pause, as if she wished I would take the hint and go away,—"I reckon that's the *messaulum* (mausolcum), but there's no road to it. If you get at it, you must climb over a wall."

"No way?—no gate?"

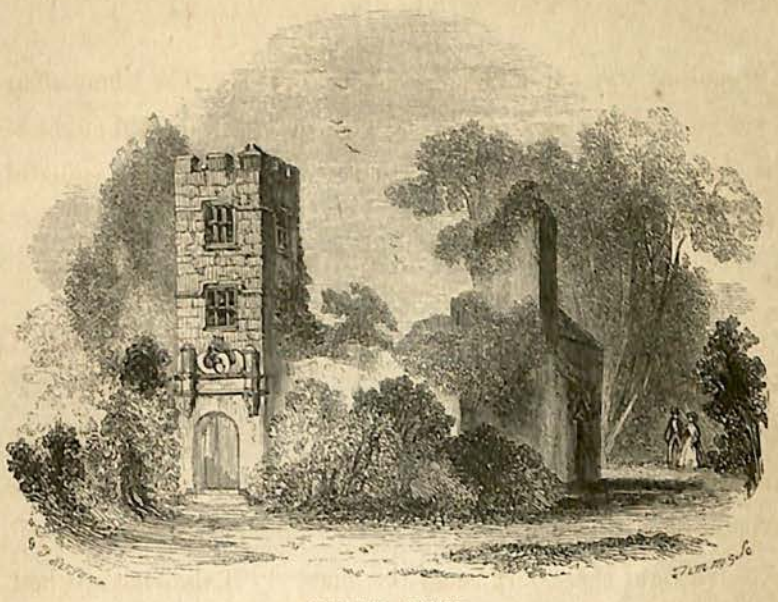
"No; neither is, nor never was; and it's not finished, and has nothing in it."

Here I withdrew, to find my testy friend the old man, but he had vanished, and could be seen nowhere, so, after looking through the building as far as my own eyes could direct me, I again went to the house, and the girl entered and shewed me a gallery with a few old chairs, and a number of very miserable daubs of the late Delavals, apparently executed wholesale by a Mr. Bell, whom they patronized. As soon as I was in the gallery—"Here comes master," said the girl, and looking out I saw a man making for the house-door, with an umbrella under his arm. After giving him time to receive his friend Griffiths' letter, in which he was earnestly requested to shew me all that he could, and every civility,—that there might be no mistake, I sent the *gell* to him, to say that I had now seen the house and gallery, and would be glad to see the little chapel, which, by accident, I had spied out in the grounds. The girl soon returned without a word, but dangling a key in her hand, which was an indication that though Mr. Brown did not choose to appear, I might at least see the chapel; and she leading the way, I followed. As soon as I had seen the chapel, she locked the door, and disappearing somewhere in the shrubbery, left me

to find my way out of the grounds as I could. The whole affair was so perfect that I could not help laughing as I thought of it, and endeavoured to steer my way out through the ruins of those walls whose

> Chimneys used to be
> The windpipes of good hospitality.

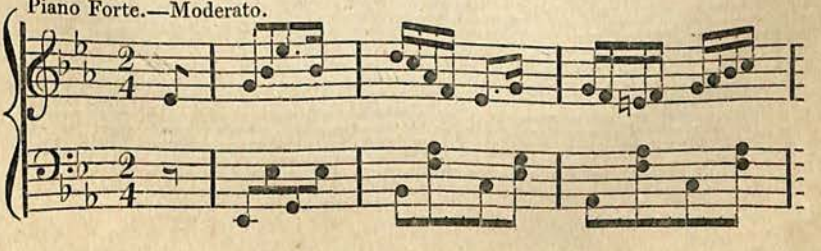
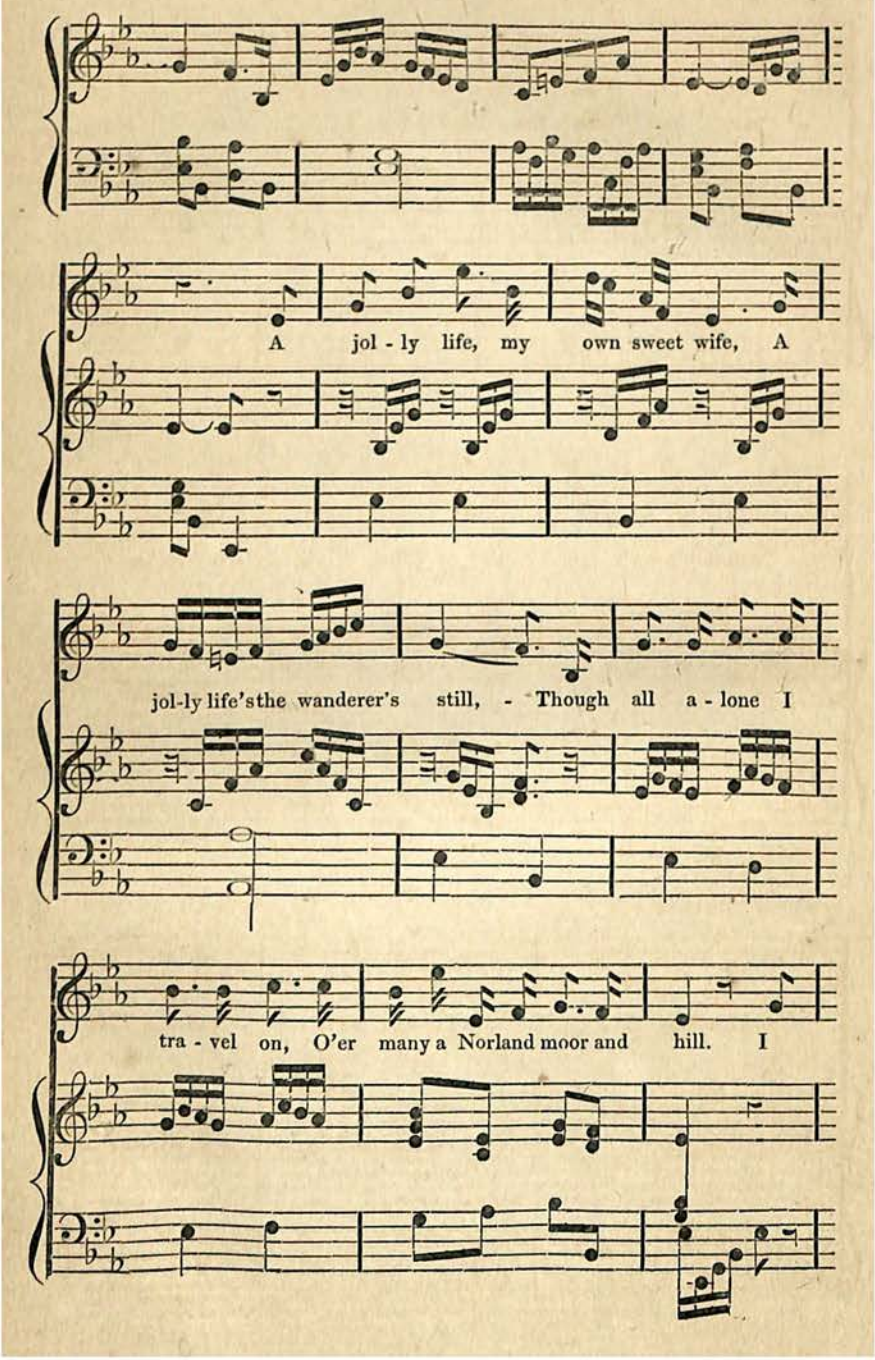
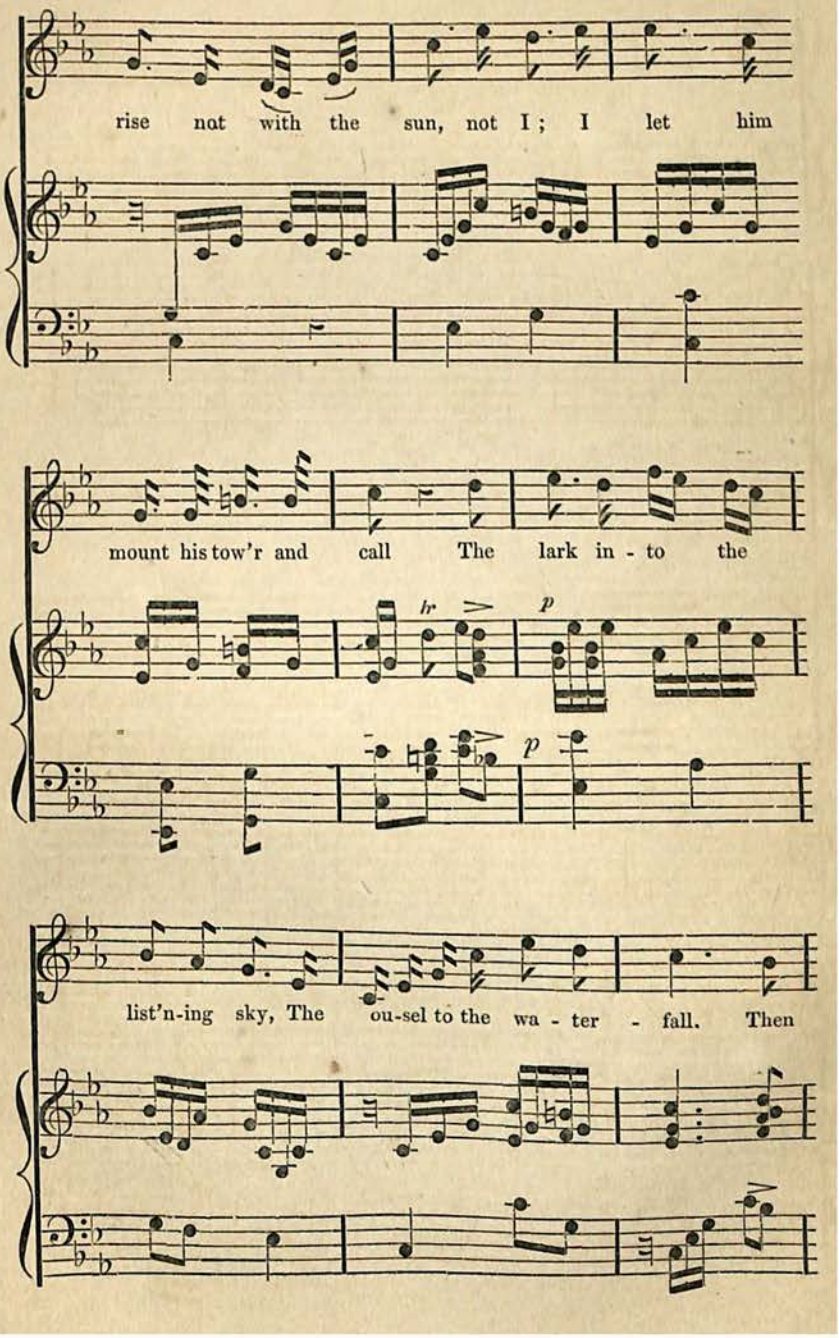
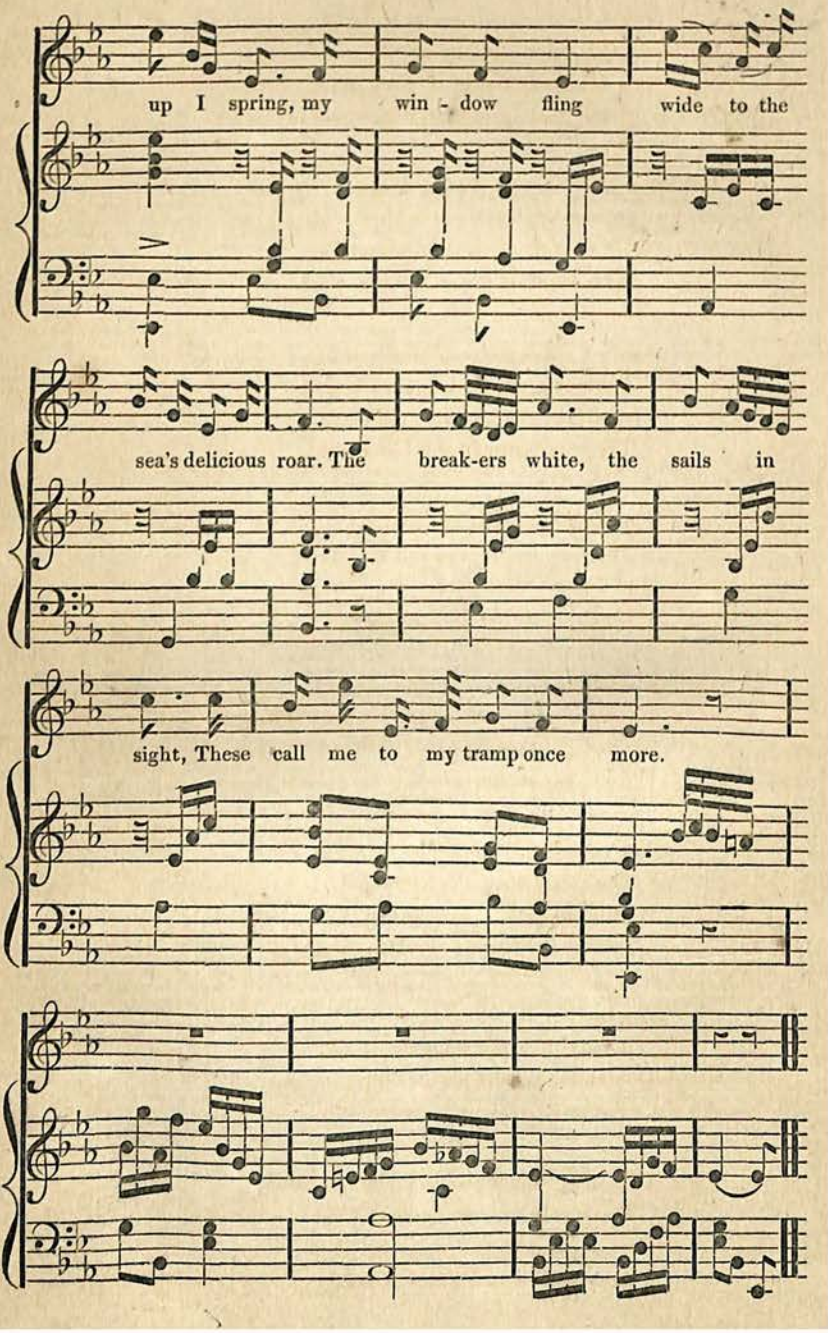
The first man whom I met in the neighbouring high road, I asked who now lived at the Hall?—"Just a farmer body fra' the sooth," said he.—"O," I replied, "he is not a Northumbrian, then? I am glad of that; for I never yet met with a Northumbrian who was not a man of intelligence and civility." "Ye're right there, sir," said the man. "If the Delavals had been here, ye'd ha' fund a right hearty welcome;—but that's a' forebye!" And so ended my visit to Seaton-Delaval.



MITFORD MANOR.

VISIT TO MORPETH AND MITFORD.

The next morning, as I pursued my way from the little seaport of Blythe, the sun rising on my right—the fresh clear morning, the short turf under my feet, and the rich and odorous gorse in full bloom, that blazed in gold on the sea-side heaths, gave a spirit and energy of life to me that is only felt in such situations; and sitting down on a bank, more sweet and glorious than any monarch's throne, I wrote in my note-book—

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

A jol - ly life, my own sweet wife, A
jol-ly life's the wanderer's still, - Though all a - lone I
tra - vel on, O'er many a Norland moor and hill. I

rise not with the sun, not I; I let him
mount his tow'r and call The lark in - to the
hr
p
p
list'n-ing sky, The ou-sel to the wa - ter - fall. Then

up I spring, my win - dow fling wide to the
sea's delicious roar. The break-ers white, the sails in
sight, These call me to my tramp once more.

The yellow broom nods as I pass;
The gorse breathes orange odours sooth;
The flowers on banks of dewy grass,
Bring back spring mornings from my youth.

By sandy shore I list the sound
Of rushing waves; I strip, and dash
Amid the billows as they bound,
With shout of joy and giddy splash!

Again I reach the moor-track dim;—
The world of wanderers all is out;—
The pitman grim, the damsel slim,
The jolly boatman short and stout.

The Bondager is in the fields;
The tramper stays to call the town;
And I alone wend gladly on,
Until the sun himself go down.

I cross the brook; I mount the hill;
Gaze o'er the cliff where sea-birds throng;
Where light skiffs sweep, and broad sails fill,
And busy steamers beat along.

The ruined castle beckons me,
The abbey hoar, the forest dell;
By ancient halls I wander free,
And by the hermit's shattered cell.

A jolly life, my own sweet wife!
A jolly life's the wanderer's still,
Though all alone I journey on,
O'er dusty road and norland hill.

The cottage dame would know my name;
The sturdy yeoman noddeth free;
The stooping beggar makes his claim,
And talks of battle and of sea.

I meet the brats, I hear the wail
  Of woman loaded like a bee,
Who trudges fast o'er hill and dale,
  But halts with tears to beg of me.

But lo! the pleasant way-side inn,—
  I fling my knapsack on the floor,
Feel tired of tramp, as saints of sin,
  And vow that I will budge no more.

The beef-steak smokes—a glorious sight!
  The port new life the heart sends through;—
The bread is white, the ale is bright,—
  The post brings letters, Love, from you!

What were the vows I made just now,
  When faint and weary, worn and chill?—
A jolly life, my own sweet wife,
  A jolly life's the wanderer's still!

The little old town of Morpeth is to me always more like a town in a dream than an actuality. It lies in its low vale so quiet and reposing. In its streets, the people moving as in a slumberous indulgence of the enjoyment of perfect ease and content. Its old grey clock-tower; its little chain-bridge, thrown over the Wansbeck into its meadows, and the sunny stillness and greenness of those meadows and the surrounding uplands. I again walked round the town through those meadows, as I had done some years before with Mrs. Howitt, and it seemed but a dream come back again. The Wansbeck, clear as crystal, winding round the town, whose gardens came down to its green margin, and were embraced by low grey walls. The town, the bowery gardens, the old grey walls,—all were so still, so sunny, so dream-like, it was difficult to convince myself that it could be anything else. I climbed the green and knolly hill, where the

old castle once stood, and gazed over the whole scene as we had done on a former occasion. The town lay before me, in the same profound tranquillity as then. It was now only a little earlier in the day. Then, in our rambles round this most quiet town, the gloom of evening overtook us on the castle hill, and a most venerable and ghostlike apparition came waving towards us. It had a very large face and a long pointed beard, white as snow, which waved to and fro in the dusk exactly like that of Kühleborn, in the story of Undine. When it drew near, it proved only to be an innocent entomologist, with his muslin net on a stick waving before him, as he was in eager pursuit of night moths!

But it is the valley of the Wansbeck, down to the ruins of Bothal Castle and to the sea, and up to Mitford, that is full of beauty and enchantment. Our limits will not allow us to pursue it both ways on paper, and therefore we shall choose the ascent to Mitford, because Mitford possesses some peculiar features, to which we desire to call a moment's attention.

The valley from Morpeth to Mitford, about two miles in length, is one of the most lovely in England. The Wansbeck winds through it between lofty precipitous banks flanked with fine wood. The valley opens out here and there so as to leave sweet spots of meadow, which contrast calmly with the rocky banks and rushing river, working and struggling on its way over solid beds of shelving stone, and amongst the crevices which it has worn into it. The river has all the character of a northern river,—lively and sonorous in its career, shewing heaps

of gravel and masses of trees, which it has torn up and borne down in its floods. The valley, sheltered and quiet as it seems, is still full of people. Thatched cottages, old corn-mills, and such-like rustic objects, peep out here and there in the bottom, and farm-houses on knolly heights and upland steeps, thrown up in all possible forms, and soft and green at that period, as spring and cultivation could make them. It was May-day. Most trees were in the tender delicacy of their young foliage. The ash had not yet clothed itself. The hawthorn, bird-cherry, primroses, and other flowers and flowering shrubs filled the whole valley with their sweetness. The oaks had still those tender amber hues of foliage that those in the south had when I left it a month before.

The scene at Mitford itself is at once very beautiful and very curious. To the eye of the poet and the lover of nature, it presents a paradisiacal valley, a rich bit of English landscape poetry, hidden from the world in a profound retirement of beauty and repose. To that of the historian and the antiquary it offers objects of equal interest. This sweet spot has been the abode of one family from the Norman times. The Mitfords of the present claim lineal descent from the Bertrams of the past, and the Bertrams at the Conquest came into possession by marriage with the heiress of the Mitfords,—and here, at once, stand those abodes of this race, significant memorials of the changes which have taken place in society at different periods of our history. On the south side of the valley stands aloft on a huge knoll, the gigantic ruins of the ancient Castle of the

Bertrams; in the centre the ruins also of the Manor-house of the Mitfords, and on the high ground on the north-west of the valley shews itself their splendid modern mansion. Each one tells its own story; and the three combined tell the story of England's changes from feudal warfare to the internal peace which succeeded the union of the Roses, when manor-houses arose instead of castles, and from the comparative rudeness of that time to the art and taste of the present. You see, at a glance, the peculiar necessities or predilections of each age. There stands the stern strength of the old castle, raised when it required mound and moat, portcullis and thick wall, to resist the enemy, who was probably at the same time the neighbour; here in the bosom of the valley, rise the beautiful and slighter remains of the manor-house, raised when England had conquered for itself internal peace and respect for the laws. It stands on the level, fearing little the approach of hostile force, yet still possessed of battlement and moat should unexpected danger present itself. It is placed low, because there is no occasion to perch itself aloft out of the way of peril, and because its possessors love rather security from the winds than to gaze over the wide landscape. The love of the picturesque and beautiful has not yet been developed so much as the love of snug retirement and hospitable ease; and beside this, the comparative rudeness of fit in door and window, and the use of large halls and chambers, rather than of well-finished and elegant ones, make warmth of situation rather an object, than beauty and airiness of position. As taste and security have grown,

again we see the lowly-placed manor-house deserted; and the proprietor once more mount upon a neighbouring hill, not like his ancestor for strength, but for fineness of location. He has had leisure to look around him, and at the same time to look into himself; and the consequence is, that he has become aware of things that his ancestors never knew. His mental eye as well as his physical one has become opened. He sees the face of earth not merely as a surface, on which men may tread and beasts may graze, but as a scene of beauty, and a reflex of heaven. He not only finds it,

> Not too good
> For human nature's daily food,

but one of the richest sources of the aliment of the heart and spirit. He desires daily to have the pleasure of gazing on that great picture in the midst of which the Great Artist has placed him. Morning and evening, at noon and at night, he finds it presenting continually new and beautiful aspects. When the sun comes up in earliest summer dawn, flushing with his glorious hues the sweet opal regions of the eastern sky; when the mists of the valley float up at his warm approach in whiteness; when the greenness of woods and meadows, the quiet loveliness of flocks and herds, the glitter of streams, and the smoke of cottages, all send into the heart images of freshness and immortal beauty: when the ocean comes thundering with all his strength and splendour in the midst of such a scene; when noon broods over it in bright stillness, when evening creeps on with its coolness and its shadows, drawing after it the glory of

gorgeous sunsets; the sombre gloom of deep woods, the golden beaming of far and clear prospects, the feeling of quiet and rest accompanied with the floating odours of flowers, and the last hum of the bee; and when night builds the canopy of its stars, and showers its moonlight enchantment on the earth below,—in all these changes the face of Nature has become almost as speaking, as entrancing to the cultivated man of the present day, as the face of Woman itself. It is to him rich with all the colours of memory and poetry. It brings with it wisdom and song, history, and the sentiment of music and painting, from the pages of those who have seen these things before him, or perhaps with him, and which have peopled earth for him with the beings of the mind.

It is this which draws the lord of the manor from his low-pitched manor-house, and causes him to raise his habitation on a hill, as fearless of the winds and storms which his forefathers dreaded, as their forefathers, again, were fearless of them in comparison of their iron-clad enemies, because now the art which has opened his eyes has taught him to make his domestic nest snug as that of the wren, while it is proud as the eyry of the eagle. But when he leaves his manor-house he does not destroy it. He leaves it for the winds and the sun to play round, and to weave it all over with hues of painting and the charms of poetry. There it stands! a ruin it is true, but an object of perpetual beauty; while beyond, the sturdy walls of the far more ancient castle vie with it in the same fair attributes.

There is no place in England where all this is more perfectly

combined than at Mitford; and were it for that alone, it were worth a visit. The castle on its lofty mound, surrounded by green meadows and skirted by the swift Wansbeck, displays in massy fragments of ponderous walls the evidences of its once vast strength. Its great round arches, its shattered keep and dungeons now broken open to the day, all strike the inspector with a sense of its past greatness. Its central courts are now converted into an orchard—a beautiful seclusion of knolls and hollows, with old walls and trees shutting it in. I could not help thinking, as I solitarily strolled about it, what a fine location it was for a stirring Border story. But it was then rather belonging to the scope of some love-dream of the present, than of the warlike times of the past. Apple trees, in full blossom, dropped their leafy boughs into the grass, which was high as the knees. The horse-chestnut, the mountain ash, and other trees, were in full bloom. Below me, as I lay on the masses of ruin, now covered with greensward, appeared the sweet parsonage; the pastor walking about in the garden, and the ladies busy amongst their flowers, with an active boy, apparently about ten years old, helping his mother and sisters, with all that ardour which belongs to his age. To the left rose amongst their lofty trees the picturesque ruins of the manor-house, and the bell-tower of the church just visible amidst a world of wood that filled the valley. The scene, in the calm shining of the evening sun, was pre-eminently beautiful. As I descended and passed the gate of the parsonage, the ladies had come out, and were just bidding good-by to a lovely young friend of theirs, who had in

her hand a number of Periodicals—those pleasant evidences that into the most retired of our sylvan nooks the literary topics of the day find their way.

But the view of the old Manor-house pleased me even still more as I approached it. Its battlemented tower, with large mullioned windows boarded up, and converted into a dovecote; the arched entrance below, with the family escutcheon over it, and the beehives seen within it; the broken walls; the old yew trees about it; the part converted into a tenement covered with ivy, with its ancient porch supported on two stone pillars; the simple garden; the orchard; the walks clean swept; the lofty trees overhanging,—realized all that the poetry of rural life has feigned or imaged forth from such beautiful realities as this. As I stood and gazed on it, in silent admiration, the man who lives in the part tenanted came out with a corn measure, and whistling his pigeons, they flew down around him in the orchard, and completed the picture. It was just such a spot as Campbell must have had in his mind when he makes the old beggar

> Lean over its humble gate and think the while,
> Oh! that for me some home like this would smile;
> Some cottage home to shield my aged form,
> Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.

It was a scene that belonged to England, and to England only —a portion of that deep, rich, and perfect rural beauty, that, from the love of our poets, has become as much part of our literature as of nature itself. Around was the sound of rooks, those attendants only of English country houses, which still cling with strong attachment to the old manor-house rookery;

of daws and starlings which haunt the ruins of the manor-house and the castle; and the notes of the various birds which build in the orchard trees, added a great cheerfulness to the spot.

But peacefully beautiful as this scene is now, it has seen many a stern warrior its lord, and stood the brunt of many a fierce blast of war.

In the reign of Edward II. it was the property of Adomer, or Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. By the escheats of the 17th of that reign it appears to have been in ruins, having been sacked by the Scots "This Aymer de Valence," says Hutchinson, "seemed to have a Divine interdict impending over him, and the immediate vindictive hand of Providence to be upon him and his posterity for his atrocious deeds. He was a tool to his prince, and servilely submitted to the mandates of the crown, contrary to the dictates of humanity, honour, and justice." Yet nothing is more certain than that he was one of the most determined and active opponents of his sovereign in the case of the favourite, Piers Gaveston. It was he who pursued him into the North, besieged him in the castle of Scarborough; and obliging him to surrender himself into his hands, conducted him to the castle of Dedington near Banbury, where leaving him, it is believed purposely, with a feeble guard, his confederate Warwick attacked the castle, seized Gaveston, and carried him off to his own castle at Warwick, where the other heads of the anti-royal party—Hereford, Lancaster, and Arundel —soon appearing, they, without any regard to the laws, or to the stipulations into which Pembroke had entered for the safety

of his prisoner, caused his head to be struck off. Afterwards, it is equally true that he sate in judgment on Thomas Earl of Lancaster, and impiously acquiesced in his sentence. He was a chief instrument in apprehending the famous Scotch patriot, Wallace, of Craiggy, in 1305, accomplishing his capture by corrupting his bosom friends, and by the treachery of his most intimate associates, and those in whom he placed the utmost confidence, Sir John Monteith, and others of infamous memory. Adomer was thrice married. On his third bridal day he was slain at a tournament held in honour of his nuptials; and left a wife—at once a maiden, bride, and widow. It is said that for several generations of this family, a father never was happy enough to see his son; the proscribed parent being snatched off by the hand of death before the birth of his issue.

The unfortunate lady of Adomer de Valence was in her own right Baroness of Veisser and Montenact, daughter of Guy Chastillon, Earl of St. Paul, in France, and his wife Mary, the daughter of John, the second Duke of Brittany and Earl of Richmond, by his wife Beatrice, daughter of King Henry III. She was so affected by the loss of her husband, who had made her joint executrix with others, that she resigned herself entirely to a religious and contemplative life, and bestowed most of her fortune in acts of piety and charity, raising her faithful friends above want, and erecting noble structures in honour of learning and religion, with liberal endowments. Denny Priory, in Cambridgeshire, was one of her endowed erections, and Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, finished about the year 1347, and endowed

with lands for a warden and fellows, some of whom she lived to see preferred to the highest dignities in England, in the course of forty years, or upwards. She survived her husband sixty-one years, and was interred in her own priory of Denny, beneath a marble monument, between the two choirs of the nuns and seculars.

The manor of Mitford was restored to the right male line by a grant from Charles II.; and in the late peaceful years of the possessors, several members of the family have distinguished themselves in the fields of literature and law. Lord Redesdale is of this family; and his elder brother is the well-known historian of Greece. Captain Meadows Taylor, the author of "The Confessions of a Thug," is by the mother's side a Mitford. But who, while looking on the smiling beauty, and feeling the profound retirement of Mitford, would expect that out of it would go one of the most deplorable instances of misused talents, and one of the most pitiable victims of intemperance and want of prudence. Such, however, the great human wilderness of London can shew, drawn from the bosom of the loveliest spots, and of the most distinguished and happy families. In Sykes's Historical Register of Remarkable Events in Northumberland and Durham, stands this melancholy record:—

"December, 1831, died, in St. Giles' Workhouse, London, Mr. John Mitford. He was born at Mitford Castle, in Northumberland; had served as a sub-officer in the fleets under Hood and Nelson, and was related to the noble family of Redesdale, but whose depraved and vicious habits had long rendered him

an alien to his kindred, and an outcast of society. His name will be long remembered in connexion with Lady Percival, in the Blackheath affair; for his share in which he was tried, but acquitted. For many years Mitford had lived by chance, and slept three nights out of the week in the open air, when his finances did not admit of his paying threepence for a den in St. Giles's. Though formerly a nautical fop, for fourteen years before his death he was ragged and loathsome. He never thought but for the necessities of the moment; and having had once given to him an elegant pair of Wellington boots, sold them for a shilling. The fellow who bought them put them in pawn for fifteen shillings, and came back in triumph with the money. 'Ah!' said Jack, 'but he went out in the cold air for it.'"

He was the author of "Johnny Newcome in the Navy." The publisher gave him a shilling a-day till he finished it. Incredible as it may appear, he lived the whole of the time in Bayswater-fields, making a bed at night of grass and nettles. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese, and an onion, was his daily food; the remainder of the shilling he expended in gin. He thus passed forty-three days, washing his shirt and stockings himself in a pond when he required *clean linen.* He was employed in the latter part of his life by publishers of a humble class, and of a certain description. Efforts had been made at various times to reclaim him, but without effect. A Mr. E——, a printer and publisher, having an eye to business, took him into the house, and endeavoured to render him decent. For a few days he was sober; and Lord Redesdale, through the instru-

mentality of Mr. James Green, of Will's Coffee-House, Portugal Street, who had been a brother-officer of Mitford's, and fought with him at the battle of the Nile, enabled him to make a respectable appearance; indeed, his lordship had numberless times evinced a disposition to support Mitford in respectability, but the wretched man was too deeply plunged in vice and low habits to be reclaimed. Whilst editing a catchpenny publication, Mr. E—— was obliged to keep him in a place, half kitchen and half cellar, where, with a loose grate tolerably filled, a candle, and a bottle of gin, he passed his days, and with the covering of an old carpet, his nights; never issuing from his lair but when the bottle was empty. Sometimes he got furious with drink; and his shoes have been taken from him to prevent his emigrating. He would then run out without them; and has taken off his coat, in winter, and sold it for half a pint of gin. A short time before his death he wrote a song—"*The King is a true British Sailor,*" and sold it to seven different publishers. This miserable man was buried by his friend. He left a wife and family, who had always been and, after Mitford's death, were provided for by Lord Redesdale.

What a melancholy history! In the whole catalogue of the calamities of authors, what is there more hopelessly wretched? When I stood on the castle-hill of Mitford, and looked on the lovely scene around, I could not help, in my mind's eye, gazing "on that picture, and on this;" and while I saw in imagination "Johnny Newcome" as a boy, rambling through these fairy glades, all lightness of heart and happiness, I cannot describe

the sense of darkness and insecurity that fell on me, in the promises and prospects of opening existence. When from such fair scenes one sees youth go forth with the brightest auspices to a fate so dreadful, one cannot help asking how are such horrors to be forced out of the track of life? There will always be some victims to circumstances that are difficult to unravel from the skein of existence, but surely the strenuous inculcation of strong, clear, and high moral principles, and the early and careful fixing of such habits, must do much to diminish their number.

VISIT TO WARKWORTH.

A little lowly hermitage there stood,
Down in a dale, hard by a river's side,
Beneath a mossy cliff o'erhung with wood;
And in the living rock, there close beside,
A little chapel entering we descried;
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His orisons, each morn and even-tide;
Thereby the crystal stream did gently play,
Which through the woody vale came rolling down alway.

WARKWORTH has been to me from boyhood enchanted ground. The beautiful ballad of "Bishop Percy," the scene of which is laid here, was known by rote amongst us at Ackworth School

in Yorkshire, and many a time repeated, by one boy or another, by the winter fireside. It was the first thing which opened that world of native historical romance to us, which Scott has since so magnificently opened to the public at large. The chivalric contests of the Percy and the Douglas on the Borders; the feudal life of those times; the old castles of the Widdringtons, the Bertrams, and the Scots; the heroism of warriors, and the beauty of high-born ladies; the lowly hermitage and the hermit, with the entrancing story of his love and of his sorrowful adventures;—all these charms seized on our young imaginations, and made Warkworth one of those places that it would become one of life's prime luxuries to see. Spite of Dr. Johnson's ridicule of this romantic poem, and of its easy rhythm—

> I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the strand,
> And there I met another man
> With his hat in his hand;—

it has never lost its magic in my imagination. The brave Lord Percy, the heroic Bertram and his faithful brother, and the lovely and unfortunate Isabel Widdrington, still seem to hallow all that neighbourhood, and preserve it as a portion of the fairy-land of poetry. Shakspeare has given an immortal interest to the Castle of Warkworth by laying part of the scene of his Henry IV. there; but the Hermitage and its story still cling more forcibly to my affections. I have now visited it twice, and rambled all over the localities described or included in the ballad—once with Mrs. Howitt, and once by myself—and the whole scene is now as beautiful in my memory as it was before in my imagination.

On this occasion I looked forward with so much pleasure to once more rambling over this ground, that at three o'clock on a beautiful Sunday morning, I set off on foot from Morpeth,—walked to Felton to breakfast, and thence strolled along the banks of the Coquet to Warkworth.

The early morning was one of those cheering, fresh, and lovely ones, that makes one feel how full of enjoyment life is. There was a novelty too, in being in the midst of a strange country at so early an hour that was piquant. At four o'clock I sate on a wooden bench in front of a road-side public-house, and could not help smiling at the idea of the surprise my family, then all slumbering in their beds three hundred miles off, would have felt could they have had a vision of me, sitting there at that hour of the morning, in the bright sunshine, and having the whole country, as it were, to myself. This house, which during the day, and especially towards evening, would probably be noisy and crowded enough with the neighbouring peasants, now all so shut up, so still—the very house itself seeming to sleep—yet nature all around so shining and so broad awake. The larks making the sky one orchestra of rejoicing sound; the other birds, in hedge and tree, shouting and singing to each other; the bright mists floating, and the sun beaming over the wide landscape, and the low distant roar of the ocean, just sufficiently heard to remind you that *it* never slept. Yet at hand not a human creature stirring. The fowls coming silently round as if to ask if you had nothing to give them, and the cattle in the fields already satiated with grazing since light

again covered the earth, lying and ruminating; and the bright dews glittering on bough and grassy bank with a luxuriant splendour, that they only wear at such "sweet hour of prime," ere the sun has greedily gathered their pearls and diamonds, lest the eye of the sluggard should be rejoiced by them.

From Felton over the fields to Warkworth was equally delightful. It was then that hour of Sunday forenoon when village bells are heard chiming over hill and dale, calling all to church. When you meet fair and blooming country damsels and manly youths, and older people in groups, all in their best attire, streaming to the village, making the way pleasant by comparing crops as they go along, and hearing and telling the news of the week. Those whom I met now were a fine, well-grown country race, that reminded one how far north we were got by their accents, and by so many of the farmers having their plaids thrown over their shoulders. In a Sunday congregation the wearing of plaids by the men, and often by the gentlemen, is a very striking feature, and one that I did not expect to see at this time of day on this side of the Borders, yet I observed it even in the churches at Newcastle.

The whole of this scenery was imbued in my imagination with the spirit of the times and personages of the Hermit of Warkworth. The beautiful Coquet ran on, clear and lively, amid green meadows and overhanging woods, its hurrying waters seeming in full talk amongst themselves as they rushed rapidly along. When I reached a particular height, wide moors all silent, but blazing with the summer gold of the gorse, lay

around me, and at some distance opened out the ocean, with its winding and sandy shores. There to the right lay amidst its woods the very castle of Widdrington; far at sea rose the dark tower of Coquet Isle; and to the left might be caught the summits of the lofty turrets of the castle of Warkworth. It was over this very ground that Sir Bertram, after his recovery from his wounds, when he had put the helm sent him by Isabel Widdrington to the proof against the Scots,

> All day o'er moss and moor had rode
> By many a lonely tower

to his lady, and arriving at Widdrington had found the castle all drear and dark, and his lady long ago gone to seek him. It was over this very ground, too, that fair Isabel had ridden when hearing of the sad issue of her martial present and message to her lover, she had set out to nurse him, according to the old nurse's relation:

> For when she heard thy grievous chance,
> She tore her hair and cried—
> Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
> All through my folly and pride.
>
> And now to atone for my sad fault,
> And his dear health regain;
> I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
> And soothe his bed of pain.
>
> Then mounted she her milk-white steed
> One morn by break of day,
> And two tall yeomen went with her
> To guard her by the way.

The image of the fair damsel on her milk-white steed, attended by her two tall yeomen, till she met the Scottish chief—

> Who slew her guards, and seized on her,
> And bore her to his den,

seemed still to belong to the landscape, especially as the very towers from which she set out still stood there amid their woods. But these towers are now ruinous, and have passed into other hands. From very early days, long before the stout Widdrington fought upon his stumps at the battle of Chevy-Chase, that castle and its broad lands belonged to the Widdrington family, and continued its property till the last Lord Widdrington involved himself, with the Earl of Derwentwater and others of the northern nobility and gentry, in the disastrous rebellion of 1715, when he was attainted, and though he escaped with his life, yet lost his estates.

As I drew near Warkworth the church service was just over, and the country part of the congregation were streaming away from the village. I was surprised to see the unusual elegance of this concourse. It was not only numerous, but had all the appearance of a prosperous and cultivated people. The ladies were handsome, and handsomely dressed, and had as well as the gentlemen, an air of unusual refinement. It was quite a refreshment to meet such a population pouring into the country, some in carriages, and others in cheerful groups walking.

The castle of Warkworth stands on a fine commanding hill, with wide and charming views seaward and landward, with the winding banks and hanging woods of the Coquet; a sweet little river which, after almost surrounding it, falls into the sea at the distance of about a mile. The scenes which lie in prospect are noble, extensive, and varied. Below the castle clusters the town. At a little distance out at sea, you observe Coquet Isle, with its

ruined tower and cell. Northward stretch away the shores, with the Fern Isles and the castles of Bamborough and Dunstanbrough conspicuous; and southward, villages and woods enrich the wide broad plains, and stud the winding strand and creeks.

The castle itself is well worthy of its site. As was justly observed by Grose, nothing can be more magnificent and picturesque from what part soever it is viewed. There is something peculiarly stately, and of feudal grace about it. The keep, or principal part of the building, stands on the north side, and is elevated on an artificial mound several feet higher than the other parts. It is square, with the angles cut away. Near the middle of each side of this square projects at right angles a turret, its end terminating in a semi-hexagon. These projections are of the same height as the rest of the keep, from the centre of which a lofty exploratory tower arises. There is something very unique and imposing in this arrangement of the building; and on the front of every tower a bold shield, supported by a knight or angel, is displayed, which adds greatly to this effect. One cannot avoid carrying back the mind to the period when this proud castle was not a ruin, but the chief abode of the great and powerful Percys; and feel what must have been the impression which it must have made on the mind of the spectator who came with the idea of Percy fame already in his imagination, and saw it standing in its perfect beauty on its stately height, and surrounded by armed retainers.

But this keep forms only a small portion of the extent of the whole castle. The castle and moat, according to an ancient

survey, contained nearly six acres of ground. It includes in front of the keep, an area of more than an acre, surrounded with walls and towers. These walls are in many places entire, and are thirty-five feet high. The gateway, or principal entrance, was once a stately building, defended by a portcullis, and containing apartments for several officers of the castle; of which a few only now remain, which are inhabited by the person who has charge of the castle. There were similar towers about the middle of the east and west walls, which are also in ruins. To the west of the gate yet stands in the area, one isolated ruinous tower, on one side of which still ramps the grim, half-simple, half-venerable image of a most rude figure of a lion, with three shields in the wall above it, bearing the arms of the Percys. In the middle of the area is a draw-well, and near it two subterraneous apartments, probably to receive their cattle when in danger from an enemy.

The keep possesses many noble apartments, the chief of which appear never to have had the walls drawn, but covered, no doubt, with tapestry. The roof of this noble keep was stripped of its lead in 1672, by one Clark, an auditor of the family, who obtained a gift of the materials from the then Countess of Northumberland. Unfortunately for Warkworth the family became possessed of the still richer, though not finer castle and park of Alnwick, and consequently this sunk in interest before its rival. Now the roofless fabric is preserved with all the care that can be extended to it, short of replacing the roof; and so admirable is the masonry, that it will probably

endure for many centuries. The floors are covered with a composition of pitch and sand, so as to defend them as much as possible from the wet.

In one of the lower apartments, which are arched with stone, yet remains the dungeon—a horrid testimony to the little feeling which, in the feudal times, was exhibited towards a captive foe. The access to it is by a perpendicular hole in the floor of the room, through which the prisoners were let down, and out of which they were again hoisted by cords. Here they were, during their confinement, in total darkness, and with all hope of escape cut off, except in the event of the castle being carried by their friends.

From the green and beautiful slopes of the castle-hill we obtain a lovely view into the hollow containing the Hermitage. The Coquet takes a fine sweep through this vale, and the sloping banks of the valley only being wooded, you see the whole amphitheatric sweep at once. The view opens as you advance, finely wooded on both sides. A walk leads up through these woods, with the Coquet on your right, and when you come opposite to the hermitage, which is on the north bank of the river, and can be reached only by a boat, you are then about the centre of the valley, and become at once sensible of its profound seclusion and Arcadian beauty. The woods which screen the hermitage are nobly grown, and give glimpses through their foliage of the sandstone cliffs in which it is hewn. The steps cut in the rock leading to the garden above it, may also be seen. As I stood there last, it was a summer evening of the most

hushed, sunny, and transparent beauty. All was calm, dream-like, and bright. The river, dark and deep, was yet translucent almost as the atmosphere itself, and the trout might be seen leaping up at the May-fly, or sailing like fleet shadows near its clear, rocky bottom. The trees hung over the river, and were so perfectly reflected in it, that you could scarcely say which was real, which the reflection. Never could ancient eremite here dwelling, have desired an hour of more profound peace and holy beauty in which to bear on the wings of imagination his orisons to heaven.

There is perhaps no such place in this country which in the flight of many ages has suffered less than this; and never did scene which had been impressed by poetry on the youthful heart, so entirely realize itself. Dr. Percy has indeed admirably woven every attribute of nature and fragment of tradition into his poem. The tradition, as wrought and embellished by Bishop Percy, is this: that Sir Bertram, the lord of Bothal Castle, was deeply attached to the beautiful Isabel Widdrington, the daughter of his neighbour, the proprietor of Widdrington Castle. That the lady, in order to try her lover's affection, sent him a splendid helmet by her bower-maiden to Alnwick Castle, when on some high-day he was there feasting with other adherents of the Percy. She presented it in presence of this noble company, with the message of its fair donor—that if he aspired to her hand, he must try the temper of that helm in some bold enterprise. It was received by him with joy, and with acclamations on the part of the spectators. Lord Percy,

who entertained a particular friendship for Sir Bertram, appointed a day to march against the Scots, on which occasion Sir Bertram did deeds of high valour, but fell, seriously wounded, in the contest. He was carried to the border castle of Wark, and news of the event reaching Isabel, in her grief and remorse she set out on horseback with two guards to visit and nurse him. She was met and carried into Scotland by a Scottish chief, who had before sought her hand. On Bertram's recovery, he and his brother went in different disguises in quest of her, and both discovering her retreat at the same time, though unknown to each other, the brother succeeded in rescuing her, and is carrying her away, when he was overtaken and slain by Sir Bertram, before they recognised each other. Isabel Widdrington was also, in endeavouring to prevent the mischief, accidentally, but mortally wounded by her lover. In his anguish and despair on learning the extent of the misery he had inflicted on himself, Sir Bertram renounced the world, built churches, chantries, and hospitals, according to the spirit of the age, and retiring hither to be near his friend Lord Percy, he scooped out this hermitage and chapel, with the tomb and effigy of his lost love, and his own figure at her feet in an attitude of eternal penitence. You find now every thing wonderfully corresponding with Bishop Percy's description of the place when he wrote his ballad, and so strongly do particulars bear out the tradition, that from the inner apartment, which was the hermit's cell of penance, marked by an armorial shield over the door, with the crucifixion, and several instruments of torture, there is a window so placed that

the person kneeling at this inner altar could still view the monument in the chapel. Over the inner doorway of the vestibule leading to the chapel too, are the remains of a Latin inscription which may be thus Englished—

My tears have been my food day and night;

a sufficiently significant indication of the origin of the place. Dr. Percy tells us that the memory of the first hermit was regarded with such love and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a chantry priest to reside in the hermitage, and celebrate mass in the chapel; whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and magnificent, was continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries; and then the whole salary, together with the hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the family, having never been endowed in mortmain.

Dr. Percy opens his ballad by supposing the son of Hotspur who, on the death of his father and grandfather in their rebellion against Henry IV., had been brought up in Scotland, now returned to take a view of his paternal estates, and having fallen in love with the daughter of Ralph Neville of Raby, the first Earl of Westmoreland, he flies with her, and reaches by accident the cell of our hermit in a storm at night. Here a recognition takes place. The hermit relates to the young lord the fortunes and present condition of the Percy family, and by means of an emissary, a brother recluse on Coquet Isle, effects a reconciliation with the Neville family, the marriage of the young couple, and the restoration of the Percy to his honours and estates through the influence of his lady's mother, half-sister of the king.

The description which Dr. Percy gives of this sweet Hermitage, as it is shewn by the hermit himself to these young and noble guests, is at this hour still an accurate one.

INTERIOR OF THE HERMITAGE.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they viewed;
Deep hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There decked with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then scooped within the solid rock,
These sacred vaults he shews;
The chief a chapel neatly arched,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace;
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend;
And near a glimmering, solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone,
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carved,
Leaned hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet,
And near to these her crest.

The beauty of the scene, and the tender interest of the story, bring great numbers of visitors hither in summer, and will do while nature and poetry retain their power. We would advise every one before making such a visit, not to content himself with hearing the tradition, but previously to read over Dr. Percy's ballad. There is a delicacy and tenderness of sentiment about it, that must ever charm the young, and the pure and warm hearted. Many parts of the poem have a rich romance and sense of the olden time in them, but the latter portions excel in a fine pathos, and sweet melancholy of feeling; as in the scene where the hermit relates the sad tragedy of his jealous passion.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake never more—
His precious life was flown;
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me;
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be.

Bertram," she said, "I still was true,
Thou only hadst my heart;
May we hereafter meet in bliss,
We now, alas! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief,—

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn;
He slew my guards, and seized on me,
Upon that fatal morn.

And in these dreary, hated walls
He kept me close confined;
And fondly sued, and warmly pressed,
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed his brave design,
To set me, captive, free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide,
And sometimes fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
E'en with her latest breath,
She gave one parting, fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

The conclusion of his story too describes not only his motives, but doubtless those of numbers besides in those ages, who finding their hopes blasted, retired to cells and hermitages from the world.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And long to end it thought,
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows;
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope and sordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely anchoret,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
  These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
  My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice,
  This blest retreat he gave;
And here I carved her beauteous form,
  And scooped this holy cave.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
  And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
  To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe;
  I lived to mourn his fall;
I lived to mourn his godlike son,
  Their friends and followers all.

Leaving this charming retreat and its tender legend, I determined to pass over to Coquet Isle. Having, therefore, driven out all further hauntings from the loves and sorrows of past ages by the aid of a famous veal pie and a pot of porter, I demanded of the worthy landlady of the excellent inn at Warkworth, by what means I could get over to the island. She informed me that a gentleman who was staying there, was just then about to go over, and she dared to say would take me in his boat. Anon, bustled into the room a very sufficient-looking gentleman, no doubt to ascertain what sort of an applicant it was for a share in his boat, bound on this great voyage of one mile; and having soon satisfied himself, as it seemed, on that score, said—"So you are wishing to go over to the island" I replied in the affirmative.

"Then the boat is on the shore,
And the isle is out at sea,
And if you mean to go,
You must go at once with me;"

said he, laughing at his own wit. So funny a personage of course I followed instanter. Below the inn we found the boat, and six men ready to row it. They pulled away the moment we got in, and soon had us out on the ocean. As we passed over to the isle, I was more and more amused with my new friend. I found that he was a wealthy clergyman from the south, who, when tired of being a fisher of men, came there to fish in the Coquet, which abounds with beautiful salmon, salmon-trout, and trout. He had his footman with him, who, luckily, had the name of John: towards this John he appeared most benevolently inclined; was very careful of his health, and, indeed, seemed a very good-natured, if not the wisest fellow, that ever wore black. He addressed John continually:—"Well John, I think we are going well, eh?"—"Yes, sir; very well."—"But bless me, John, you have got a very thin coat on! You'll get your death to a certainty! How comes that? bless me! ha!"—"O, I shall do very well, sir!"—"No, John, you won't do very well. Bless me! ha! There, you're all over spray now! Sit here; change places with me, John. Put this thick coat of mine on, John. There! bless me! ha!" John begged to decline the coat, and proposed to warm himself by taking an oar. "No, John, no! by no means! You'll heat yourself most immoderately! You'll bring that pain in your chest again! You'll take cold on the island! No, John, no; I

command you not to take an oar!" John had however taken the oar, saying he would pull easy. "Easy! pull easy do you say, John? How *can* you pull easy, eh, John? There! bless me! ha! But here we are, I declare! How clear the water is! How green the island is! What a lot of white rabbits! There, run, John, into the house directly. If you stop a moment, John, you'll be a dead man! There! bless me! ha! What an honest, unthinking fellow that is now!" he added, as John walked off to the house.

This little island is about sixteen acres in extent, flat, and windy enough to please any monk that wanted to do a life's penance. It is surrounded and almost covered with vast flocks of terns, gulls, and other birds, which build here. It is also covered with a thick grass, and stocked with abundance of rabbits, all white. There is an old tower, which for many ages was the cell of one solitary monk, and the skulls of those old fathers in the order of their succession are now often dug up, as well as old Saxon coins. Adjoining this tower is a house inhabited by the man who protects the place for the Duke of Northumberland, whose property it is, and is ready to watch and give notice of any vessel in danger from the rocks that lie around.* We found him a tall, fine-looking, and sensible fellow, who was at great pains to go and shew us all that his little dominion contained. As the fishermen are in tempestuous weather sometimes obliged to get under the lee of the island, and land to warm and recruit themselves, he is allowed to sell whisky; and on going in, I found

* Since this was written, a new lighthouse has been erected on the island.

that our rowers had got by the side of a good fire, chatting with two very fine girls, the keeper's daughters, and had already scored on ten shillings' worth of whisky. The wind was rather ominously rising, and seeing at what a rate the whisky score was running up, I went in quest of my friend the clergyman. I found him, totally thoughtless of all danger, mounted upon the top of the house by passing from the tower, and there very much diverted by having surprised some of the rabbits that had got up the same way, and were basking in the leaden gutters out of the wind. As they could not escape without either passing him or taking a pretty good leap off the house, he was laughing immoderately, and shouting John all the time to come and see them too. When I told him, however, that John was snug by the fireside, that the whisky bill was fast on its way to a pound, and the wind rapidly rising, he bolted down the tower stairs almost as fast as the rabbits had bolted over the roof of the house when they saw a second person appear, and he ran, shouting, "John! John!" with might and main. It was not, however, without some difficulty that we could force our rowers from the united charms of the keeper's daughters, the fireside, and the whisky. The keeper of the island endeavoured to impress upon them the necessity of great care. The wind was getting higher; the water was rough; and what was worse, these fellows had had whisky enough to make them care for neither wind, water, man, nor devil. To all the sober exhortations of the keeper, they only gave knowing smiles and nods to one another. The keeper himself helped to push off the boat into

the water, reiterating his cautions, to which the men appeared to give about as much heed as the winds or the waves. As we began to move off, and the waves dashed over us completely at once, the keeper shook his head. The clergyman uttered several hurried warnings and exclamations, and then seizing John's arm, sate silent, with eyes turning first to one rower and then to another, then to John, with an awful look and a shake of the head. Meantime the rowers, setting wind and waves at defiance, steered direct for land, in the very teeth of the gale, pulling with all their might, and the water, every few strokes, dashing right over us. It was the only time in my life that I apprehended going to the bottom, and I then certainly looked for nothing else. Happy was I therefore to find us at length in the mouth of the river, where, the tide having gone down since we went out, and the tipsy rowers steering in with all their might, we speedily stuck fast in a shoal. Luckily another boat was at hand, which came off and soon set us ashore; when the clergyman, who had uttered not a word all the way, after the first alarm, once more found his tongue, and began to relate to John all the apprehensions he had suffered, and his joy to be once more on *terra firma*, with a volubility that I did not stay to hear the end of; for, once on shore, and pretty well drenched with salt water, I set off, and did not stop till I reached the inn at Alnwick, eight miles distant; nor ever learned whether John got his death of cold in his voyage to Coquet Island.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

VISIT TO ALNWICK CASTLE.

A visit to Alnwick is like going back into the old feudal times. The town still retains the moderate dimensions and the quiet air of one that has grown up under the protection of the castle, and of the great family of the castle. Other towns, that arose under the same circumstances, have caught the impulse of modern commerce and manufacture, and have grown into huge, bustling, and noisy cities, in which the old fortified walls and the old castle have either vanished, or have been swallowed up, and stand, as if in superannuated wonder, amid a race and

a wilderness of buildings, with which they have nothing in common. When, however, you enter Alnwick, you still feel that you are entering a feudal place. It is what the abode of the Percys has presented itself to your imagination. It is still, quaint, grey, and old-worldish. As you move along the streets, which chiefly retain the name of gates, there is nothing to disturb your ideas of what it was in past times. On the contrary, you look on houses that stood there in the days when the names of Douglas and Percy rung through the North as its two great names. Here is a house, with one of those simple old-fashioned inscriptions on its front, which a quieter and more moralizing generation loved to carve up for the benefit of the passenger and of posterity, and after the precise occasion of which, as in this instance, we often inquire in vain. On an old house in Newcastle, no doubt formerly that of a smith, I saw the figure of a hammer and a hand, on a shield, with this rhyme:—

By hammer and Hand
All artes do stande.

Here, near the entrance of the town, over an ancient house door, stands the following on a stone:—

That Which your Father
Old hath purchased and Left
You to possess, do You dearly
Hold to shew his Worthiness.
M W 1714.

One modern object meets your eye conspicuously even before you enter the town, and that is a lofty pillar surmounted by a lion, erected by the tenants in honour of the late Duke,

and which is said to have cost 2000*l*. This is a fine ornament to the entrance of the town, and a pleasing one, as evincing a good feeling between the lord of the land and his tenants. It is said that when that pillar was commenced, a farmhouse and barn, standing on the spot on the Monday morning, had not only vanished, but a new house was built, completed, furnished, a fire in it, and the Duke and Duchess's health drank in it on the Saturday afternoon following.

Having passed this modern object, you advance into Alnwick of the old time; and close at its farther end find yourself in front of the ancient barbican of the castle. The effect of this, as you turn the corner of the street, and stand at once before it, is very striking and impressive. The plain square towers projecting in front, the octagon ones shewing behind; the armorial escutcheon over the massy gateway; and the various figures of warriors in stone, mounted on the battlements, give a unique dignity to the whole, and bring back forcibly the times in which it stood high in Border fame. This impression was, moreover, highly strengthened, as Mrs. Howitt and myself saw it at the first moment. The steward, at the head of the tenantry, and accompanied by the old piper, was issuing from the portal in order to proceed through the town to proclaim the fair. Nothing could more vividly restore the image of the past times; nor can this scene be again witnessed in its completeness, for on my last visit I found the old piper had long been dead, and no successor appointed. It is to be greatly regretted that the use of the Northumbrian pipes is so fast decreasing, and indeed

so nearly extinct. These pipes are essentially different to the Scotch bagpipes. They are smaller; and are not blown with the mouth, but by means of a small pair of bellows placed under one arm, as the bag is under the other. The Northumbrian pipe is a most lively and inspiriting instrument; and when the old marches and border tunes, which so long animated the Northumbrian race in the contests with the Scots, or at their times of festivity, are played upon it, we cannot help wondering that it has become so much neglected. During my last ramble through this country I only chanced to hear it thrice—once at Keildar Castle, once at Bamborough, and thirdly, and best, by Mr. Robert Bewick, at Gateshead. Mr. Bewick, the celebrated engraver, with that love for whatever was characteristic of his native county, had his son taught to play on this pipe, that he might do as much as *he* could to keep up its use; and those who have heard his son play it, as I have done, will sincerely wish that its use was more general.

The whole view of Alnwick Castle is noble, feudal, and worthy of its fame. "It stands," says Hutchinson, "upon a fine elevation, rising gradually from the river, whose open banks are turfed and kept in the most beautiful order. The castle is a noble structure, rebuilt on the old foundation, and in the Saxon style. The architect has strictly preserved the whole mode and ornaments of the original. The battlements are crowded with effigies, according to the taste of the Normans, in whose time it underwent a principal reparation. These represent men in the act of defence, wielding such arms as were then

used. Some of them are disposed with great propriety. The guard of one of the gateways is in the act of throwing down a mighty stone on the heads of the assailants. The building is of a beautiful freestone, in chiseled work. Its form is singular, being composed of a cluster of semicircular and angular bastions. I cannot, without the ichnography of the place, give the reader a more competent idea of its figure than by comparing it to a section of the clustered Saxon pillar in our cathedrals. The edifice stands in a spacious area, which at the time of its greatest strength, I presume, totally surrounded it, defended by a complete circumvallation and a moat; otherwise the principal part of the fortress would have lain unguarded by any outwork, except a moat. At present the front is open to the north-east; and the wall having towers at proper intervals, shuts it in on the other quarters. As we viewed the castle on our approach, the walls, with their towers, formed a noble flanking to the principal structure; to the southward, the gardens appeared tastefully disposed; to the north and west, the town of Alnwick was seen spreading on the backgrounds. We lamented the want of some of those fine woodlands, and lofty grey rocks, which impend over the Aln, above Alnwick, to give rural and romantic graces to objects so imperial, if I may be permitted to use the expression, in distinguishing this noble edifice."

Since Hutchinson's time, the woodlands have grown much, and the general disposal of the park and grounds has been much improved. In fact, the whole situation is fine, without being highly romantic, and worthy of its superb old fabric. In

the castle itself, without and within, I never saw one on English ground that more delighted me; because it more completely came up to the beau ideal of the feudal baronial mansion, and especially of that of the Percys, the great chieftains of the British Border—the heroes of Otterburne and of Chevy-Chase. Many persons have cavilled at the figures on the battlements, as evidences of a bad taste. For myself, they appear to be in the best taste. They are in the true fashion of an old Norman castle, as the Percys are a Norman race; and many of the identical figures themselves are very ancient. It has been only the work of the proprietors to restore and to maintain them, as they probably stood there in the days of the Tysons, its former lords. They are no pasteboard erections of to-day; and they give a life and variety to the view of the castle, which is striking and unique. They present the idea of the castle being besieged, and the various figures are full of vivid action and energy. As to the surrounding scenery, it is highly delightful, and one of its charms is, in my opinion, that its beauties are not all at once revealed to the eye. There is enough at once in view from the castle terrace to charm the eye of the spectator; broad green meads, distant rocky hills, and belting woodlands—a scene worthy of the stateliness of the castle; but as you stretch your walks and your inquiries on any side, you come every moment to new and hidden beauties. Above the town rise lofty hills; and wide moorlands restore to you the feeling of the days of frays and mosstroopers. You come in one place to the memorial of the capture of one Scottish king; in another, to the cross

which marks the sudden destruction of a second. The winding Aln leads through the most delightful scenery, of rocky banks, hanging woodlands, onward sweep of clear waters, with the most charming walks bordering them; and in the park, the ruins of the once proud monastery, in which once dwelt the great biographer Bale, or to views into far Border regions. Nothing can be more delicious than the country around Alnwick, and of the objects here only glanced at we shall have to speak more particularly.

To return again to the castle itself: nothing can be more striking than the effect at first entering within the walls from the town; when, through a dark gloomy gateway of considerable length and depth, the eye suddenly emerges into one of the most splendid scenes that can be imagined; and is presented at once with the great body of the inner castle, surrounded with fair semicircular towers, finely swelling to the eye, and gaily adorned with pinnacles, battlements, etc. The impression is still further strengthened by the successive entrance into the second and third courts, through great massy towers, till you are landed in the inner court, in the very centre of this great citadel.

An idea may be formed of the scale of this brave castle, when we state that it includes, within its outer walls, about five acres of ground; and that its walls are flanked with sixteen towers, which now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and many of them retain not only their ancient names, but also their original uses. The Great or Outer Gate, formerly called

the Utter Ward; the Garner, or Avener's Tower; the Water Tower, containing the cistern which supplies the castle with water; the Caterer's Tower, behind which are the kitchens, etc.; the Middle Ward; the Auditor's Tower; the Guard House; the East Garret; the Records' Tower, still the depôt of the Archives of the Barony; the Ravine Tower, or Hotspur's Chair; the Constable's Tower; the Postern Tower, or Sally-Port; the Armourer's Tower; the Falconer's Tower; the Abbot's Tower; and the West Garret.

The castle courts, except the centre one, are beautifully carpeted with green turf, which gives them a very pleasant aspect. In the centre of the second court is a lion with his paw on a ball, a copy of one of the lions of St. Mark at Venice.

Pennant in his visit here complained that—"Ye look in vain for the helmet on the tower, the ancient signal of hospitality to the traveller, or for the grey-headed porter." On the latter score there is at least now no cause of complaint. One of the finest or most characteristic things about the place, is the old porter—a tall, fine-looking old man in drab, who though he must have shewn the exterior of the castle a thousand times, still continues to shew it with unabated unction. He has been a life-guardsman; has seen service, especially in quelling the Luddite riots at Nottingham, and is fond of talking of his experiences in that line. It is quite a treat to meet with such a man. Under his guidance, progressing through the inner court gate, which he called the Barneyside Gate, which is majestic, with its appropriate towers and figures, we passed

through the second court to the ancient archway leading into the inner court, that is, into the centre of the castle. This archway, which is Saxon, and still retains the zigzag ornament, is eighteen yards through. The inner court is square, with the corners taken off; and on the wall opposite to the entrance are medallion portraits of the first Duke and Duchess. Near the gateway appear the old wheels and axle which worked the great well, over which is the figure of a pilgrim blessing the waters. Within the gateway you enter an octagon tower, where the old dungeon still remains in the floor, covered with its iron grate. It is eleven feet deep, by nine feet eight inches and a half square at the bottom. In the court are two other dungeons, now or formerly used for a force-pump to throw water up to the top of the castle; and one now not used at all,—which could all be so closed down as to exclude the prisoners from both sound and light.

In the dungeon tower are various ancient articles. A little old mortar for throwing balls, of the first invention. Two petards, or stink-pots, as the old man said, to fill with sulphur and other materials, and setting fire to them, to put them under the doors of the enemy to suffocate them. A standard Winchester bushel, of bell-metal, presented to the Lord Lieutenant by the magistrates of the county, in 1685, bearing that date. Sixteen 62-pounders, of cast iron, used formerly to demolish towers. A marble ball, fired at Sir John Duckworth, in 1816, by the Turks as he went up the Dardanelles. Some grotesque old corbels, which the porter had classed as Grecian, Roman, and

two Saxons. A font found in the ruins of the castle of Berwick-on-Tweed. It is of stone—octagon, with faces at the corners—and fixed on a block of wood, dated 1296. The old man assured me that the faces were those of the Four Evangelists.

This room is strongly arched with stone; and as the old man proceeds with his explanations, you perceive that you are not only standing over the dungeon, but are in the very room into which the prisoner was hoisted from his durance to undergo the torture, if the lord of the castle chose. On the wall the porter points out to you the plugs to which the rack was made fast, while it was worked by means of a slit in the wall in front, and by two doors, one opening inwards and the other outwards. I could not understand *how* this machinery was worked; nor did the old man appear very clearly to comprehend it himself. It was quite enough that such a thing existed; and I felt to breathe easier as I quitted the apartment, and issued once more into the open air, in the second court.

This court is by far the most interesting about the castle. You see many of those towers around it, which I have already mentioned; and around, within the battlements, a broad walk on the wall, so that the guards and soldiers could stand and look out, at the same time that they were protected from the enemy. In the wall between Hotspur's Chair, or the Ravine Tower and the Records' Tower, you see plainly where a breach has some time been made, which has always been known traditionally as the Bloody Gap, and through which the Scots are said to have made their way, but of which there is no actual

record. The old man said that when Charles Waterton was once there, and he was mentioning this fact, he observed, "if the Scots entered there, the archers from the roof and windows of the castle must have kept up a strong discharge of arrows upon them; and some traces of this would, it was natural to expect, have been some time found." On going after this, and narrowly examining the old walls on the edges of the gap, he actually found a very ancient arrow-head sticking in the mortar between the stones, very fast bedded with rust, and with the point towards the interior of the wall. On presenting the Duke with the arrow-head, and telling him the cause and manner of its being found, the old man said that he watched him, and that, after pondering on it awhile, his countenance cleared up, just for all the world like the sun breaking through a cloud. "That is very interesting," said he, and went to shew it to the Duchess, and to lay it up in his cabinet of antiquities.

The view of the keep from this court is particularly fine. It looks ample and well, with its variety of tall gateway turrets, its circular projections, and its number of warlike figures on the battlements. In this court had lived for twenty-four years, a gull, which, I dare say, is living yet.

The Constable's Tower is now the armoury, and the grand source of interest to our worthy porter. Hither he conducts you with particular pleasure, and here he displays, with much gusto, its treasures to your eyes.

Here are the arms of the late Percy tenantry, amounting to six troops of cavalry and seventeen companies of riflemen. The

ceiling is covered with powder-horns and flasks. Horns also hang between the windows; and round the walls horse pistols and cavalry swords. There is a large swivel gun, or armoret, which the old man informs you was made to go into Persia, the Persians being, as he assures you, very fond of fighting from off dromedaries, which at command kneel down, permit the rider to alight and fire, and on his remounting run off with him! He shews you with much interest the skeletons of two jackdaws, which were found in one of the towers, and which he imagines to have lived and died together in the greatest state of affection; lying cuddled together as they died, as he presumes, of old age, because they were in a tower where they could not have perished from confinement or want.

Besides the skins of enormous snakes, he also shews a variety of arms, dresses, and a canoe of the Esquimaux. He displays to you with much formality the manner in which they use their paddle, and how they right themselves when upset at sea; and informs you that he has, before now, shewn the use of it to an admiral—Admiral Rhode. He appears to be in the regular habit of asking seafaring men if they know the use of this paddle; and if they answer in the negative, he then adds, that though but a landsman himself, he can demonstrate this practice to their satisfaction; on which he rears his tall form aloft in a stately and stern attitude, and with a face as solemn as a judge about to pronounce a capital sentence, commences twirling the paddle about in a very extraordinary manner, and which requires you to keep pretty well out of its way. He

next exhibits to you an Esquimaux javelin, with a loose bone end and iron point, which striking in the animal, the shaft comes out, or hangs down, and renders it almost impossible for the creature to extricate it. He has also an Esquimaux seal spear, with three notched prongs, which is thrown by a hollow piece of wood with a notch at the end; and he shews you the force of this mode, by making you hold the spear and push against it with all your might, while he, only pushing with his thumb and finger, overpowers you.

Among the curiosities laid up here, are also two velocipedes, machines which, twenty years ago, were for a short period much in vogue. One young man of my acquaintance rode on one of these wooden horses all the way from London to Falkirk in Scotland, and was requested at various towns to exhibit his management of it to the ladies and gentlemen of the place; he afterwards made a long excursion in France upon it. He was a very adroit velocipedean, and was always very much amused with the circumstance of a gentleman meeting him upon it on the highway by a river side, who, requesting to be allowed to try it, and being shewn how he must turn the handle so as to guide it, set off with great spirit, but turning the handle the wrong way, soon found himself hurrying to the edge of the river; where, in his flurry, instead of trying the effect of turning the handle the other way, he began lustily shouting "woh! woh!" and so crying plunged headlong into the stream. The Duke's horse, which is laid up here for the gratification of the curiosity of posterity, was, I believe, not so very unruly; yet I was told that

its pranks caused it to be disused, and here stabled. It is said that the Duke and his physician used to amuse themselves with careering on these steeds about the grounds; but one day, being somewhere on the terrace, his Grace's Trojan steed capsized, and rolled over and over with him down the green bank, much to the amusement of a troop of urchins who were mounted on a wall by the road to witness this novel kind of racing. On this accident the velocipede was laid up in lavender, and a fine specimen of the breed it is. I asked the old porter if the story was true, but he only smiled, and said, "Mind! I did not tell you that. Don't pretend to say, if you write any account of this place, that you had that from me."

As we looked over the terrace into the broad meadows on the other side of the river which were finely spotted with cattle, the old man said, that regularly on Shrove Tuesday he goes out into these meadows with two footballs, and there throws them down to be played with. They used to throw them merely out at the castle gates; but the people petitioned to have them thrown in the meadows, as great mischief and many accidents arose from it in the town, especially in the breakage of windows, which the Duke *anciently* used to pay for, but that custom becoming defective, it was desired that this annual strift might be removed to the meadows. One ball is thrown for the freemen; and one for the non-freemen, that they may not interrupt the sport of the freemen. The Duke gives the freemen 10*l.* to furnish them a supper and a dance.

On Easter Monday and Tuesday the people go into the

meadows to throw balls and oranges. At the proclaiming of the July fair, the old feudal custom is kept up. The Scotch used to make inroads the night before the fair in July, the great fair of the year, and on the 12th of May; so the Duke's tenants, and those also who owed suit and service, attended to keep watch and ward on those nights. This is a very ancient custom, and still in show kept up. Those owing suit and service are represented by four men from each of the townships of Chatton and Chillingham, Coldmarton and Fowbury, Hetton and Hezelrigge, Fawdon and Clinch, Long-Haughton and Denwick; and by two men each from those of Alnham and Alnham Moor, Tughall and Swinhoe, Lesbury and Bilton, Lyham and Lyham Hall, with the principal inhabitants of Alnwick. All those townships sending watchers are exempt from toll for twelve months. They used to watch all night, being posted at different parts of the town; but now the watch is set at dusk, and towards midnight they turn off, and assembling again the next morning are supposed to have been watching all night. They then proceed down to the castle, the bailiff riding at their head, where they drink the Duke's health with three cheers, and disperse.

The ceremony of making free burgesses at Alnwick is at once so ludicrous and so rude, that it may as well be mentioned here while speaking of such things. On the eve of St. Mark's day the chamberlains and common council assemble at the town-hall, where the qualified who are to be made free attend. After discharging the usual demands, and taking the oath, they quit the hall, and parade the streets with music. Early the

next morning, a large holly-tree is planted at the door of each candidate, as a signal to his friends to come and make merry. At eight o'clock they assemble in the market-place, each chevalier on horseback, and provided with a sword, where they are joined by the chamberlains and officers of the Duke, armed with old halberds—this custom having formerly been rendered necessary by the danger of attack from the Borderers. Being arranged in due order, the candidates, not without difficulty, draw their rusty swords, and accompanied by an immense concourse of people, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, with music playing, they proceed round a part of their extensive domains, that is, on their town moor, till they come to a well or pond, about four miles from Alnwick, where their friends are anxiously waiting their arrival, provided with liquors and other refreshments.

The well is situated at the bottom of a hill called Freeman's Hill, and is about ten yards long and four broad. It is suffered to run out until about a week previous to St. Mark's day, when the chamberlains pay a small sum to the servants of an adjoining farmer to dam it up; but the sly rustics, before they proceed to their duty, think proper to dig large holes, build dykes, and fasten straw ropes at the bottom, in order to give the candidates a good ducking.

Having arrived at the well, they instantly strip, and each candidate is soon arrayed in white, with a white cap, thus keeping up allusion to the word *candidatus*. The cap is adorned, however, with a bunch of ribbons on one side. Before they proceed to the edge of the well, their spirits are fortified with

a glass of brandy. The sons of the oldest freemen have the honour of taking the first leap, and being all arranged, the signal is given, and in they plunge, and are soon immersed head and ears, and find it an arduous matter to scramble out from amongst the impediments that have been artfully prepared for them. Being helped out at the other side amid the mirth of the multitude, they are treated with another cordial glass, put on dry clothes, mount their horses, and proceed to perambulate the remainder of their extensive moor, where each young freeman is obliged to alight every quarter of a mile, and taking up a stone, to place it on a cairn, as a mark of the boundary, till they reach the Townley Cairns, where the Duke's bailiff reads over the names of the freeholders of Alnwick. At a place called the Freeman's Gap, the new-fledged burgesses set off at full speed over rocks and steep declivities, at the imminent risk of their necks, each striving which shall be first at Rotten-Row Tower at the entrance of the town. Here the rest join them: the young freemen again draw their swords, and enter the town in triumph. They parade the streets with music, march to the castle, and drink the Duke's health; then returning to their own houses, drink a friendly glass with each other around their respective holly-trees, and finally assemble in the market-place, where a copious bowl of punch closes the scene.

Rude as is this custom, the young freemen regard the day as one of the happiest of their lives. They invite their friends to an excellent dinner, and spend the evening in jollity. There is a tradition that King John, being bogged as he rode over

these moors, in his wrath instituted this as an indispensable introduction to the freedom of the borough, which, however, the inhabitants have contrived to convert into an occasion of merriment and good fellowship.

Having wandered thus round this noble pile, it is time to enter it. Of the interior, however, I shall not say much more than that it is at once a fitting modern residence for a nobleman of the high rank and ancient descent of the proprietor, and in admirable keeping with its exterior. The rooms are fitted up with light Gothic tracery on the walls, very chaste and elegant; and the colours are so delicate and subdued, that you are not offended with that feeling of over-fineness that is felt at Raby. You ascend by a noble staircase, surrounded with armorial escutcheons instead of a cornice, to a suite of very spacious and handsome rooms, of which the principal are the saloon, dining room, breakfast room, library, and chapel. The ceilings are finely worked into compartments with escutcheons and pendants. The walls of the saloon are covered with crimson silk, sprigged with yellow flowers; those of the dining-room, with pale buff, and white mouldings with pendent spandrels; those of the library with grey and buff mouldings, rich tracery and elegant compartmented ceiling. In the centre of some of the arches you see the crescent, the crest of the Percys.

Such is the general style of the house, which is full of beauty and good taste. There are few paintings—the great bulk of those belonging to the family being at Northumberland and Zion Houses. In the saloon are portraits of the present Duke

by Lawrence; his grandfather; Algernon Percy, the admiral; the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, by Lely; and the ninth earl, so long confined in the Tower—a copy from Vandyke, by Phillips. This is an admirable picture. He is leaning on his elbow, under which lies a paper, and his fine and intelligent face is marked with all the melancholy of the captive. In the house are various others; as Edward Seymour and Lord Paulet, by Holbein; but the paintings by no means make a marked feature of the place.

The chapel is very richly adorned. It has beautiful painted windows, with the family escutcheons. Its walls are divided into drab panels with gilt, purple, and scarlet mouldings. Three clustered pilasters branch out palm-like from each side, and in each panel is an armorial shield in colours proper. Lists of pedigrees occupy a large panel on each side; and the roof is full of tracery from each palm-like pillar. A tomb of white marble occupies the recess of the east window, in memory of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, daughter and heiress of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, whose full-length portrait also hangs in the dining-room.

On the whole, it is a noble and highly satisfactory mansion; but still it is when you get without again that you feel the real antiquity and proud dignity of the place. The fame of the Percy and the Douglas seems to be whispered by every wind that plays round those old towers. Otterburne, Homildown and Shrewsbury, Bramham, and other great fields where Hotspur and his father triumphed or fell, gather their romance and their shadows round you. You recal the early honours and

the first coming of the Percys in the stanzas of their poetical descendant, whose Reliques have done so much for the modern revival of poetry, which introduce the family minstrels singing the family fame.

They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipped his powers,
And gained a fair young Saxon bride,
With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died;
But first the silver crescent won—
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The Queen's own brother wed;
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.

How the Percy name revived,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With godlike ardour shine.

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song;
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

For the "deeds of arms" that afterwards distinguished them, we have to turn in successive ages to the fields of Northallerton against the Scots, to those in opposition to the tyrannies of King John, to the battle of Dunbar, under Edward I., to those which put down the weak favouritism of Edward II. and destroyed Piers Gaveston; to the melancholy slaughter of Bannockburn, under the same feeble monarch; and to the more

successful and equally bloody one of Hallidon Hill, under Edward III. The wars which raised the fame of England in France, and deposed Richard II. at home, reach to the days of Hotspur, and thence onwards the wars of the rival Roses still find the Percys high leaders in the field. For Henry VI. stoutly stood and stoutly fell the second and third earls; one at the battle of St. Albans, and the other at Towton. The fourth earl was at Bosworth Field, the fifth at Blackheath with Henry VII. and at the battle of Spurs with Henry VIII. The sixth earl, who in his youth being deeply enamoured of Ann Boleyn, was thwarted by the arts of Wolsey and the passion of the king, died childless; and his successor, still more unfortunate, opposing the proceedings of this king's daughter, Queen Elizabeth, and rising against her in the celebrated "Rising of the North," perished on the block; and his brother and successor again falling under her fatal jealousy, by his attachment to the fair Queen of Scots, is supposed, in his imprisonment in the Tower, to have died by his own hand. The change of dynasty to the Tudors had been a melancholy change to this family; and the ninth earl, whose interesting portrait we have referred to, for his adherence to the old religion, and suspicion of participation in the Gunpowder Plot, was immured sixteen long years in the Tower. Here, however, as his ancestor in Richard II.'s reign had been an unflinching advocate and supporter of Wickliffe, so became he the friend and patron of great and learned men. Sir Walter Raleigh was then also a prisoner in the Tower; and says Wallis—"their prison became an academy, where their thoughts were elevated

above the common cares of life. They explored science in all its pleasing forms; penetrated its most intricate recesses; and surveyed the whole globe, till Sir Walter's noble fabric arose, his History of the World, probably by the encouragement and persuasions of these his learned friends."

These his learned friends were Thomas Hariot, "a gentleman of an affable and peaceable nature, and well read in the obscure parts of learning," who had been with Sir Walter to America, and had been introduced by him to the Earl, who allowed him a pension of 120*l.* a-year; Robert Hues and Walter Warner, two other mathematicians, whom he also had pensioned. When the Earl was committed to the Tower, these were his constant companions, and were usually called the Earl of Northumberland's Three *Magi*. They had a table at his charge, "and did constantly converse with him and Sir Walter Raleigh."

Then followed Algernon, the Lord High Admiral, who with his brother Henry, Baron Percy of Alnwick, stood firmly by their monarch Charles I. in his troubles, and suffered much for it. From that time to the last duke, who also was a soldier, serving under Prince Ferdinand in the Seven Years' War, and in America, the Percys have maintained their high character for worth and amiability, which the present Duke and Duchess nobly sustain.

When you explore the country which lies round the castle, you find before you evidences of this ancient renown, and modern refinement and improvement. In the woods opposite to the castle, and near the north road, stands a picturesque cross,

to mark the spot where King Malcolm of Scotland fell. If you follow the course of the Aln upwards, it leads you away by a winding road by the river side, through the most beautiful and

MALCOLM'S CROSS.

retired scenery. The park which lies in that direction is extensive and charming, with every variety of woodland, lofty and heathy hill, and dells delicious with hanging copses and sonorous with clear and rapid waters. You find yourself here in a little world of solitude and enclosed beauty. The pleasure grounds skirting the Aln and the park, are fenced in with a stone wall of ten miles in circuit, and the footpaths and roads by which they are traversed, are said to be upwards of thirty miles in extent. In them you find the beautiful remains of the abbeys

of Alnwick and Hulne, themselves very picturesque ruins, charmingly situated. Deer are seen grazing here and there amongst the trees, and a more unusual sight, a herd of Indian cattle is found, which seem to flourish as well as in the plains of Hindostan. Above you, on the left, from amongst its woods rises a striking object—the tower of Brislee. This tower, which at a distance appears a mere lofty pillar, is ninety feet high, and is ascended within by 129 steps. It is a species of modern Gothic, of which, though no part can be claimed by any particular order, the whole has a fine effect. It was built from the late Duke's own design, in 1762, as we are informed by a Latin inscription:—"Circumspice—Ego omnia ista sum dimensus. Mea sunt ordines; mea descriptio. Multa etiam istarum arborum mea manu sunt satæ."

The approach to it is well managed. It is through drear and solitary woods. A solemn shade—a "brown horror of the woods," as Pope terms it—lies around you. You ascend higher and higher, amongst lofty trees that have been bent and blown aslant by the winds—the dry branch which cracks beneath your tread gives ever a hollow sound and a sort of echo in the dead silence—until you come to a range of cliffs and a cave, by which stands the stone figure of a venerable hermit, as in the act of at once musing and basking in the sun. You seem to be approaching some hushed and sacred retreat of the Druids. This cave is called the Cave of the Nine-year Old, probably because some celebrated old horse has chosen it, at some period, as his resort; and close by lies Mosstrooper's Field,

a hint of former things. Emerging from this forest region, you find a cottage, and a man ready to shew you the tower. The view from its top is magnificent. It includes a wide stretch of ocean and of coast; the Staple and Farn Isles, Holy Island, the castles of Bamborough and Dunstanborough, Alnmouth and Warkworth. Westward, the eye ranges over the Vale of Whittingham, the Cheviots, Flodden Field, and the blue summits of the mountains of Teviotdale in Scotland. You have at once spread out before you, as a map, the whole wide district which for ages was the scene of constant combat between the Douglas and the Percy. Beneath you too the scene is beautiful. Alnwick with its castle and red roofs. The ruins of Hulne Abbey, beyond the river, standing on a sweet green plateau, with long sweeps of the river in front, and flanked with woody glens, while behind, uplands stretch away into still moorland hills crowned with dark clumps of firs.

Returning towards the town, I passed the monument of William the Lion, another king of Scotland, who after ravaging a great part of Durham and Northumberland, was on this spot surprised and taken.

Besides the different old foundations which Alnwick possesses, the Duke and Duchess have each their own school here: in the former of which two hundred boys are taught; and in the latter fifty girls are educated, not only in the ordinary elements of learning, but in the useful arts of knitting, sewing, etc.

But the one object which marks the rural taste and affluence of our English nobility as much as anything connected with

their country estates, is a dairy; and here is one, the Duchess's Dairy, with which few in England can compare. It is a cottage building, standing in a beautiful shrubbery garden on the banks of the Aln. The building without has a projecting roof, is surrounded by a veranda, or rustic colonnade, and over its walls clambers and clusters and blossoms luxuriantly, the Ayrshire rose. The colonnade is neatly paved with different coloured pebbles. Within, the floor is of alternate squares of black and white marble. The walls, the ceiling, the windows, every thing about it is of the most exquisite and delicate cleanness. In the centre stands a massy slab of marble, nearly white, of from five to six inches thick, of more than three yards long, and a yard and a half wide. On this, stand the two last meals of the milk unskimmed, and in white earthenware milk-pans. Around the walls run two shelves of marble, bearing other pans; and on the upper shelf a luxurious assortment of old china bottles, dishes, vases, etc. The cows which supply this beautifully managed dairy are twenty-eight in number. At this early period of the season, when many of them were not giving milk, the produce was 50 pounds of butter per week; when they are most of them milkers, it amounts often to more than 120 pounds. The skimmed milk goes to feed a large family of pigs which are kept in an adjoining piggery, of which the arrangements and animals themselves are equally remarkable.

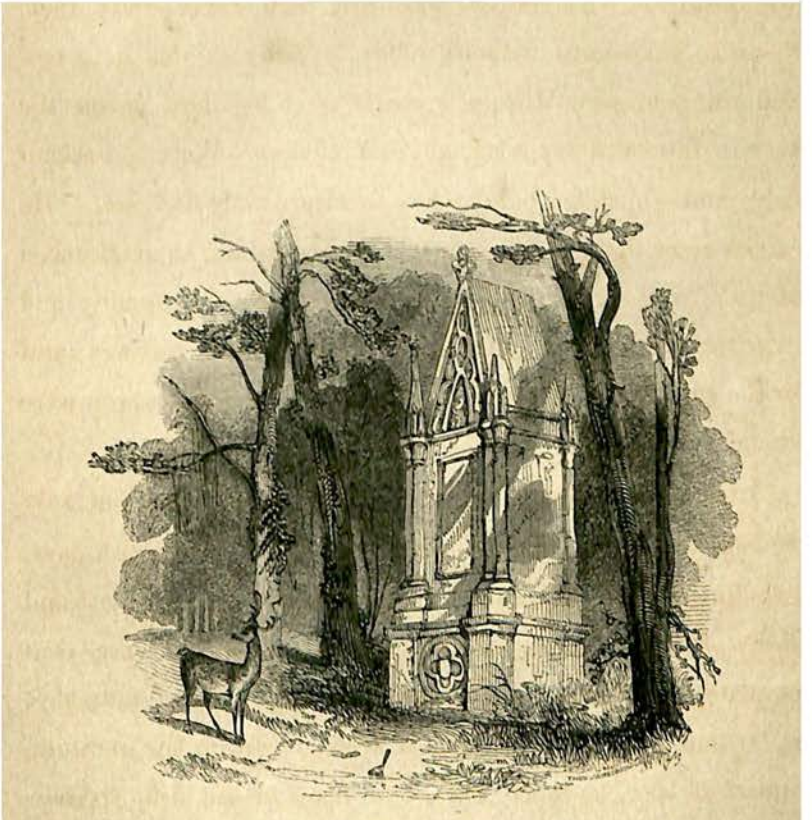
The dairy gardens are as delightful as you can imagine. They are indeed a sort of fairyland region, lying along the banks of the Aln, and literally flowing with milk and honey. Their

shady walks, winding amid grassy lawns and tall shrubs and flowering trees; bushes of hawthorn then standing white as snow; lilacs and other trees making the air delicious; the swans on the clear river, the fish plainly floating about in it; the nobly wooded slopes on the other side—dairy gardens?—they are gardens fit for King Oberon himself, and one might safely swear that he never was in finer. And then for dairy-sheds—piggeries?—pig palaces! hens and hen-houses—why if a man travelling this way does not think the castle worth seeing, let him come and see these. If Hotspur and his father had had such things here in their day, they would have stayed at home to keep the Scots out of them, and would never have perished in a vain contest with the Crown. No, in those days men had few comforts to keep them at home, and therefore their greatest luxury seemed to be in cracking each other's crowns. What was the state of domestic rudeness in Hotspur's days we may imagine from the revelations of the Household Book of the fifth Earl, in the days of Henry VII. and VIII., who was reckoned a very magnificent nobleman. A family of 166 persons; 57 strangers reckoned upon every day, making 223; and twopence halfpenny per day for meat, drink, and firing allowed for each. Pretty well of mutton and salt-beef, and 160 gallons of mustard per year to it. Only twenty-five hogs at two shillings each; twenty-eight veals at twenty-pence, and forty lambs at a shilling each in the year, and these for the lord's table. Only seventy ells of linen, at eight-pence an ell, for this great family per year. This linen made into eight tablecloths for my lord's table, and

a tablecloth for the knights. No sheets allowed; and the tablecloths probably washed once a month, forty shillings a year sufficing for the whole washing. Drinking plentiful; besides a bottle and third of beer per man per diem, ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascony wine a-year. Pretty good fires, as wood was plentiful, though coal was little used, because say they, "coal will not burn without wodde." Look at this item too, and think of poor Hotspur's comforts: "My lord passes the year in three country seats, all in Yorkshire—Wrysel, Leckenfield, and Topcliffe; but he has furniture only for one. He carries every thing along with him—beds, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils," all which we may conclude were of a quality and structure not likely to suffer much injury by their carriage; and for the conveyance of which seventeen carts and one wagon were enough.

Imagine the great Earl of Northumberland, and not only the Earl but all the great nobles of those fine old English days, travelling bag and baggage thus, gipsy-like, from one naked and empty old house to another. And when they got there, contemplate the elegance of their table!—"My lord and lady have set on their table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red-herrings, four white ones, and a dish of sprats. On flesh days: half a chyne of mutton, or a chyne of boiled beef." For supper: "A mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, a cheat, or finer loaf, and a gallon of ale. To be sociable after supper, there was left on the table, a manchette loaf, a gallon of ale, and half a gallon,

of wine." What fine and delicate places must the dairy and the piggery appear to one of these old barons, if he could now be set down here on his ancient estate!



MONUMENT OF WILLIAM THE LION.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

VISIT TO BAMBOROUGH CASTLE AND THE FARN ISLES.

FROM the castle of Alnwick we take our flight to the castle of King Ida. Bamborough Castle is an object so bold, and stands on so commanding a rock by the sea, on the east coast of Northumberland, that no person can have travelled along the Great North Road between Alnwick and Berwick without being struck with it. Far and wide it meets your vision. After you have long left that neighbourhood, and are gazing on quite different scenes, you descry a lofty and very distant tower, and to your surprise learn that it is still Bamborough. You climb a mountain some week or so after, where you are not dreaming of

Bamborough, but a cloud-like pile in the horizon catches your eye; you ask what is that, and it is Bamborough. To all voyagers at sea, along the north-east coast of merry England, the lofty rock-built citadel of Bamborough is one of the most familiar objects. It is of that bold character that cannot be overlooked. It is the more conspicuous from standing in a flat country and very open coast. When you draw near it, you are equally struck with it. The height and strength of the basaltic rock on which it is perched; its own loftiness and extent; the singular object of a windmill grouped along with it on its elevation,—all give it a greatness and a peculiarity of aspect, such as will prevent you ever losing a lively recollection of it.

In natural strength there is not a situation in all Northumberland equal to that of Bamborough, nor one in anywise so well adapted to the ancient rules of fortification. From the great tower there is an extensive sea and land prospect, that commands the whole group of Farn Islands, and the castle of Holy Island (Lindisfarn), which from thence makes a very formidable appearance; and on the more distant peninsula are discerned the tower and fortifications of Berwick. On the other side, Dunstanborough Castle crowns the nearest cliffs, behind which a winding shore is seen, with many little promontories, creeks, and bays beautifully mingled, and graced with multitudes of small vessels, lying in their ports or under sail. The extreme point of view is Tynemouth, whose castle and ruined monastery give an obelisk to terminate the landscape. All the inland prospect gradually inclines towards the sea banks, with many

considerable swells, displaying a fine cultivated scene to the eye, varied with innumerable villages and hamlets.

Such a strong and prominent position as this castle rock could not avoid from the earliest times seizing the attention of the inhabitants, and becoming one of their most famous strongholds. Accordingly, it is said to have had a castle erected on it by Ida, king of Bernicia, so early as A.D. 559, and named by him Bebban-brough, in honour of his queen Bebba. In every succeeding age, down to the reign of Edward IV., it became a stormy point in all the revolutions and contests for the crown which agitated the country. We shall not dwell on these, which may be found in every county history, and are more interesting to the resident than to the general reader. By a grant of the crown in the time of James I. it came into the family of the Forsters, and was again forfeited by them in 1715, its then proprietor embarking in the rebellion for the restoration of the descendant of the benefactor of the family. It is singular, that the estates of the two English leaders of this rebellion became, by their forfeiture, devoted to two of the noblest charities of the country. That of the Earl of Derwentwater was given to the support of Greenwich Hospital—the asylum of old sailors; and this, the property of the rebel General Forster, was purchased from the crown by Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham, who had married Forster's aunt, and has become also greatly contributive to the benefit and comfort of seafaring men.

Lord Crewe's noble appropriation of this castle and manor

to unconfined charitable purposes, has been productive of more good perhaps than was ever produced by a private donation in this country. The estate is vested in three trustees; two of whom, I believe, are always prebends of Durham, one of whom, in turn, generally spends the summer season here. Dr. Sharp repaired and made habitable the great square tower, reserving for the use of himself and family the large hall, and a few smaller apartments. These continue to be used for this purpose by his successors; and it thus affords to them, at once, a charming place of retreat, and enables them to see that the objects of the charity are properly maintained. Some time ago, on the occasion of some wreck taking place on this coast, a complaint was made in Parliament by an individual member, that such assistance as the will of the donor had ordered in such cases had not been promptly enough extended; but it was shewn that the will of the donor does not confine the benefit of his charity to any specific object, but to all and every such general and public good as the trustees shall deem consistent with the donor's intentions; and that, though assistance to sufferers from wreck or storm is made an especial object by the trustees, it is rather in consequence of the exercise of that discretion, than in pursuance of any specific order; and that, moreover, all possible aid and comfort is given to such sufferers. The whole of the extensive accommodations of this castle, which includes within its exterior walls no less a space than eight acres, except the residence of the trustee, and library, are devoted to the objects of active benevolence. The upper part is

an ample granary, where corn is kept; and being ground at that windmill which is so singular an object within a castle walls, is distributed to the poor at the lowest possible price. There is a flour shop, which is opened every Tuesday and Friday to all those who are deemed objects of charity, without regard to distance or place of residence. These obtain tickets for the purpose, and the flour is sold them at a very low rate. There is also another shop for groceries, which are sold at prime cost; and an infirmary, which a surgeon attends every Wednesday and Saturday, and gives advice and medicine gratis. The average number of applicants at the shops is nearly 1500; but in years of scarcity and distress, far more. At the infirmary, upwards of 1000 patients of one sort or another receive assistance in the year. Besides these excellent institutions, there are in the castle large schools endowed for the gratuitous education of the children of the poor, both boys and girls. The number is not limited; and every necessary of books, paper, and other school apparatus, is supplied free of charge. Twenty poor girls, called boarders, are taken at nine years of age, educated and supported at the expense of the trust. They are well supplied with meat, drink, washing, lodging, and an uniform clothing, until they are about sixteen years of age, or matured for service. They are taught reading, writing, the useful parts of arithmetic, knitting, sewing, spinning, etc., so as to train them up for good servants and good wives. When they are sent out to service, it is with a good stock of comfortable apparel, and a supply of money in their pockets, to serve till wages are due; and at the

end of the first year's servitude, if their behaviour has been such as to merit a good character from their master or mistress, they receive from the trustees a handsome donation of books and a guinea.

So far this is an admirable charity, and a constant fountain of incalculable benefit to the neighbourhood; but the peculiar vicinity of Bamborough Castle to the stormy and dangerous navigation around the Farn and Holy Islands, has made attention to the safety of those at sea, and relief to sufferers there, one of its most prominent Samaritan cares. Apartments are fitted up for shipwrecked sailors, and bedding is provided for thirty, should such a number happen to be cast on the shore at the same time. A constant patrol is kept every stormy night along this tempestuous coast, for above eight miles, which is the length of the manor, by which means numbers of lives have been preserved. Many poor wretches are often found on the shore in a state of insensibility, who by timely relief are soon brought to themselves. It often happens, too, that ships strike upon the rocks in such a manner as to be capable of relief, in case numbers of people could be assembled suddenly; and to effect this, a variety of apparatus is provided at the castle, and many signals used.

I. A gun, a nine-pounder, is placed at the bottom of the tower, to be fired as a signal in case any vessel is observed in distress, viz. once, when any vessel is stranded or wrecked upon the islands or any adjacent rock; twice, when any vessel is stranded or wrecked behind the castle or to the north of it; thrice, when

to the south of it; so that the custom-house officers, and the tenants with their servants, may hasten to give all possible assistance, as well as to prevent the wreck being plundered.

II. In every great storm, two men are sent from the castle to patrol along the coast from sunset to sunrise. Whoever brings the first notice of a vessel in distress, is entitled to a premium, in proportion to the distance from the castle; and if between twelve at night and three in the morning, the premium is double.

III. A large flag is hoisted when any vessel is seen in distress upon the Farn or Staple Islands, that the sufferers may have the satisfaction of knowing that their distress is perceived from the shore, and that relief will be sent them as soon as possible. In case of bad weather the flag will be kept up, a gun fired morning and evening till such time as relief can be sent. There are also signals to the Holy Island fishermen, who by the advantage of their situation can put off for the islands at times when no boat from the mainland can get over the breakers. Premiums are given to the first boats that put off for the islands to give assistance to vessels in distress, and provisions and liquors are sent in the boats.

IV. A bell on the south turret is rung out in every thick fog, as a signal to fishing boats; and a large swivel fixed on the east turret is fired every fifteen minutes, as a signal to ships without the islands.

V. A large weathercock is fixed on the top of the flagstaff for the use of the pilots.

VI. A large speaking-trumpet is provided, to be used when ships are in distress near the shore, or are run aground.

VII. An observatory, or watch-tower, is made on the east turret, where a person attends every morning at daybreak during the winter season, to look out if any ships be in distress.

VIII. Masters and commanders of vessels in distress, are requested to make such signals as are usually made in their situation.

The following assistance, stores, and provisions, are prepared at the castle for seamen or vessels wrecked or driven ashore on that coast or neighbourhood:—1. Rooms and beds for shipwrecked seamen, who will be maintained at the public-house for a week, or longer if necessary, and during that time supplied with all manner of necessaries. 2. Cellars for wine and other liquors from shipwrecked vessels, wherein they are to be deposited for one year, in order to be claimed by the proper owners. 3. A storehouse ready for the reception of wrecked goods, cables, rigging, and iron. A book is kept for entering all kinds of timber and other wrecked goods, giving the marks and description of each, with the date when they came on shore. 4. Four pair of screws, for raising ships that are stranded. Timber, blocks, and tackles, handspikes, cables, ropes, pumps, and iron, ready for the use of shipwrecked vessels. But if taken away, to be paid for at prime cost. 5. A pair of chains with large rings and swivels, made on purpose for weighing up ships of a thousand tons burthen, that are sunk upon rocks or in deep water. These chains are to be lent gratis to any person

having occasion for them, within forty or fifty miles along the coast, on giving proper security to redeliver them to the trustees. 6. Two mooring chains of different lengths are provided, which may be joined together when a greater length is required. 7. When bodies are thrown upon the shore, coffins are supplied gratis, and all expenses of burial paid.

Thus, like a mighty guardian angel, stands aloft this noble castle, the Watching Spirit over these stormy and perilous seas; and this godlike charity lives, a glorious example of what good a man may continue to do upon earth, for ages after he has quitted it. When any one sees at a distance the soaring turrets of this truly sacred fabric, which thus stands on high, majestic in its aspect as it is divine in its office, dispensing daily benefits over both land and sea, let him bless the memory of Lord Crewe, as thousands and tens of thousands in the depths of poverty and in the horrors of midnight darkness and affright have had occasion to do; and as they shall do, when we, like him, sleep sound in the dust. Yes, year after year shall still be heard by sufferers yet unborn, the welcome peal of his warning guns; still shall they lift up their eager eyes from amidst the wilderness of howling waters—from amongst those black and iron rocks of the Farn and Staple Islands, and see the signal pennon rise on the lofty flag-staff, and wave like the gracious wing of an angel. Still shall they hear through the dun fog the chiming forth of his bells, that call every soul from every field and hamlet around to their aid; and the hope of life shall again rush into cold hearts. Husbands and wives, parents and children, that had

taken the bitterest farewell amidst death and despair, shall again embrace each other. The mother shall clasp the infant again to her breast, that she had already seen in frightful imagination gasping in the merciless waters. Hope, affection, strength, rejoicing, all that beats and stirs of life and divine passion in the heart of man, shall burst into a new existence; and men present themselves along the surf-beaten strand, in the most glorious form in which man can shew himself to man—that of saviours! And all this shall go on from the fiat of one man, who, himself long ago passing away under the pressure of mortality, has given an immortal mission to beneficence and brotherly love! God! what a gift is fortune when well used! what a gift, a soul that knows how to use it! What is all the fame of genius, the splendour of station, the glory of wit or of sublimest eloquence—what the gathering and holding of millions of money or of acres, to the one heaven-born thought which dictated, and the one dash of the pen which gave everlasting persistency to this means of human rescue and comfort?

In the court-room are various good portraits, and amongst them those of this worthy Lord Crewe and his lady. Lady Crewe has a particularly sweet and amiable face, and while looking on it, one cannot help asking whether much of that beneficent idea which thus secured and devoted the estate of her family to so beautiful and brilliant a purpose, did not originate in the woman's heart of which that face is so fair an index.

In this room are four large pieces of tapestry, which were brought from Ripon Abbey, the story of which relates the acts

of Justinian. In the first, Justinian is seated at a table consulting with his counsellors about the framing of his Code. In the second, he is approaching the temple and shrine of Janus with manumitted slaves, proclaiming, after one of the victories of Belisarius, eternal peace—which lasted two years! The third displays his coronation; and the fourth a hunting scene, in which his dogs are poisoned. The circumstance to which this refers is not known; but the figures, the attitudes, and the grouping of the various and evidently astonished personages, are admirable—resembling, in a great measure, one of the Cartoons.

In the library are many valuable works. Fine editions of the Classics; some curious Breviaries; Handel's and other musical works; and amongst many other things, a very beautiful and curious Missal, brought from Sarum, which, having the sacred services only written on one side of the leaf, some monk has amused himself with making on the other sides, twelve paintings of the life of man, as if it were twelve months of a year, with quaint poetical mottoes. This library is made subservient to public benefit in the same liberal manner as everything else here. By the payment of half-a-crown, any person residing within ten miles of Bamborough may, for his whole life, obtain the loan of books from it. To the kindness and hospitality of the present worthy librarian, to whom I was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Mitford Taylor of North Sunderland, I was much indebted.

The external aspect of this grand fortress, it may be sup-

posed, is impressive enough, standing as it does on a mass of volcanic rocks, some of which project into the sea and rise above it almost perpendicularly 150 feet; but the exterior even does not affect you with an equal sense of awe, and of the indefatigable industry of those who raised it, as does the great Well which has not many years ago been discovered in the very heart of the castle. This is a dark and rugged gulf of 150 feet deep, descending through the hard whinstone rock seventy-five feet, and then down into the fine grained red and white sandstone. It is a startling and stupendous sight as the man fixes four candles to the end of the rope, and lets it rapidly down from its rattling roller to shew it you.

From this interesting place I hastened to pass over to the Farn Isles. These islands lie scattered off the shore between Bamborough and North Sunderland, at a distance of from one mile and a half to seven miles. They are about seventeen in number; and the Staple Islands, about a mile and a half farther out, may add some half-dozen more to the number, though rather rocks than islands. Indeed the whole of these islands have the most wild and desolate aspect. The haunts of winds and sea-birds. Of old, St. Cuthbert and other monks made them of account by fixing their solitary abode there. The island of St. Cuthbert is the one nearest to the shore, and is called the House Island. There are still to be seen a square old tower, the remains of a church, and some other buildings on it. Two lighthouses are also now erected on it, and persons appointed to watch and give assistance in case of wreck or distress at sea.

The fame which St. Cuthbert gave to the Farn Islands of old, has been in our day transferred to the Staples, by a simple but heroic girl, Grace Darling—a fame the more true, because she had not gone out to those desolate rocks to dream away her life in idle penance, but for the active service of her fellow creatures. Every one recollects the sensation which her bold and generous deed created when on the wreck of the *Forfarshire* steamer on those crags in 1838, she adventurously went off to the rescue of the surviving passengers.

It was on the 7th of September of that year this catastrophe occurred. The *Forfarshire* was proceeding from Hull to Dundee. It was sent out in a very unseaworthy condition. Its boilers were in so defective a state that the fires had been obliged to be extinguished before leaving the Humber. After labouring along in a wretched manner, it finally drove on these rocks, and from thirty-five to forty persons perished in the waves. Those who escaped to the rock were surprised in the early dawn of the wild morning, and amid a dreadful sea, by the boat which approached for their rescue, in which were only an old man and a slight young woman. The fame of Grace Darling flew through the country with the news of this melancholy event, and crowds of persons hastened to the spot to see her, and to testify, by various presents, their admiration.

The circumstance did not less excite my admiration than that of the public in general. My interest was the more strongly awakened, because I had some knowledge of more than one of those that there perished. I was therefore quite anxious, being

there some time after, to get out to Longstone lighthouse, situated on one of the most distant of the Staple Islands, where Grace lives with her parents, and where the wreck occurred. Not finding the men at home at Monk-house, between Bamborough and North Sunderland, who generally take people out to the islands, I went on to Sunderland, and got a boat and two men. It was getting towards evening when we set out. The wind was rough, and our little fishing boat, with a sail, skimmed away at a brisk rate over the great green billows, dashing the spray sometimes right over us, and sometimes lying so much aslant that the water fizzed along its very edge. We were, however, very fortunate. We went it in an hour, and came it in an hour, though I was quite wet through by the time I reached land again. But such is the nature of this sea that it is reckoned lucky to go and return on the same day. The men said they went out with the artist who came to take Grace Darling's portrait, and they were obliged to remain in the lighthouse six days. We had, however, a splendid evening. As we approached the second island, the rocks, which are dark whinstone, as hard as iron, were covered with thousands of sea-birds. There is a row of tall, square, insulated rocks, rising out of the sea, near the island cliffs, called "The Pinnacles," the tops of which were covered with sea-fowl. It was one of the most curious and beautiful sights that I ever saw. They were chiefly guillimots and puffins. They seemed all to be sitting erect as close as they could crowd, and waving their little dark wings as if for joy. There was a sort of stratum of milk white on the top of the rocks, and a

stratum of dark brown of their breasts and heads, their beaks all pointing upwards, and their little wings, as I have said, all in a flutter. On the sides of the cliffs, on little projections, sate gulls, looking very white and silvery against the dark arch.

THE PINNACLES.

We landed on this island, and went across it. It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in all directions, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted all round the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds like great round ropes, and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the laughing gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly.

We found numbers of nests amongst the loose stones, and when we came to a part of the island where some grass grew we found also numbers there, as well as thousands of rabbits. Levying a tribute of one from each nest, I soon collected a glorious sample of the eggs of the island for my boys at home; some of them as large as my fist—those of eider-ducks, puffins, razor-bills, terns, gulls, cormorants, etc.—many of them very beautiful. Some of them were very finely tapered, coloured, and blotched with dark spots; others white, others of an olive colour. These eggs are collected in thousands from May till the first of July, and sold, many being sent to London. They are used to make puddings, while the eggs of the gull are boiled and eaten cold to breakfast, and are, in that state, considered by many wealthy families quite a luxury. One of them contains as much as three or four hens'-eggs. I ate of them, and thought them tolerably good; but warm, they are said to have rather a strong taste, or what the common people call a fang. In pursuit of these eggs, the fowlers pass from crag to crag over the roaring sea, and even from one to the other of these perpendicular isolated rocks—the Pinnacles, by means of a narrow board placed from one to the other, and forming a narrow bridge over such horrid gaps, that the very sight of it strikes one with terror. After the first of July the birds are left to sit and rear their young in quiet. Grace Darling's father, very characteristically, as he cannot at his lonely lighthouse, surrounded only by black rocks and noisy leaping waters, keep barn-door fowls, keeps a large flock of terns or sea swallows, as white as snow. That is, he has laid sand for them

along the ledge of rocks opposite to the lighthouse, and does not allow them to be plundered; and so they haunt there, in a flock of hundreds, and make a continual noise, which I have no doubt in that solitude and in the absence of other living creatures, is pleasant enough to him. He says none came there till he thus cared for them, and there are now hundreds which arrive in spring like other swallows, and stay the summer. Thus even wild creatures of the sea and air acknowledge kindness.

THE FARN ISLES.

But where is Grace Darling all this time, and what is she like? Grace Darling is as perfect a realization of a Jeannie Deans in an English form, as it is possible for a woman to be. She is not like any of the portraits of her. She is a little, simple, modest young woman, I should say of five or six and twenty. She is neither tall nor handsome; but she has the most gentle, quiet, amiable look, and the sweetest smile that I

ever saw in a person of her station and appearance. You see that she is a thoroughly good creature; and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion —a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering, or endangered humanity, swallows up and annihilates every thing like fear, or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself.

The action that she performed was so natural, and so necessary to her, that it would be the most impossible of things to convince her that she did anything extraordinary. The applause which has been the consequence of her truly gallant exploit; the admiration which ran through the whole kingdom, and, indeed, through the civilized world, for even from Russia there have been commissions for persons to see her, and send accounts of her, and pieces of the rock on which she lives; those, and the foolish, though natural avidity of the mob of wonder-lovers, who in steam-boat loads have flocked thither, filling that tall lighthouse several stories high, till nobody could stir; the attentions of the great—for the titled have not failed to pay her the homage of their flatteries—none of these things have made her anything but what she was before. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland had her and her father over to the castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always wears when visitors come. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks, which is in the house, framed; and the president presented her with a silver tea-pot—but none of these things,

no, nor the offers of marriage which followed her notoriety, and the little fortune, I believe about 700*l.*, which was subscribed for her, or given to her in presents, have produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She is just as modest; has just that same sweet affectionate smile, void of conceit as heaven is of crime. She shuns public notice, and is even troubled at the visits of the curious. She has shewn as much good sense and firmness, as she did heroism, and would be as ready to-morrow to risk her life to save another's, as she was in 1838. She is to me more completely a Jeannie Deans than I could have conceived or can express.

The house is literally crammed with presents of one kind or another, including a considerable number of books. She was offered 20*l.* a-night to appear at the Adelphi in a scene of the shipwreck, merely to sit in a boat; but this, and all similar offers which would have enriched her, she has steadily declined.

When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top lighthouse, and had seen its machinery; had taken a good look out at the distant shore—and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly, but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of a striped

printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided. Just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are.

She rose very modestly; and with a pleasant smile, said, "How do you do, sir?" Her figure is by no means striking; quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind. As I have said, she has had various offers of marriage, but none that were considered quite the thing; and she said No, to all. One was from an artist, who came to take her portrait. The Duke of Northumberland told her that he hoped she would be careful in such affairs, as there would be sure to be designs upon her money; and she told him that she would not marry without his approbation.

But the most characteristic thing is, that all the common people about, and particularly the sailors and fishermen, deny her all merit. The first person that I asked about her was a young girl of about sixteen years of age, who was going along towards Bamborough as I approached it. "Well, do you know Grace Darling?"

"O, ay, varry weel."

"I suppose she is much thought of hereabout?"

"Much thought of! Nooa; Grace Darling is thought nothing particular, only a good way off."

"But that was a brave action of hers?"

"O nooa, there was no danger. It was at low-water; and the sea was quite smooth; anybody could have done what she did."

When I arrived at Sunderland, I saw the harbour-master, and asked him if he could point out to me some men who could take me over to the lighthouse.

"Do you want *particularly* to go to *the lighthouse?*"

"Yes."

"What, is it Grace Darling that you want to see?"

"Yes."

"Phoh! It's not worth while going out so far to see Grace Darling. It's all humbug. It was that painter chap that made all the noise about her. He knew what he was about. It was a good speculation for him. They pretend to say that Grace and her father saved the nine people from the wreck;—they did nothing of the sort;—the people saved themselves. They walked across from the vessel at low water to the next island, and the Darlings fetched them off when the water was smooth, and when there was scarcely any water at all. I wonder they took any boat. I wonder they didn't walk over."

The men who rowed me talked in the same style. "Ah," said they, "those stories may do for them as don't know, but we know too well about these things here." Yet these very same men they were who told me they themselves had to stay at the lighthouse six days when they went over with the painter, so that it may be supposed that the sea in a gale is no joke there; and a boat sent off from Sunderland at the same

time that the Darlings fetched off the people, could not reach the wreck, but was driven into a little cove near, and was obliged to be hauled over the rocks. My knowing rowers should have amused themselves during the six days that they spent at the lighthouse with the artist, because they could not get back again to the mainland, with walking at low water over to the island, as they call it, whence the Darlings fetched off the people. They must have been much in want of a walk; but I imagine when the water was at the lowest, they would have found it a little too deep and uncivil for them.

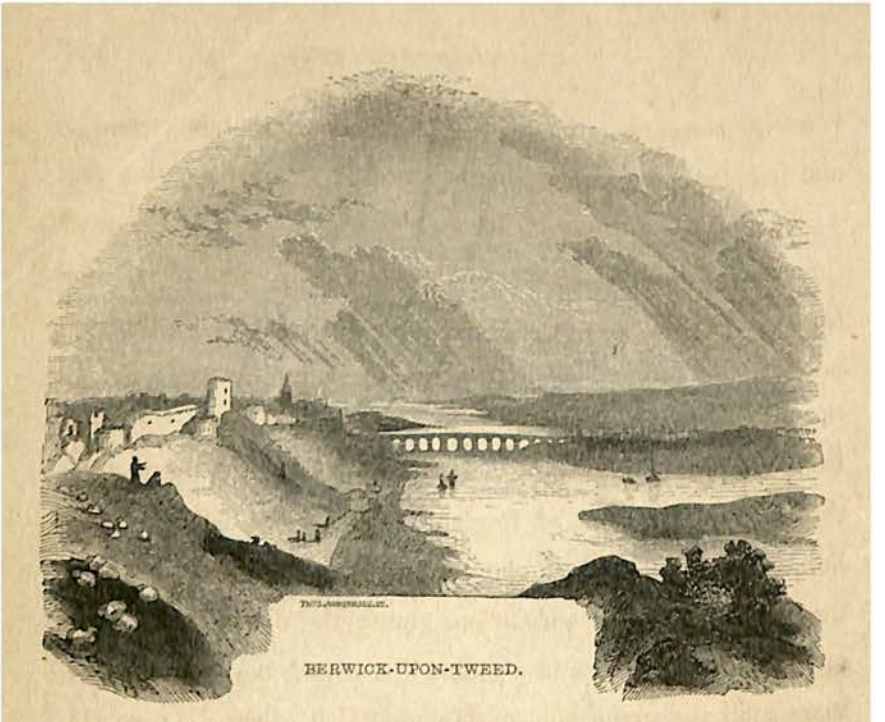
The whole of this detraction is a precious bit of human nature. The people all seem to feel as if Grace's daring deed was a reproach to them, and they envy her the honour and the money she has won by it. But the well-informed gentry say that it was a most noble action; that she has done the same sort of thing often before, and her father too, but this was so melancholy a catastrophe, and Grace's bravery so conspicuous, that it at once seized on the public mind. Mr. Mitford Taylor, the clergyman of North Sunderland, and his amiable lady, and indeed all the gentry with whom I had the opportunity of speaking on that part of the coast, had but one voice in honour of Grace Darling's courage and generous devotion, as well as of her general prudence and admirable character.

He that goes out and sees the savage and iron nature of those ruthless rocks, the position in which the wreck lay, and the mode by which Darling and his daughter got at the sufferers, will not avoid wondering at the desperate nature of the attempt.

The wreck lay on the rocks a little to the right hand of their lighthouse, as they faced it, and a long ridge of sharp and destructive rocks ran between them and it, so that to reach the place they had at first to let the boat drift with the wind southward, to the left, to some distance, and then bring her up under the lee of these rocks. The sea was running mountains high, and rearing up into tremendous breakers all round these black crags; and nothing but the most sublime self-devotion could persuade two people to hope to be able to return on the other side of this range of low rocks, and make head against the furious winds, so as to bring their boat up at the place of the wreck. The vessel ran on the rocks in the night, and at the first dawn of morning the Darlings descried the nine people on the crags. Darling's son, Grace's brother, who is usually in the lighthouse, was then ashore at Sunderland, so that they were deprived of his help. He, indeed, went off in a boat with others from Sunderland, to endeavour to carry aid to the vessel; but in this smooth sea, and at this low water that these folks talk of, they found it impossible to reach her, and were compelled to put back. The vessel had been driven upon the rock in a high swell, and the moment the wave receded, its back was broken by the weight of its engine, and the hinder part of the vessel was instantly plunged with the bulk of the passengers into the sea, leaving only these nine poor people on the fore-deck, which remained aground. The vessel was apparently attempting to steer through a gap in the rocks; and had it passed but its own breadth to the left or right, I forget which, of its then course,

would probably have escaped. It is true, that the survivors had scrambled upon the rocks to a spot where they were for a time out of the reach of the waves, but the returning tide would have probably swept them off again, had they, drenched with wet, and exhausted with fatigue and fear, survived through the storm till then.

Grace Darling did not stop to weigh these chances. The moment she caught sight of them, she determined to save them if possible. Her father, who appears to be one of those grave, sensible, and superior men, whom we often find in these situations of important trust, told me that when she proposed to take the boat and attempt their rescue, it appeared to him, from the furious state of the sea, the most desperate and hopeless of adventures. No words of his had, however, any effect. She declared that if he declined to accompany her, she would go alone; and that, live or die, she would make the attempt to save them. He then consented to the trial; the boat was got out, and they succeeded; and in no instance did the English public more rationally give way to the enthusiasm of its sympathy and admiration, than in its applause of this unassuming and heroic girl; nor ever was that applause more entirely justified by the subsequent conduct of its object.



BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

VISIT TO BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

In our northern ramble we have now reached the limit of our progress—the ancient key of the kingdom on this side, and perhaps the spot on which more blood has been shed than on any other in the whole island. There is an air of antiquity and melancholy about Berwick that accords well with our memory of what has passed within and around it. As we approach it we see its old buildings clustering up the hill-side, and the wide river flowing at its feet, and cannot avoid reflecting how many thousand Englishmen have in former days gazed on the same objects with very different eyes and feelings! Then all was hostility, and now all is peace. Then armed heads looked over the walls, the banners of Scotland waved on the towers, and

fierce defiances were sent from sling and cross-bow, trumpet and bagpipe, musket and cannon, according to the age.

Our ancestors came hither in armed thousands and tens of thousands, scanning tower and portal, bridge and river, for the slightest possible means of successful assault. Tents were pitched far around on the plain, armour glittered, drums thundered, the shouts of command came hoarse on the wind from different quarters of the vast camp, and in the centre from the royal tent the lion of England flapped grim defiance to the lion of Scotland. Here the bridge spans the Tweed, where, formerly, on a more ancient one, hung the dishonoured trunk of William Wallace; and yonder, above and beyond the town soars aloft the green bulk of Hallidon Hill, where Edward III. washed away, in a bloody deluge, the paternal disgrace of Bannockburn.

All now is silent, and deserted by the pomp and activity of ancient warfare. We advance winding up hilly and old streets, till we again reach the outskirts on the Scottish side, and see mounds and ramparts, ancient gateways, the walls and bastions of fortifications, and here and there a solitary tower now standing amid green crops, that testify at once to the violence which raged here for centuries, and to the long peace that has succeeded it. There is a dreamlike quiet about the place, which affects you with a feeling that with the union of the kingdoms the stormy and iron importance of Berwick had passed away, and for which nothing in the long reign of tranquillity succeeding has ever been able to present a substitute. And yet what

an uneasy spot of abode it must have been, from the days of the Conqueror to those of James I.! It was the object of everlasting strife; and the scene of perpetual beleaguerings, surprises, desperate defences, bloody sallies, and bloodier stormings. Throughout that whole period of history, whenever we turn our eyes towards Berwick, it is only to see Scottish monarchs marching towards it, full of fury and bloody vengeance, to wrest it from the English power; or English kings marching thitherward, with their tens of thousands of soldiers, to commit deeds that make one shudder at the atrocity of human nature, and to carry fire and sword beyond its walls, so far as they could advance into the Scottish realm. Hangings, massacres, and the very mills set agoing with the torrents of blood that ran down these steeps from contending armies, are the images that meet us at every step in the history of this now quiet and old-fashioned town.

It was, however, during the reigns of the three Edwards that the most inveterate animosity raged round Berwick, and the contest for the mastery of Scotland here seemed to concentrate all its malignant fire; and deeds were done, especially by these English monarchs, that are not to be exceeded in the wide world's history for horror and villanous shame. The ambition of conquest, and the rivalry of proud sovereigns, here assumed their most sanguine and infernal glow—crowns, on the heads of blood-thirsty men, are the symbols of anarchy and crime—symbols which, if the devil bears a banner, must be certainly emblazoned on it—symbols which here shed their

disastrous influence so fully, that every human feeling was extinguished, every sense of honour annihilated, and under such leaders brave warriors seemed no longer men, but fiends from the hottest regions of cruelty and wrath.

Dreadful deeds had been done here before this time. From the days when William the Lion of Scotland consented to assist Richard, afterwards Richard I., and his brothers, in their rebellion against their father, we trace that entanglement of claims which brought such woes on the two nations. William, as we have already seen, was surprised and made prisoner at Alnwick; nor was he allowed to escape out of the hands of king Henry, without putting his kingdom into feudal subjection to the crown of England, and making surrender of Berwick and other fortresses. Here began the claims on Scotland, which for ages produced a plentiful harvest of war and bloodshed between the kingdoms, and made the Borders a scene next in desolation and ferocity only to Satan's own realms. King John, with his wonted reckless savageness, in his day marched into Scotland, and directed hiscourse towards Edinburgh; but, with his usual cowardice, being met by Alexander II., he fled precipitately, and to save himself from the pursuit of his foes, sacrificed every man's property and life on his way, without the slightest remorse. He gave an order to his army which he himself set the example of executing, with a barbarity and base ingratitude impossible, except in such men, by setting fire every morning, with his own hand, to the house in which he had lodged. John, in fact, like that evil spirit to whom we have just alluded, wrapt himself in

flame, and burnt up the whole country as he fled; so that Alexander found it impossible to continue his pursuit. John burnt down both Coldingham and Berwick when he reached them; but Alexander turning westward and entering England at Carlisle, pursued him to Richmond in Yorkshire; where, however, John's system of universal combustion again stopped his march, and obliged him to return. We have heard it said that to this day there lie open lands in Yorkshire which bear evidences of having in some former age been under the plough, and which tradition asserts are part of those which John so completely laid waste on this occasion that they were never afterwards re-inclosed.

These were, however, but a pretaste of what was to fall on Scotland in the days of the Edwards, and on Berwick as the great stronghold of the Border. Here Edward I. in 1292, gave the crown of Scotland to John Baliol, as his own vassal; and four years afterwards, for his depredations on the English borders, again put him down, and in the course of so doing, stormed this place, and gave a dreadful example of his ferocity. In the instructions from the Regency and Council of Scotland to their Procurators at Rome in 1301, it is said that after taking Berwick, the king and his army committed the most barbarous cruelties on the inhabitants, who, to the number of almost 8000, were slain, without distinction of sex or age. The churches afforded no protection to those who fled thither. After being defiled with the blood of the slain, and spoiled of all their ornaments, the king and his followers made stables of them for the horses of the army.

It was on this occasion, Fordun says, that the streets ran with blood for two days, and in such quantities as actually to set mills a-going with it. Matthew of Westminster, says that the whole number that were slain—that is, of soldiers and private people, in the town and in the neighbourhood—was not less than 60,000. In the place was a building called *The Red Hall,* which certain Flemings held by the tenure of defending it at all times against the king of England; these men, only thirty in number, stoutly resisting, the house was set on fire, and they were all consumed to ashes in it.

William Wallace again wrested the town from Edward, but eventually was betrayed into his hands, and one half of his body was sent hither and ignominiously exposed on the bridge. Many other persons of note, amongst whom was Neil, the brother of Robert Bruce, were also sent to Berwick, on being made prisoners, where they were condemned and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The barbarity of that age, and of these celebrated Edwards, was marvellous. No age, rank, nor sex, seemed to produce the slightest feeling of courtesy or tenderness. Women were treated as brutes; and in one of the towers of Berwick Castle, of which the crumbling ruins yet remain, this Edward I. actually had a wooden cage made, in which he confined the Countess of Buchan for having presumed to crown Robert Bruce king of Scotland at Scone, taking upon herself the office of her brother the Earl of Fife, whose duty it was by hereditary right. For six years he persisted in the unmanly cruelty of retaining her in this cage.

The indignities and cruelties of this monarch were dreadfully avenged by the Scots on his son, the weak Edward II. Three times did he advance against Scotland, and every time he was driven back by Bruce with carnage and disgrace. In the first of these luckless campaigns, he suffered the disgrace of a foul defeat at Bannockburn, which thenceforth became a name of high vaunt and glory to the Scotch; and in the last, was chased by them even into Yorkshire, and compelled to sign a truce, afterwards concluded in Berwick, which remained in the hands of Bruce in 1323.

But Edward III. succeeded to the throne, and the climax was put to the bloody history of Berwick. As if he had grown up under a continual sense of the dishonour which England, in the days of his father, had suffered from the Scotch, and with a burning desire to wash it away in blood, his iron heart burned to execute a more dreadful vengeance on that people than it had ever yet experienced. The valour of Edward III. was of the most savage kind. It did not appear to possess any of those generous and magnanimous qualities which poets and historians are fond of ascribing to their heroes, even amid the very commission of their deadliest acts of crime and slaughter. He appeared to be the real prototype of Spenser's Taillus, the Iron Man. Nothing could, in those years of youth which in other men are called tender and green, be discovered of tenderness or greenness in him. He had, with the ardour of youth, the fury of a vengeful spirit combined. Nothing could exceed his talent and obstinacy, except his total callousness to human suffering.

He was, at once, one of the most victorious and most ruthless kings that ever sat on the English throne.

His father, and his father's great antagonist, Robert Bruce, were now dead; and Edward prepared to crush the Scottish people, or to annihilate them if they refused to bend to his yoke. As his grandfather had set up John Baliol as his puppet, so he now set up Edward Baliol as the stalking-horse to his designs on Scotland. At Roxburgh, this tool of Edward's ambition, surrendered in 1332 the independence of Scotland to Edward, and acknowledged him as his liege lord.

The Scotch were sensible that the reduction of Berwick would be one of the first objects of Edward's enterprise, they therefore put it into as complete a state of defence as possible. They threw into it a garrison of chosen veterans, appointed Sir William Keith the governor, and Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, keeper of the chief fortress or citadel. The king of England, full of youthful impetuosity, appeared before the walls, where he remained in person about a month; but perceiving, from the strength of the garrison and the resolute defence it made, that it would not easily be reduced, he marched forward with part of his army into Scotland. Carrying carnage and devastation in his train, he went on in this roving expedition of destruction as far as Dumbarton, and on returning, loaded with bloodshed and spoil, found, to his wrath, that the place still held out. He then changed the siege into a complete blockade, both by sea and land; and prepared to execute on the brave defenders, acts of horror, such as should strike them with consternation and despair.

It was now that he perpetrated one of the most infamous deeds that ever disgraced the hands of any tyrant in any age of the world; a deed which would demand the noblest powers of a tragic writer to depict in its true colours, and to exhibit in their true greatness the spirit and the noble fortitude of those on whom he tried his detestable experiment.

The garrison being now reduced to a scarcity of provisions, proposed to treat, which Edward complied with. The capitulation was concluded on the 15th of July, under the following conditions:—That the town and castle should be delivered up to king Edward on the 20th, provided it should not be relieved by 200 men at arms, or by a battle. That, in this interval, a cessation of arms should take place. That, in the event of a surrender, the lives and properties of the inhabitants should be protected; and that the governor should be permitted to resort to the Scotch army to communicate the articles.

Now this Scotch army was lying before Bamborough under the Earl of Douglas, who marching to the relief of Berwick, had raised the hopes of the inhabitants to the highest pitch. It was a mighty army, every way capable of encountering that of Edward, and the people with exultation saw its approach, and looked from the walls with intense interest in the prospect of the encounter which would take place, and which they hoped would speedily liberate them from so fearful a condition as they were then in, and from so merciless a foe. How great then was their astonishment, when, instead of Douglas falling on the English, they saw him cross the Tweed, and in full view of the

town, proceed along the coast towards Bamborough Castle. The fact was, that Edward's queen lay in Bamborough Castle, which being deemed impregnable, had induced him to select it as a secure residence for her while he lay before Berwick. Douglas hoped by besieging his queen, to induce Edward to withdraw from before Berwick, and enable the Scotch to throw in supplies and reinforcements; but the English monarch was too good a general to be moved from his purpose. Douglas blocked up Bamborough Castle for several days, and committed depredations in the neighbourhood, but in vain, Edward lay inflexibly still.

In the mean time the garrison, as we have seen, already reduced to a state of famine, and astonished at the apparent neglect of Douglas, entered into the capitulation we have mentioned. As it was naturally to be expected that Douglas would now hasten to confront Edward, and prevent, if possible, the surrender of this important fortress; the English king became proportionably uneasy, and, in his anxiety to prevent this occurrence, proceeded to set every principle of honour at defiance, and to perpetrate one of the most horrible outrages on human nature that the annals of the world contain.

Amongst the hostages delivered by the Scots for the performance of what related to them in the treaty, was the eldest son of Sir Alexander Seton, the Deputy-Governor, and who, as Keith the Governor was gone out to the camp of Douglas, held the chief command till his return. The younger son of Seton was also a prisoner in Edward's hands, having been taken in a sally.

Scarcely was Keith departed to the Scottish camp, and the post of trust confided to Seton, than a fiendish scheme suggested itself to Edward's mind. He insisted upon the instant surrender of the town, in defiance of the terms just entered into, and threatened, that if the governor refused, he would instantly hang up his two sons, the hostage and the prisoner, in front of the ramparts. This unexpected and barbarous message threw the governor into the most dreadful consternation. His feelings as a parent came into desperate conflict with his duty to his country. His honour and his affections drew him violently two ways. He remonstrated vehemently with Edward. He represented the grossness of his violation of all the laws of honour and of civilized life: all was in vain, Edward ordered a gibbet to be erected in full view of the town, and directly opposite to the governor's windows. Seton at the sight of this, was distracted by the fiercest conflict of emotions that human nature can be submitted to. The father—the subject, in whom was reposed a trust of the utmost importance to his country—contended in his breast; and, overcome by the mighty power of nature, he was on the point of sacrificing his country's honour and his own to his paternal tenderness, when he was roused and supported to the maintenance of his duty out of a most unexpected quarter. The mother of these two sons, his own wife, while smitten with inexpressible anguish by the menace of their fate, suddenly started forward, and called upon him to stand firm to his honour and to his king. She represented, that if the savage monarch did really put his threat into execution,

they should become the most wretched of parents; but their sons would have died nobly for their country, and they themselves could but wear out life in sorrow for their loss; but that if he abandoned his honour, their king, their country, their consciences—nay their sons themselves would regard them with contempt, and they should not only be miserable themselves, but entail disgrace on those they now sought to save. Never did Spartan or Roman matron plead with the eloquence of the most exalted virtue more forcibly against the weakness of her own and her husband's mind. It was a situation more cruel than the most ingenious tyrant could have conceived for the torture of his victims; but the soul of this noble woman rose above it, and when she saw across the river the preparations actually making for the death of her sons, and beheld her husband at that dreadful spectacle again giving way, she drew him from the horrible scene, and thus saved his honour, though at the sacrifice of his children. The tyrant relentlessly put them to death!

There is no tragic situation of a more agonizing or conceivably loftier kind than this. In the hands of Shakspeare what immortal splendour it would have assumed! What a grand climax of a great romance would it have become in the hands of Scott; but in the simple power of unadorned nature it is inexpressibly harrowing, and the glorious devotion of that exalted wife and mother stands forth unsurpassed by that of any other of her sex in the history of the world.

Some historians have questioned the truth of this shocking

act; but not only Buchanan, Boece, and other Scotch authors of great credit assert it, but tradition, which is usually faithful in such cases, still points out the spot where it was perpetrated; and two human skulls are or were till lately also preserved in the poor-house at Tweedmouth, which have been handed down through many successive ages, as those of Sir Alexander Seton's two sons.

Scarcely had this horrible catastrophe taken place, when Douglas recrossed the Tweed, and encamped at Dunse Park, Bothall or Bothville, in the face of the English army, which occupied Hallidon Hill, about two miles and a quarter north-west of Berwick, and the well known battle of that name—one of the most obstinately fought and the most bloody—was the consequence.

This high ground, fully commanding a prospect of all the approaches to the town, afforded a most advantageous position for attacking an army advancing against it on the side of Scotland. The Scots, however, not intimidated by this evident advantage, determined to engage the English on the Scotch side of the hill, with a view, as it would appear, not only to secure a safe retreat, but also in case of subduing their enemies by taking advantage of the flow of the tide when the Tweed is impassable, to render the escape of the English impracticable.

The Scotch army formed into four grand bodies. John Murray commanded the first, with Lord Andrew Frazer and his sons, Simon and James; the second was commanded by Robert, Lord High Steward of Scotland, with the principal men of his

kindred, and the Earl of Monteith; the third, by the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, and Strathern; and the fourth, by Lord Archibald Douglas, guardian of the kingdom of Scotland, and commander-in-chief. The whole army, according to some writers, amounted to 68,000 men; but this is doubted. The number of King Edward's is not positively stated by any author; but many historians are of opinion that the two contending armies were nearly equal in numbers.

When both armies were ready to commence the attack, the shock of battle was for a short time suspended by a circumstance that seemed to belong to the fabulous ages of giants and knights of wonderful prowess, and which would in an earlier period, no doubt, have figured as boldly in the lays of the romancers as any of their most amazing recitals. A Scotchman of gigantic stature, who had obtained the name of Turnbull on account of an exploit by which he rescued Robert Bruce from the attack of a wild bull, which had unhorsed him while he was hunting, sallied forth from the Scotch lines, with terrific strides, and accompanied by a great mastiff. He approached the English army with an invincible air, and challenged any person in it to close with him in single combat. After a short pause, which such a novel occurrence produced, Sir Robert Benhale, a young Norfolk knight, accepted the challenge. Though inferior in stature to the Scotch champion, yet he was of uncommon bodily strength, and surpassed by none for adroitness in military achievements. The mastiff, with the utmost ferocity, darted forward, and the young knight receiving him with a skilful

blow upon the loins with his sword, cut him in pieces. The Scotch hero now advancing, Benhale with astonishing agility and address eluded the weighty blows aimed at him; and first cutting off the left arm of his antagonist, he then struck off his head.

Notwithstanding this disaster, the Scotch army made a vigorous effort to gain the summit of the hill. To animate the troops, and render the danger equal, their leaders and chieftains dismounted; but the impetuosity with which they ascended the steep put them soon out of breath.

The English archers, who were skilfully stationed in different parts of the hill, poured down showers of arrows on the close battalions of the Scotch troops, which made a shocking slaughter amongst them. They also suffered greatly by the rolling down of large stones from the heights, and in a short time were thrown into confusion. The English commanders perceiving this, ordered their spear-men and men-at-arms instantly to attack them, by which, being pressed while breathless and dispirited, multitudes fell, victims to their relentless opponents. This forced the Scots often to retreat; but they always rallied again, and with great bravery returned to the field, firmly maintaining the conflict, till Douglas, their general, was mortally wounded by a spear, which fatal catastrophe reaching the ears of the Scotch forces, they became panic-struck, and a total rout ensued. The carnage which followed was dreadful; for the servants, entrusted with the care of the horses, fled, leaving behind them their masters, a prey to the devouring sword of a

conquering foe. Edward, commanding in person a chosen brigade of cavalry, and archers equipped on horseback, attended by Lord D'Arcy with his Irish troops, led on the pursuit and conducted the slaughter, so that the country for five miles round the field of battle was strewn with the carcasses of the slain. The English historians state that the Scots lost, on that fatal day, eight earls, ninety knights, four hundred esquires, and thirty-five thousand privates. Among the persons of distinction in the Scotch army, there fell—the General; the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, Carrick, Athol, Lennox, and Monteith; three Stewards, uncles of Robert the Lord High Steward; three Frazers, Sir John Graham, Sir Duncan Campbell, and Sir William Tudway. There was a nearly equally brilliant list of distinguished prisoners. Boece charges Edward with putting to death great numbers of the gentry the day after the battle. Douglas, before he fell, displayed great bravery, and the place where he met his fate is yet called Douglas's Dyke. Berwick town and castle were immediately surrendered to Edward, who remained some days there to refresh himself and army; ordered a public thanksgiving, and gave 20*l.* a-year to the Cistertian nuns, near whose convent the battle was fought, together with complete reparation of all damages done to the conventual buildings. "Thus," says Ridpath, "affecting like most other conquerors, to draw heaven to his party, and to regard the success accompanying the most unjust enterprises as a proof of the peculiar favour of the Deity."

The acts which Edward had done here were such as ought to have filled him with the deepest shame and remorse; but he

seems to have been incapable of either. It had been well had his excellent queen been present, to prevent the death of the young Setons, as she afterwards prevented that of the citizens of Calais; but so far from appearing to be conscious of any infamy or crime attaching to his conduct at Berwick, Edward was here repeatedly afterwards; holding a gay tournay here in 1341, and in 1356 hastening over from France, on the news of its having been surprised by the Scots, marching hither with a large army and retaking it. It continued after his time to be the scene of various sieges and important historical events, down to the coming of James I. to England; but before the sanguinary splendour of Edward's transactions here, all others look pale.

I walked out of Berwick, by the Scotch Gate, to Hallidon Hill. The country is bleak, and naked of wood, though now all cultivated. The hill is a high down on the right hand of the road; and from the steepness of the ascent shews us at once the great disadvantage under which the Scotch must have commenced an attack on a brave and numerous army on that commanding height. Where so many brave men lay slaughtered that day, I now found an old farmer quietly sowing his turnips, with his ploughmen and his bondagers at work with him in the field. On the brow of the hill there were yet discernible some faint traces of an encampment, but the old farmer said he had for thirty years past been leveling the mounds and filling up the trenches, which when he first took the farm, were, he said, very plain, for it was all greensward then. I was much amused with the old farmer's cunning. When

I praised his farm, the state of cultivation it was in, and asked him what quantity of corn it yielded an acre. He replied, "Yes, it was in *good heart now*, but it had cost a mighty power of labour to bring it to that, and it took a mighty power of labour and of manure to keep it to that, and after all it yielded but moderate crops." In a while he asked me if I was a stranger there, and if I was acquainted with a certain family. When I replied that I was a stranger sure enough, and did not know the family he spoke of, I saw the old man's countenance brighten up greatly. "O," said he, "I thought you were, maybe, Major ——, who is my landlord, but who has not been here in my time." Finding that I was not so formidable a personage, of which my praises of the land and inquiry after the crops had made him fearful—no doubt, with awful vision of augmented rents—he all at once began himself to launch forth in praise of the land. "It *was* a fine farm," he said, "and a *good* farm, and not unreasonably high rented neither. Thirty years he'd lived on it; and what a fine thing," he added, "it is to live in peaceful times. I reckon all this country round here that we see, in those fighting days was na much better than a wilderness. The books gie account of a vast of stones lying scattered all over that hill when the battle was fought; and now," he added, "here am I living at seventy-four, and have lived in quiet here thirty years—and what a garden of a country it is all round, where there used to be nothing but burning and bloody heads. And yet we're not content. There's a many want to ha' the land, and us to work it for them, no doubt; the what do you call them there—the Chartists!"

And truly, as the old man said, what a fine country it was! A vast extent of prospect lay all round, except on the north-east side. Below you, eastward, lay Berwick with its red roofs, its castle walls, its old bridge, and the Tweed sweeping out in a crescent to the sea; beneath the town the sea forming a fine bay, which was bounded southward by Holy Island with its castle; and the castle of Bamborough standing aloft, and near it the Farn Isles, and the lighthouse in which the Darlings live. A vast champaign country through which the Tweed flows, filled nearly the whole prospect south and south-west, hemmed in by the Cheviots, with their wild knolly heights; the hills beyond Hume Castle, and the castle itself, very conspicuous; while northward lay a region of mountain moorlands all round by Dunse and Lammermoor. Within these wide bounds, and all still beneath the point of sight, the country was cultivated like a garden, with farmhouses sending up their pillars of white smoke in the sunshine, and halls lying warm amid their woods—how different to the days of the two kingdoms!

In returning to the town I traversed its outskirts, and became aware of its former boundaries. Here were old mounds and trenches, in one place visible, in another eradicated, shewing where once the ancient walls encircled the whole town. Now I came into green crofts, where stood a tall and solitary bell-tower; and where the deep moats that formerly ran outside of the old city walls, were now covered with green turf, and afforded walks for ropemakers, and such persons who, as by instinct, fix themselves in such spots. Then I approached

nearer to the sea, and came to a long row of fishermen's houses, with all sorts of nets hanging out, and fish-traps lying about, with fragments of odoriferous fish, and other marine scents. I then came to an inner circle of strong and more modern walls, called Queen Elizabeth's Walls. These are all perfect, with their moats, fortifications, and drawbridges, and crowned with ramparts of earth and green turf. On these walls lies the grand promenade of the city, affording on various sides very delightful views. The gates were kept up till the end of the war, and were regularly closed at ten o'clock at night. They are now removed.

The old castle stands a few hundred yards outside of these walls, but no doubt within the ancient ones. Extensive ranges of its walls yet stand above the river on the steep red-sandstone banks; with a wall running down the declivity to the very edge of the water, and a tower at the foot of the hill, which was strongly fortified. These old walls and shattered towers which remain are crumbling with age, but shew by their solid masses of masonry, their former stupendous strength; the archway under the tower by the river being fifteen yards through.

Opposite to the castle, on the other side of the river, is still seen the place called *Hang-a-dyke-Nook*, where the young Setons were executed. An old woman who was laying out her clothes to bleach, said—"Ye see it by the length of bank that has *shuthered* doon. They say it will never stop up if they build it up ever so often." But I could not find that she could remember it ever to have been built up in her time—twenty years. Be

that as it may, about a hundred yards there shew a red vacancy of earth in the otherwise green banks of the river.

Berwick, besides its historical associations, has few objects that demand a particular notice in a visit. It has a remarkably fine salmon fishery, and various remnants of antiquity, more interesting to notice than to describe. One of its antiquities, however, which I stumbled upon, certainly did no little surprise me.

As I was rambling in the neighbourhood of Berwick, and had got into a quiet hollow lane that a good deal pleased my fancy, I saw an old man coming down a hill towards me, with his old fiddle-bag under his arm, and a wallet on his back. He seemed weary, and throwing down his wallet, sate himself down upon it in the lane. His chest seemed to work, and his head moved at every breath, as if his lungs were a pair of bellows. I found him very asthmatic. When I came up to him I stopped and said,—"Well, my friend, so you are going to comfort yourself a little."

"Ay, sir, my wind and strength are nearly gone, but it's no wonder at my age."

"Why, pray what is your age?" I judged him to be about seventy.

"My age?—I'm one hundred and twelve come Christmas—I was one hundred and eleven last Christmas."

"A hundred and eleven! You mistake. You never can be that!"

"Yes, sir, that's my age."

"And pray what is your name?"

"My name, sir, is James Stuart. I was at the battle of Culloden. I saw Colonel Gardiner knocked off his horse by a ball and killed, at Preston-Pans. I saw Prince Charley march in triumph into Edinburgh, and take possession of Holyrood; and I was nearly related to him too. I was at the battle of Bunker's Hill. I was at Quebec too, with General Wolfe too, when he was killed."

"Stop!" said I; "that's enough, my friend. Don't pile such a load of falsehoods on your old head. You of course don't mean me to believe you, but are amusing me with a wonderful story. That will do. It's a good deal more than I can credit."

"It's all true I assure you, sir. Ask any of the gentlemen here. They all know me very well, and are very good to me."

"But if you are a Scotchman, why do you wander away from Scotland? Why, in your old age, not live amongst your natural friends and kindred?"

"Scotland is not my native country. It was my father's country; but I was born at Charlestown in South Carolina. My father was General John Stuart, and I was born while he was serving in Carolina; but I was reared in Scotland with my sisters. I was reared at the house of Airlie in Dunkeld. The lady of Airlie who was pulled out of the house and killed by the Campbells, and the house burnt, was my grandmother."

I could not help looking at the old man with wonder. Either he was a most extraordinary man, or he was telling a most extraordinary story. What! were we to expect that people

of the old ballads and of the Border Minstrelsy were to rise from their graves; or rather were yet wandering on the earth, and about to meet you in green lanes? That the men of Preston-Pans and Culloden were yet walking and breathing? The contemporaries of Waverley and Hector M'Ivor? Why, we should yet be meeting the Baron of Bradwardine, or at least his fair daughter Rose.

Old times, said I, are lingering here.

But the old man went on with his story; which was, that he did not fight at Preston and Culloden; but being a youth with plenty of money, and being related to Prince Charlie, he was curious to see how things went.

I asked him if he remembered the old Blacksmith of Culloden. He said he did not see him, but he had heard a deal of talk of him; and he had heard that his house was now clean gone. Which is the fact. He said that he was an ensign in Wolfe's army; and when the American War was over, he sold his commission; and had afterwards sold his property at different times in Scotland.

I asked him how he came to do that. He said he was just a foolish young fellow, who spent without thinking of old age. He had had five wives; the last of whom is living, and is only about forty-five. He said she was very good to him, and kept him very clean; "as you may see," he added, shewing his shirt bosom, which was very clean and nice. I told him I was glad his wife was good to him, which was not always the case when young women married such very old men. He said—"O,

it's necessary that I should have some one to care for me; and she's quite frighted if anything ails me."

His first wife, he said, was Catherine Bane, of the Caithness family. His second was Annie Macdonald, a poor man's daughter. His third wife was Nancy Riddell, the daughter of Mary Riddell, who kept school at Spital. Yet by this wife, as I understood him, came a large property in the West Indies, Spanish Town and Mount Diabola, which, however, they had lost through his not being a man of business, by the roguery of agents. He was fourteen days with George IV. when he was in Edinburgh, and he promised to get the property for him, but he died. Lord Fitzclarence of Etal Castle, in this country, a son of William IV., he said, was very kind to him, and had sent for him to go there several times; and he had done so while he had strength. His fourth wife was Peggy Hewitt, a schoolmaster's daughter of Berwick. His sisters, he said, had married officers—colonels and majors; but it was while he was wandering over the world, and he could not now tell where their descendants were. He himself had had twenty-seven children; ten of whom had been killed in battle; five in the East-India Service; two at Trafalgar; one in the Scotch Greys at Waterloo; and two at Algiers with Admiral Mellon. He had one son and three daughters living; his youngest daughter being only fourteen years of age, worked in the fields. One daughter was married to a hind, and one to a pitman.

After he sold his commission he was many years a sailor in trading vessels; and was a private in the Caithness Fencibles.

He said his wife chared, and he went to gentlemen's houses to fiddle a bit, but his eyes failed him, and he only went now "within weel kent. boons." Gentlemen were all very kind to him. Sir Walter Scott sent for him to go to Abbotsford. He sent to Mr. Robinson, the minister of Newton, near Coldstream, desiring him to send him; so at length, after many delays, he got a cuddie (a jackass) and went; but when he got there Sir Walter was dead, and all the family gone. "It was a pity," he said, "for Sir Walter was *a Justice of Peace, and a Justice of Quorum too,* and he might have been able to do summut for me."

I told him it *was* a pity Sir Walter had not seen him, as he was a great writer, and would have made him figure in a romance. The old man seemed to smile at this idea. "Would he really?" said he; but then added—"Well! well! we must try to figure in another world."

I told him that perhaps he might live to reach 120. He said—"Well, that is all a hidden mystery; and it is as well that it is, for it is our business to learn to put our whole trust in Providence. The lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cut down and cast into the oven, shall he not care for thee, O thou of little faith?"

"Ay," said he, "I have gone on for above a hundred years, and my faith is stronger than ever. If my eyes did not fail me, I should have the pleasure of reading my Testament over a good many times yet; as I have done many a time already, till I can

almost say it off by heart; but my wife reads it to me, and that's a great comfort."

He said "James Wullson had cut him out in stone, and had his likeness at his house at the New Quay; just his size; his thickness, and his height, with the thickness of his shoes, and every thing. Mr. Dunbar too, of Newcastle, who had cut Grace Darling in marble, had come and moulded him in clay, and he reckoned had cut him in marble too."

"I was the youngest of sixteen children," he said, "and I have long outlived them all."

As he went back to infancy, and talked of his mother, his memory of those times seemed to brighten up; his under jaw moved convulsively; and the old man was evidently agitated. The space of a century, and all the various events of a strange life, had not been able to extinguish the tender feelings of youthful affection. I was surprised at the emotion of the old woman of Houghton-le-Spring church, but this was more singular. What a wonderful thing is that love which springs up in our native home in our first years, and thus outlasting all after-attachments, shakes men in the extremest age with its imperishable emotion! And is not this a singular incident for a summer afternoon? Imagine me sitting in a lane near Berwick-on-Tweed, and opposite to me James Stuart, the descendant of Scotland's ancient kings; the son of a General of a former century; the grandson of the Lady of Airlie; the spectator of Culloden and Preston-Pans; the soldier of Bunker's Hill and Quebec; a man aged one hundred and eleven and more,—and

the reader must be satisfied that wonderful things have not yet ceased.

But, it will be asked, is all this true? It is true to the letter. By the kindness of various friends in the North, I have inquired into the particulars, and find the old man even more wonderful than he then seemed to be. A gentleman of high respectability writes in answer to my inquiries: "No one at Berwick entertains the smallest doubt of James Stuart being of the age he states himself to be; and Mrs. Cluny, widow of the late John Cluny, Esq., mayor of Berwick, states that she knew James Stuart very well fifty years ago, when he was considered the strongest old man in the district, and frequently performed most astonishing feats of strength, whence his nickname, Jamie Strang."

Mr. Weddell of Berwick, who I believe has for years been collecting materials for a history of that place, has sent me a statement of particulars regarding James Stuart, which agrees so fully with his own story as related to me, that it is unnecessary to repeat it, and I therefore shall select only such parts of this letter as may add fresh information. "He settled in Berwick or the neighbourhood upwards of fifty years ago, and has ever since travelled in the northern counties of England, and in the southern parts of Scotland, as a mendicant with a violin, upon which he is a most wretched performer. It is only within the last few years that I have observed any marks of decay about him. He now sees very imperfectly; his hearing is not quite perfect; and he is so lame as to require the aid of a crutch; his

hands shake, and his knees tremble. It is very generally remarked, and I have observed the fact myself, that he never *asks* for alms. When money is offered, he accepts it gratefully, and briefly returns thanks. He has lost but few of his teeth, and the rest are wonderfully perfect. What his habits may have been in early life, it is of course impossible to determine, but ever since I knew him—since 1816—he has been a sober man, and from his present appearance I feel inclined to believe that he never could have been a dissipated one. When I saw him the other day, he was recovering from an attack of influenza; but, generally speaking, he appears constantly to have enjoyed good health. From the tone of religious feeling which pervades his conversation, when encouraged, I am inclined to give considerable credence to his assertions."

Mr. Weddell adds, that he "has often seen Wilson's clay model, and also the stone statue. The likeness is admirable. It was the young artist's first attempt at statuary." Mr. Weddell also encloses a statement taken verbatim from the old man's mouth, in which he repeats what he said to me, but adds that his mother was a Catherine Macdonald, that his father was killed in America at the head of his forces when quite a young man. That he was born on Christmas-day 1728; left America when about seven years old; when about twenty, enlisted into the 42d Royal Highlanders; served in that regiment about six or seven years, then went into the Forfarshire Volunteers for about two years, and afterwards into the Caithness Fencibles, and remained in them three years, Sir John Sinclair being colonel. Was

at school in 1745, but ran off to see the battle of Preston-Pans, and saw Colonel Gardiner killed, and Johnny Cope run away. He adds, as he related to me, that he was at Culloden also, but at both these battles was merely a spectator. That at one period of his life he was sixteen years at sea, on board a man-of-war. Sailed in the Prince of Wales (seventy-four). Was at the taking of Condegrasse, in the West Indies, by which is probably meant that he was at the taking of Comte de Grasse there by Rodney, under whom he says he served, and was, in this fight, wounded in the head, thigh, and both legs.

He is here made to say that he has been married *six* times; and a correspondent states that he has been married *four* times, probably his account to me of having been married *five* times, is the true one. The remainder of his narrative may be given in his own words as more full of new matter. "One of my wives died at Grindon Rig, and was buried at Norham. Another was buried at Berwick, and *the other two* at Tweedmouth. My *sixth* wife is still living." Here he accounts for only *five* wives, and yet is made to talk of his *sixth*—this must be a mistake—the number is evidently five.

"I was first married in Scotland. One of my daughters lives as a servant with Mr. Moffatt of Doddington. I have only three other children; my son lives in Tweedmouth, and two of my daughters are married,—one to John Bradford of Nesbit, a hind; and the other to James Halliday, a collier, at the Biteabouts, near Lowick. My father was an adherent of the Pretender. My front teeth, both in the upper and lower jaw,

are entire, except one which was broken in a fall. Several of my double teeth are also perfect. I am about five feet two inches high. I was considerably higher at one time of my life. I once carried a long 24-pounder in my arms, without any assistance. I have gone below a cart loaded with hay, the cart being estimated to weigh half-a-ton, and the hay one ton, and lifted it on my back from the ground, and carried it the breadth of a haystack. This may be about thirty years ago. My teeth were very strong, and I could formerly with them lift a dining-table of six or seven feet long. I have raised on my hand from the ground a man about twenty stone weight. I have raised from the ground, with one hand, eighteen half-hundred weights, which were fastened together, or strung on an iron bar, a rope being used to prevent the weights falling off the bar.

"James Wilson, of the Pier House, Berwick, has cut my whole-length figure in stone. He measured my dimensions accurately. The stone is as like me as a bean (*i. e.* as one bean is to another). I have received half-a-crown a-week, as parochial relief, for some time, from the parish of Tweedmouth. I cannot read now, but I will give you, from memory, a chapter out of the New Testament."

Mr. Weddell says, here he went through the whole of the third chapter of St. Matthew; and adds, that in the printed list of the paupers of Tweedmouth, he and his wife are registered this year as of the respective ages of 113 and 39.

Mr. Weddell has also enclosed a note from Mr. John Selby, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Selby of Earle, near Wooler, the

latter gentleman being the oldest person hereabout who has longest known Stuart. Mr. Selby, in his note, repeats just the same facts that have been given above; but adds, that his father is now 85, and remembers James Stuart as an old man ever since he knew him. He says, "As to his feats of strength, he was not encouraged to exhibit at Earle, for fear of breaking his arms or teeth; but I can vouch that six or seven years ago, laying his hand on the ground, and I standing upon it, he raised me from the ground with one hand—a weight of more than 150 pounds.

In addition to these particulars, Mr. Dunbar the sculptor, of Newcastle, writes to me, enclosing a drawing from his bust of *Jemmy Strang*, "that on visiting Berwick about a month ago, I called at the cottage of my *ancient* friend, James Stuart, and had the satisfaction to find the good old man hale and hearty. My wife, who accompanied me, considered the visit a treat that she will not easily forget, and entered into conversation with James, who always seems particularly animated in the presence of the fair sex; and, as a proof of his retentive memory, he repeated several of the most striking passages in the Book of Genesis, and offered to repeat many more, but our time was up. I may add that two years ago, in his 110th year, he actually made a trip by the Ardincaple steam-boat to Newcastle-on-Tyne; the captain giving him a free passage, and allowing him the benefit of playing to the passengers from Berwick, and "*vice versa.*" Dame Stuart appears to be about forty years of age, and remarkably attentive to the wants of her old—

John Anderson my jo.

My readers will, no doubt, participate in my surprise at the age and adventures of this old man, whose story is thus so fully and completely authenticated by the most respectable authorities; but that surprise would be greatly enhanced were they to turn over the statistics of Durham and Northumberland, where they would find that James Stuart might yet, in that district of most singular longevity, pass for a comparatively young man. I have in my possession Sykes' "Local Records" of these counties, and in the two volumes of which they consist, each of upwards of four hundred pages, there are few pages which do not register the death of one or more persons whose ages range from 100 to 147 years. Turning to the indexes of these volumes, there appear no fewer than 431 cases of such surprising old age selected, as occurring within the last hundred years, and by far the greater number of them within the last forty. There is surely no other equal portion of Great Britain, or perhaps of the civilized world, that can shew anything like such an amount of longevity as this in these latter ages. The majority of these long livers too appear to have retained their strength and faculties in the most astonishing manner to the last; reading or sewing without spectacles; working till perhaps the moment before their death, when they have sate down in their chair and gone off as it were to sleep. A brother and sister, a husband and wife, have lived on together for nearly a century and quarter, and then died as if by agreement, and without any trouble, within a few days or hours of each other. One stout old dame had her arm taken off in her 101st year,

having unfortunately had it crushed by a wagon, and survived till her 103d year. Another, in her last year, 102, and quite blind, spun forty yards of cloth for the use of her son, and could with difficulty be kept from her wheel on the morning of her death. Thomas Fletcher, of Houghton-le-Spring, died in 1836, aged 111. His grandfather lived to be 120, his sister 102, and his uncle 105. He could read the smallest print the day before his death.

The greater number of these cases are striking evidences of the advantages of labour and simple fare. Most of these old people were poor; many were the inmates of a workhouse; one, Margaret Fenwick, of Jarrow, received parish relief 57 years, to the amount of 450*l.*

To very few of these determined livers would apply the popular song of this northern and healthy district, which the people often sing in provincial style:—

Says t'auld man ti 't oak tree,
I was young and lively when I kenn'd thee;—

or in the more euphonious version of—

SAIR FAILED, HINNEY.

I was young and lusty;
I was fair and clear;
I was young and lusty,
Many a lang year.

Sair failed, hinney,—
Sair failed, now;
Sair failed hinney,
Sin' I kenn'd thou.

When I was young and lusty,
I could loup a dyke;
Now at five and sixty,
Canna do the like.
Sair failed, hinney,—etc.

Then said the awd man
To the oak tree;
Sair failed is I
Sin' I kenn'd thee.
Sair failed, hinney,—etc.

NORHAM CASTLE.

A STROLL ALONG THE BORDERS.

One of the greatest pleasures which I promised myself in Northumberland, and one which I most highly enjoyed, was a stroll along the Borders. History, the old ballad minstrels, with Bishop Percy and Scott in their train, have made all that district classic ground. It was not in any hope of new discoveries; of hearing some milkmaid singing a yet unpublished ballad; of stumbling on legends and traditions that had escaped the active researches of the numbers who have explored the regions of Chevy-Chase and Otterburne—no, the expectation and the feeling with which we visit the Borders now are different. They are, to see that of which we have heard so much, and to

compare the reality with the ideas we have formed from reading. To identify the spots so prominent in history, poem, and romance, and to live over in the scenes themselves—the feelings we have before and at a distance enjoyed; combining them not with the airy traces of our own mere imaginations, but with the actual localities themselves; with the freshness of nature, and the delights of summer wanderings. But the most lively feeling which is awakened by such a stroll, is the surprise to find all so different. The moors and mosses, the wild dales and defiles of the Mosstroopers and the Border warriors—how are they all changed by the hand of modern industry and science! This change began to take place the moment James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England. He gave orders to demolish every place of strength in these parts, except the habitations of the nobles and barons. Influenced by the same spirit, he reduced the garrison of Berwick to a company of a hundred men. These were the wisest measures that the modern Solomon ever adopted. The consequence was, that cultivation immediately took place; the country, so often desolated by war, received new inhabitants, who brought with them, says the historian, not only flocks and herds, but also manufactures and commerce. The works effected in peace were soon distinguished. The barren wastes were put under the ploughshare; towns and hamlets diversified the scene; and increasing population enlivened every valley, which for ages had been marked by works of hostility. After the Union, those effects of peace were brought to the happy eminence now discovered on every hand.

It was not, however, till the last great war, which, by raising the price of agricultural produce to an unexampled height, awakened the activity of speculation, threw capital into that channel, and gave an impetus to the improvement of land which has everywhere throughout the country, but nowhere more than here, produced the most extraordinary effects. The great arable farms of this part of the country cannot be seen without astonishment by men from the south; and into those defiles where lurked not many years ago the rude reivers who have furnished such rich material for Scott's novels, now have long wandered wealthy and almost countless flocks, and thence they climb to the very tops of the bordering mountains, finding everywhere security, and a green herbage wonderful to the eye, that expected to see there nothing but grimness and sterility.

Yet the plough and the shepherd have not been able to root out the marks and interest of the past. Many an old keep stands in ruin, but scarcely in decay; a solemn memorial of historic deeds, and that amid scenes which are and must ever remain beautiful. The hills and the rivers art could not remove if it would; and the spirit of poetry and of old renown dwells too strongly in the hearts of the inhabitants to allow them to see any landmark of past glory demolished, if it can possibly be prevented. Many an old battle-stone stands yet on its ancient site; many a wide dark waste of heath yet lies here and there amid these regions of modern fertility, where tradition still stalks in all its ancient strength, and says, here fought the Briton and the Scot, and here the Douglas or the Percy fell.

Even amid those dales and fortresses are greenness and fair landscapes, where you looked for the wild haunts pictured on your imagination by the pencil of Scott; they are, however, peopled by all the forms and memories which he evoked from the dimness of ages, or the obscurity of local fame; and a profound quiet hovering around seems an emanation from the spirit of the past, attesting the reality of all that once lived there, and mourning over the passions of men who, while they pass over the earth like rapid dream-shapes, yet refuse to pass without violence and blood, without suffering and dispensing grief. But the miseries of the past are the amusement of the present: and while we wander on the banks of the Tweed, over the fields of Otterburne, round the walls of Norham or Hermitage; or trace the long descents of Redesdale and Tynedale, which ran for ages with blood, we find a strange and dreamy pleasure in all those wild remembrances which they present. Their acts of violence are now but tragedies acted for our enjoyment; their love-scenes for our amusement; their broken hearts are but subjects for our tender sympathies; the spirits that domineered or suffered, appear again on the stage of our memory, amid the scenery of their real existence, for our surprise; and the tears that have watered all these regions, are now but glittering dews by the wayside, that make us conscious of the beauty and purity of nature.

Leaving my old man of Culloden in the lane near Berwick, I marched on along the Borders, through a country pleasant, though not very striking, yet still reminding one of Scott's description:

The lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown;
The farm begirt with copsewood wild;
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

I reached the ruins of Norham Castle at an hour very much like that at which Marmion is made to appear at the same place. Nature presented the very same features, but the ruined pile could no longer boast of the proud circumstances with which the poet invested it.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking towers that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The yellow lustre of evening still shone around it, but no captives now weep there; no Lord Marmion in martial state, with advancing horsemen, with pennon, lance and trumpet, with minstrels waiting below, and cannon thundering from the towers above, to welcome him;—no

Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twizell and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold,

came forth. The scene was beautiful, but all ruinous and solitary.

Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
No warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

Emerging from bowery lanes and old orchards, the lofty ruined keep met my eye, and a common field-gate, unfastened, admitted me to the green height on which lie the scattered ruins of this once strong and extensive castle. The views from the ruined castle on the Tweed, which lies deep below, the village lying low also to the left, and the woods and banks of Lady-kirk beyond, are very beautiful. The stern old keep is now too ruinous to be ascended; beneath it yawn the dark and strong dungeons, and around rise grey and massy, those walls which, built on a lofty precipice above the river, were deemed impregnable till the invention of cannon. Sitting on one of the green heaps which now cover the ruined offices of the inner court, I reflected on the strange succession of personages and events which this now deserted hold had witnessed—Old Bishop Flambard ruined it in the twelfth century; David I. of Scotland very soon afterwards destroyed it; the famous Hugh Pudsey rebuilt it more strongly than ever, and raised that very tower which remains to this day. Here King John and William the Lion of Scotland several times met; and on one occasion, through the intervention of the fair and amiable Queen Ermengard, ratified a peace. Here John Baliol swore fealty to Edward I. of England; and here occurred that circumstance which not only suggested to Bishop Percy one of the most beautiful of the incidents in the Hermit of Warkworth, but most probably to Scott the choice of his hero, Marmion. Leland tells us, that in the reign of Edward II. a great feast was made in Lincolnshire, at which a lady brought a helm of gold to Sir

William Marmion, "with a letter of commaundement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerust place in England, and there to let the heualme to be seene and knowne as famous. So he went to Norham, whither withyn four dayes of cumming, cam Philip Mowbray, Gardian of Berwicke, having in his band 140 men of armes, the very flowr of men of the Scottisch Marches.

"Thomas Gray, Capitayne of Norham, seying this, brought his garison afore the bariers of the castel, behynd whom cam William Marmion, richely arrayed, as all glittering in golde, and wearing the heualme as his lady's present. Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be cum hither to fame your heualme; mount upon your horse, and ride like a valient man to yon army, even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body, deade or alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it. Whereupon he took his cursore, and rode among the throng of enemyes; the which layd sore stripes on him, and pullid hym at the last oute of his sadel to the ground. Then Thomas Gray, with all the whole garrison, lette pryk yn emong the Scottes, and so wonded them and their horses, that they were overthrowen, and Marmion, sore beaten, was horsid agayne, and with Gray, perseuid the Scottes in chace. Then were taken 50 horses of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase."

Thrice was this castle, which was deemed almost impregnable, yet taken by the Scots; the last and most memorable time being that just before the battle of Flodden, when James V. is

said to have won it by the advice of a traitor, whom he then hanged for his pains.

So when the Scots the walls had won,
And rifled every nook and place;
The traitor came to the king anon,
But for reward met with disgrace.

"Therefore, for this thy traitorous trick,
Thou shalt be tried in a trice;
Hangman!" quoth he, "therefore be quick,
The groom shall have no better price."

Though no historian mentions this, yet tradition asserts it, and the Hangman's Land, still so called, near the castle, where the traitor was executed, confirms the story.

A capital little village inn I found a very good exchange for the ruins of Norham Castle, however poetical in themselves, and the next day marched forward through a very interesting tract. It was by Twisell Bridge and Tilmouth Chapel. The country is all along finely wooded, and the Till at Twisell Bridge runs like so many of those northern rivers, between deep and rocky banks hung with fine woods. Here still stands the fine old bridge of one arch, which stood there in Leland's time, and over which Lord Surrey marched to Flodden. Close by the bridge stood the cottage of Sir Francis Blake, said to have been the loveliest little building in that part of the country. It is now pulled down. Above it, in a lofty situation, stands a huge pile, called Twisell Castle, which was built by Sir Francis's father, but never finished. It is an enormous place, eighty yards in front, and gives one a feeling of awe and astonishment on entering it, being so great and ghastly. It is merely

inhabited by a poor family; the great entrance hall, open up to the very roof, is filled with old timber; and the whole fabric seems the most suitable place in the world for the last refuge, in these incredulous times, of ghosts and brownies.

At some distance on the other side of the river, you discern Sir Francis's handsome modern mansion. Below the ghostly unfinished castle, in the woods and by the river, lies St. Helen's Well, at which Scott represents the soldiers as drinking on their way to Flodden. There too, may yet be seen the old hawthorns of Lady's Croft which he mentions. I plunged into these woods, following the course of the sullen Till, but on the opposite side, in quest of St. Cuthbert's Chapel. Here it was, down the Tweed from Melrose to where it receives this river, that the saint's corpse sailed in its boat of stone, and for some time was deposited in a chapel built there to receive it. When he pursued his miraculous travels, which finally terminated at the mount of Durham, the stone boat-coffin was left here. Fifteen yards from the Tweed, and about thirty to the west of this very spot, lay this wonderful boat till some years ago, when the farmer who lived on the farm conceived that it would make a fine trough to pickle his pork in. The saint, indignant at this meditated desecration, however, forestalled his purpose by coming in the night and breaking it to pieces. The fragments are represented by tourists as still lying there; but when I emerged from the wood—there indeed was a deserted modern chapel, which had been raised on the site of the ancient one, by Sir Francis Blake, but not a fragment of the boat remaining.

From the village of Cornhill I walked about three miles over the plain, to see the once strong Border castle of Wark, to which Bishop Percy represents his hero Bertram to have been conveyed after the disastrous proof of his lady's "helm:"—

> All pale, extended on their shields,
> And weltering in his gore,
> Lord Percy's knights, their bleeding friend,
> To Wark's fair castle bore.

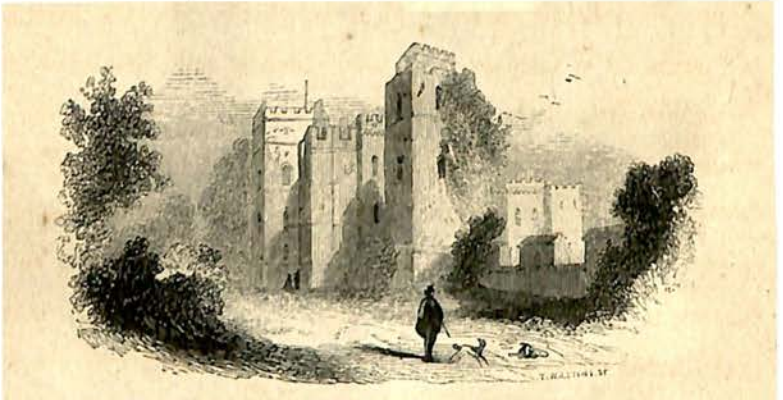
Wark's fair castle, however, proved to be now only a heap of stones standing in the midst of a village of farm labourers' cottages. Yet many stirring actions have taken place here, especially in the days of John and the Edwards, but the most remarkable circumstance is, that the Order of the Garter may be said to have originated here. Wark, in the reign of Edward III. was the property of the Earl of Salisbury, and the Countess was besieged here by David Bruce, when the king hastening to the relief of the place, became so much struck with the person and manners of the Countess, as to commence that amour which led to the establishment of this order. It is impossible to conceive how a once proud castle should have now completely vanished, or been converted into a mere mound, and the warlike post become the most peaceful of agricultural hamlets. I was, notwithstanding, well repaid for my walk by the scene which presented itself as I approached the village. It was that of the hinds and bondagers going out from their dinners again to their work in the fields. There were at least a hundred of them; the greater part of them young women. They had many of them their hoes in their hands. All were coloured with the earth of the

ploughed fields in which they worked. Some of the more favoured were mounted on the plough-horses behind the young men, and altogether they had a look of the patriarchal clime and age, rather than of modern England.

The whole agricultural aspect of the North is singular to a southern eye. The large farms and vast extent of corn-lands; the fewness of villages; the great groups of buildings congregated around a tall steam-engine chimney, which there marks a farm-house, and the prevalence of women labourers. These young women, called Bondagers, have also a habit that is very curious, and yet very characteristic. In fine weather, as you go along at noon, you find them lying in groups on the grassy borders of the high-road. The men you seldom or never see in such a place; they throw themselves down under a wall or hedge *in* the fields during their hour of rest after dinner; but the women get out whenever they can to the roadside. On asking a lady what was the reason of this, she replied, with a significant smile—"Female curiosity to be sure! The men are apathetic, and throw themselves down anywhere; but the women like to be where they have a chance of seeing what passes." And no doubt this is the true solution of the mystery; for as you go by —though from their perfect stillness you might suppose them to be asleep—yet you generally catch the glitter of several eyes, peeping from beneath the apron or shawl that they have thrown over their heads.

Another characteristic of these lands is the large quantity of gulls and other sea-birds which you see following the ploughmen,

as you observe rooks elsewhere. It is singular to see their white wings flashing all around the ploughmen and the bondagers—their attendants by hundreds all the country over. A sort of black-headed gull, or tern, builds here too by thousands. At a place between Cornhill and Ford Castle—I think Pallinsburn Hall—it was amazing to see the myriads which were crowding about the old ponds in the woods. On some little islands, and on the tufts of sedge that grew in the shallows, they had built their nests in multitudes, and kept up the most ceaseless and extraordinary clamour.



FORD CASTLE.

Passing Etal Castle, anciently the seat of the family of Manners, from which the present Duke of Rutland descends, but now the property of Lord Fitzclarence, a son of William IV., I arrived at Ford Castle, celebrated for its connexion with the battle of Flodden Field, which is said to have become so disastrous to the Scottish king through his stay here. By assaulting and taking Ford Castle, according to Drummond, James lost his crown and life; for it was here that he found and became enamoured of

the fascinating Lady Heron, so well described in Marmion. It is now the property of the Marquis of Waterford, inherited by his mother from the Delavals,—and what a charming old place it is for a man, who has so many others that he seldom, almost never, comes near it! With the exception of calling here on his way to the Eglington Tournament, I understand he has scarcely ever visited Ford. Yet how fine is the situation! What a pure old English air and feeling there are about the place! It was drawing towards evening as I entered its court, and looked round on its old towers and battlements, and felt how full of solemn feudality it was. And then what a glorious location! It stands on a fair slope of more than a mile in ascent, and above and around it are high, wild, craggy hills, and fine woods; while westward, lie in full view, the green range of the Flodden downs, with the battle-hill in the centre, covered with dark fir trees. To the south-west, at the distance of a dozen miles, the scene is bounded by the range of the Cheviots, giving magnificent views as they continually change their aspects with the weather. Now they are wrapt in the brooding blackness of tempests; now the wild drapery of mists envelopes them; now all the glories of Cloudland rest on them, and seem to bring down heaven to repose on their verdant tops, with all its long-withdrawing vales of peace, and shapes of profound and meditative beauty throned on its arches and couches of ethereal vapour; and now forth bursts the sun, bringing out their huge bulks and many colours—yellow slopes, dark heathery summits, green hollows, and livid gashes where wintry torrents rush down their

ravines. Within such boundaries lies a rich and beautifully cultivated vale.

It is a spot to create a poet, and to fill the soul of one already created with thoughts and images partaking of the eternity of beauty and grandeur. The present castle is, indeed, of comparatively modern date, but varied and interesting in its character, for it is built on a very ancient site, and retains about it the air and fashion of antiquity. Its gardens are old, and as seen from the windows, neglected as they are, give a deep sentiment of the past generations, and of present solitude; which is strengthened greatly by its fine terraces, commanding the scenes just mentioned, its woodland walks and silent courts.

Within, the house has quite the fashion and air of the old English mansion, and possesses that capital piece of old furniture, an old housekeeper, who has spent the greater portion of her life in it, and is a part of it, bound up and living on it, its history, and its interests. Under her guidance I progressed through it, and found in the dining-room, portraits of Lord Delaval reading—a man of a philosophical and refined look; Lady Delaval, also reading in an old book; Miss Rhoda, who died young; Lady Audley and Lady Tyrconnel; Mrs. Cawthorn and Mrs. Fenton, as children; Miss Susan Delaval, who died young; Master Delaval in a red suit. This was the only son of Lord Delaval, who died when he was within a month of being of age, and to whose memory the mausoleum at Seaton-Delaval was built. Besides these were two Delavals in flowing wigs; and an Admiral Delaval, with musket and bayonet, leading his troops to the assault of Cape Barfleur.

Here too, one wonders how and why, are full-lengths of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbank, the father and mother of Lady Noel Byron. Sir Ralph is reading, with a bust of some Greek or Roman philosopher before him. Lady Milbank is a most interesting looking lady, much like Lady Byron in figure, draped in red with a green scarf. Before her a cupid playing with a dolphin. There is a prince of Bohemia, and a child holding a pen in his hand, while a monkey pulls at his skirts. This child, the old woman said, became a great warrior.

In Lady Delaval's dressing-room are two nice old cabinets, inlaid with pearl. In the breakfast-room are small likenesses of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, copies of those at Alnwick; Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; the sister of Lord Delaval, other Delavals, and old views of the castle.

In the drawing-room we have Lord and Lady Delaval again, young; and two fine large cattle pieces by some good master. In the closet is a set of miniatures: Lady Tyrconnel in a curious hat and feathers, small and high-crowned; in a riding-habit, with light curling hair lying on her shoulders; a great clear muslin handkerchief on her neck and bosom; and of a light complexion, with eyes full of life and fun. There is no wonder that she was thought very handsome and fascinating. Lord Tyrconnel appears in the costume of George III.'s time, with a ruddy and unintellectual face. Two children are beside them, much like the mother. The son, Lord Caulingford, died young; the daughter became Marchioness of Waterford, and mother of the present prominent Marquis. Lord Delaval, and a lady

with a hat tied on, said to be Miss Hicks, the mistress of Lord Delaval. A profile of Lady Delaval, with very fine features. Old Lady Delaval it seems died at Matlock, and lies there even without a stone. Amongst all the stones which Lord Waterford is said to have thrown, what a pity but he had thrown *one* upon his grandmother's grave.

There is a large old gallery which contains a variety of paintings. Young lions at play; a large hunting piece—cutting open the boar. Copies from some of the Cartoons. Portrait of a maniac—a melancholy girl. View of Seaton-Delaval. A fine painting called the Fair Diana, who sits with a spear in her hand, while a youth holds one foot as if he had been washing it; and a Cupid discerned behind as if calculating mischief. With other pieces. In several upper rooms we have Lord Delaval and others of the family in their acting costumes, with other things of no merit.

Such is Ford Castle: a place over which we should lament, did not Mr. Blackden, whom Sir Walter mentions as his friend, and his amiable family live in part of the castle, and really enjoy it.

A long stretch over level fields which seemed to grow before me to an infinite distance, at length brought me to Wooler. This little town has nothing particular in itself, but lies in a fine neighbourhood, which is full of the history and poetry of the past. About a mile on the west of it lies the little hamlet of Humbleton, or Humbledown, where Earl Percy and his son, Hotspur, gave 10,000 Scots under Douglas, a terrible over-

throw, on Holyrood-day 1402, and where so dreadful was the carnage that the lands gained the name of Redriggs, which they yet retain. A stone pillar still marks the spot. But this battle, disastrous as it was to the Scots, proved not less so, eventually, for the Percys. It was from his refusal to give up his prisoners taken here, that Hotspur was led into the rebellion which ended in his death at Shrewsbury, and in that of his father at Bramham.

But the grand features of the neighbourhood of Wooler are the Cheviot mountains. Here you are in the scene of the celebrated ballad of Chevy-Chase. The ballad is founded, not on any battle actually fought in these hills, but avowedly, in the old version, on the battle of Otterburne. The power of poetry, and the many skirmishes which the Percy and the Douglas had in this neighbourhood, have invested the valleys of the Cheviots for ever with the charm of this fine old martial lay. These hills are exactly in the position to become the scene of such contentions. They are partly in England and partly in Scotland. They were anciently afforested, and the resort of vast herds of deer. At present the valleys, watered with beautiful and rapid streams and scattered with trees, afford a delightful summer day's resort to the rambler. For those who love to trace the remains of antiquity, the Cheviots present several ruins, and traces of various British camps and Druidical circles, especially one on that fine mountain called from its slope, the Yevering Bell. The mountains are green to the summits, and covered with sheep. The shepherds, whose huts are hidden in the different

valleys, are a very intelligent race of men; and if any one wishes for a splendid view, let him climb to the summit of the main mountain, and gaze far into Scotland on the one hand, and England on the other. But let him beware. Fogs suddenly envelope these hills, and make it difficult to find your way. Mrs. Howitt and myself were once overtaken in the night by one of these driving mists. We could discern nothing around us but the sailing particles of this grey fog; a faint view through it, of the dark hillside for a short distance, and the long grass which, becoming instantly wet, and being as tall as our knees, soon made the wading through it much the same as wading through water. A herd of goats bounding past us were strangely magnified by the fog, and a melancholy plover, continually flying and settling at a certain distance before us, seemed like an ominous spirit bewailing coming disaster. These cheerful slopes of green, the sight of flocks dotting them, and the sunny wide landscape, were thus at once exchanged for dreariness; and we found it a matter of much difficulty to regain the valley.

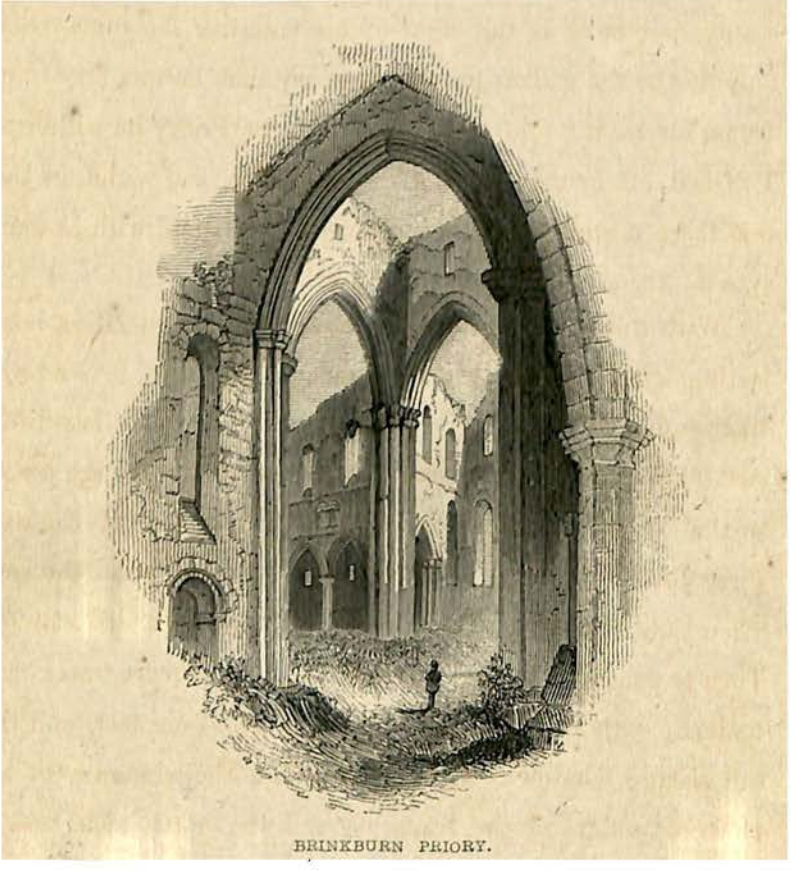
Mounting the coach at Wooler, with a pleasant companion, I passed the two great stones called Percy's Leap, that are said to mark the distance which Sir Ralph Percy sprung when mortally wounded at the battle of Hedgely Moor in 1463, fighting for Henry VI. against the partizans of Edward IV.; and a little further, on the opposite side of the road, Percy's Cross, which marks the spot where he died, exclaiming "I have saved the bird within my breast," meaning that he had obeyed his conscience in his fidelity to his unfortunate king. I passed

also the great dreary moor of Kimside, where, however, like a joy in the darkest place of life, the *Trollius Europæus* was seen blooming, and casting a charm over the wilderness; and being set down at Weldon Bridge, prepared to explore my way upwards through Coquet Dale, again towards the Borders, from which the great hills of the Cheviots had thrust me away.

This route from Weldon Bridge to Elsdon crosses unquestionably one of the most wild and yet interesting tracts which I traversed in the North. The Coquet winding rapidly along lovely meadows, here coming out and laughing to the open sun, there lost again in deep woods, and then again running merrily beneath green trees and sedgy banks; while above me, ever and anon, rose wild bleak hills, or long ranges of precipice, and before me soared the huge distant bulk of Simonside. There was a silence —a solitude; an evidence of wintry and tempestuous violence about the course of the river, that strangely seized on, and delighted my imagination; and then at intervals I came to objects of singular beauty, or historic memento, which seemed to lie hidden in a land now little frequented, except by anglers, to whom every turn of the Coquet is known, and in whose ears Brinkburn Wheel, a deep pool, and Rothbury Thrum, a narrow and impetuous channel between two rocks, both famous for the resort of trout, are names of high renown.

The first object up this valley is the celebrated Priory of Brinkburn, which, both for lovely retirement of situation and architectural beauty, is worthy of all its fame. It lies to the left of the road, on the brink of the Coquet, which here

winds deep beneath steep banks and overhanging woods. You have to enter by the lodge gates into the private grounds of Colonel Cadogan, in which it stands, and indeed so near to his modern house, that you feel it like an intrusion to approach it.



BRINKBURN PRIORY.

At least this was my feeling, and took away much from that perfect freedom of thought with which you love to wander about such places. I wished to heaven that the worthy Colonel had pitched his camp more out of my way, as I marched down to the ruin with my knapsack on my back, and bolting plump

upon his house, just before his own door met himself with a lady: as soon as I had apologised for this seeming intrusion, and they had passed, I found myself setting an old lady, looking very much like a housekeeper, and two or three other persons scampering away at the sight of me entering the ruin. It is only due to the gallant proprietor to say that he was very courteous, for having told me the way into the Priory he withdrew. I wished his house would be equally polite, and withdraw too; but there it stood, like a great sturdy watchman, with as many eyes as Argus, staring down upon me.

With this single but serious drawback of the modern house jostling away the congenial retirement of the ruin, it is a lovely spot and a lovely thing. The first peep at it is beautifully striking. A new road appears to have been cut through a rock, so that at once you come up to the northern side of the nave. First you see a tall grey pinnacle, standing up amid the trees. Then the lofty wall of the nave, with its round-headed windows. Then to your left, reveals itself the high and square tower of the lantern; with the walls of the transepts and chancel, and their tall narrow windows. You see through the windows the lofty clustered shafts of the transepts and the north aisle, and get various peeps at brackets on which have formerly stood images. Below, and full opposite to you, is a fine old Saxon doorway leading to the north aisle. This doorway has a quadruple arch, and the inner arch is encircled with beak-work down to the very ground.

The mixture of round and pointed arches in this beautiful

fabric shews that it was reared when the Saxon style was still enwoven with the newer Norman, and accords with the alleged date of Henry I. Over each door is a lofty tricuspated arch; and in the chancel the east window has crossed mullions. It has only one aisle, the north, and on the south there is stall-work.*

Within, all is desolate, and the interior appears to have been converted into the parish burial-place, down to so late a period as 1745. There are tombs in the chancel, and in chapels on each hand of the transept—one of Mary, wife of Joseph Bilton, etc. There are several stone coffins, with the lid of one reared up, on which are rudely carved a cross fleury, a mitre and a crosier, with a Latin inscription to the memory of a Bishop, of whose see the name is no longer legible, but who was also Bishop Suffragan of Durham, and Prior of Brinkburn; he was named *William,* and died in 1483—"On whose soul," adds the legend (in Anglo-Norman characters), "May the Lord have mercy!"

But the profound solitude of the situation, broken yet only by the proprietor's house, must always have added a great charm to this fine pile of ancient architecture. Hutchinson says, "It

* The Bell-tower looks down upon the Bell-pool, a very deep part of the Coquet, lying concealed beneath the thick foliage of the native trees that jut out from the interstices of the lofty craggy heights impending over either side. Tradition says, that into this pool the bells were thrown in a time of danger, in order to place them beyond the reach of the invading Scots. It is still a favourite amusement among the young swimmers of the neighbourhood, to dive for the bells of Brinkburn, and there it is fully and generally believed that *when the bells are found,* other treasures will be recovered with them.

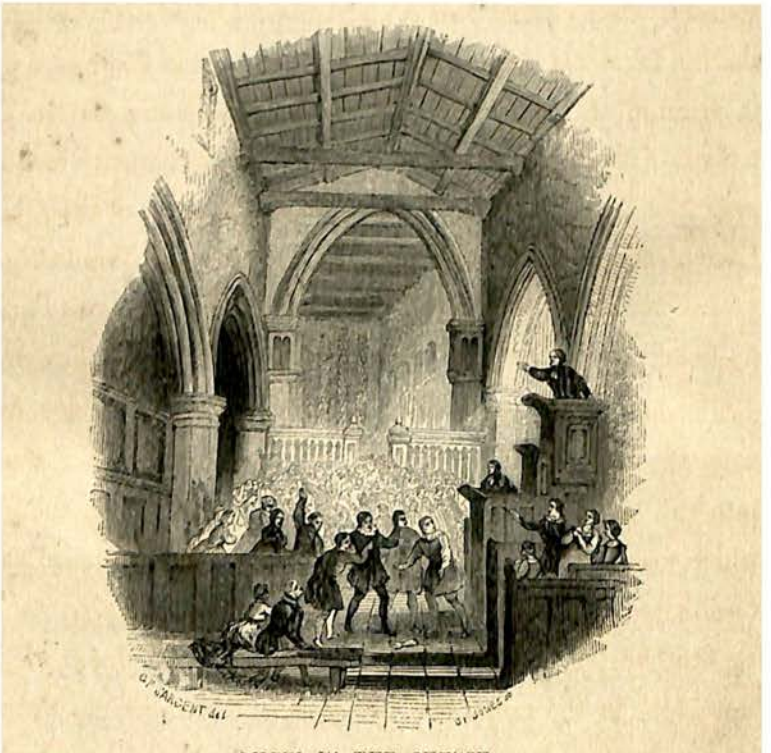
is the most melancholy and deep solitude chosen for a religious edifice I ever yet visited;" and other visitors dwell with delight on its vestiges of monastic grandeur; its group of mouldering fragments, richly varied with the tints of time; its recluse situation; its extreme stillness, undisturbed except by the birds and the murmurs of the Coquet; and the gloomy shade of the venerable ivy and the evergreens with which the ruins are in many places capt and overgrown. So thick were the woods formerly around it, that there is a tradition in Northumberland, that they obscured the rays of the sun at noon, and made it extremely difficult to discern the Priory. It is said that a party of Scottish Borderers endeavoured in vain to find it, until the Canons, supposing they had retreated, rung the bell, on which, noting the direction of the sound, they cut a way through the wood, entered the monastery while the monks were at prayers, and after pillaging the holy fabric, set it on fire with all its appendages.

ROTHBURY.

I took up my quarters for the night at the Three Moons at Rothbury; a spot once so fierce and uncivilized that no man would pass through it, or indeed up the valley, that could help it. Rendered reckless and active by constant alarms from their Border neighbours, the inhabitants despised law; "and if two," says a contemporary writer, "be displeased, they bang it out bravely, one and his kindred against the other and his." Such adepts were they in the art of thieving, that they could twist a

cow's horn, or mark a horse, so that its owners could not know it again; and so subtle that no vigilance could guard against them.

It was into this place and neighbourhood that Bernard Gilpin, amongst other neglected places, used annually to come. Here he would stay several days, endeavouring to civilize and Christianize the lawless population. It was on one of these occasions that two hostile parties, happening both to come to church, could not there bear each other's presence without their



GILPIN IN THE CHURCH.

blood rising into fury. They clashed their weapons in the very midst of the congregation, and rushed towards each other. Gilpin called on them to respect the sacredness of the place.

For a moment the tumult somewhat ceased; but as he proceeded, they again brandished their swords and javelins, and once more sprang forward. Gilpin seeing the fray at hand, descended hastily from the pulpit, threw himself between them, put an end to the conflict for the time, and then ascending the pulpit once more, so plied them with the arguments of reason and religion that they became ashamed of their conduct, and promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. Such effect had his preaching and advice eventually, that he became a kind of moving sanctuary, and those who were in dread of their enemies gathered about him as a certain protection. Nay, so high rose the opinion of his sanctity amongst even the worst portion of the population, that a thief here, having carried off his horses—little thinking they were Gilpin's—was no sooner informed as to their owner, than he hurried back trembling, and returned them, saying he believed the devil would have seized him directly if he had ridden away with the horses, knowing them to be Mr. Gilpin's. I went into the old church to have the satisfaction of seeing the place where so extraordinary a scene had occurred,—so extraordinarily terminated by the power of true Christian wisdom.

Rothbury stands in the midst of an amphitheatre of wild stony hills in the valley of the Coquet, and with a fine stretch of green meadows descending to the river. On the opposite side of the stream rises a steep and verdant bank, on which stands what is called Witton Tower, now the wealthy parsonage. The living is one of the richest in the kingdom; and has been successively

held by the sons of three Archbishops of York: by the Rev. Dr. Sharp, the Rev. Dr. Drummond, and the Rev. Vernon Harcourt. As I set out in the morning, I could not help admiring the whole surrounding scene—the farms and fields carrying cultivation up the broad slopes of the rocky hills, and all below fresh and sweet as a May morning, though now the 7th of June; while the place itself brought to my recollection the general characteristics of a small Scotch or Border town—marks which must have struck all who have been in such places. A few rows of low sturdy stone houses, with small sturdy windows, the jambs of stone. The houses thatched, or covered with stone slates, all black and dingy together. Streets hobbly with stones sticking up, which originally were thrown there, but never broken. The roads up through their hills all the same, just like walking on the tops of palisades. A good large ash-heap here and there, and plenty of old women and old sows. If a fishing village, creels, trunk nets, and other fish-traps by their doors. Other nets spread open to dry; blue woollen jackets and trousers, pinned up by the arms for the same purpose; and rows of haddocks on a stick thrust through their gills hung in front of the houses, also drying; while below, on their ash-heaps, are plenty of decaying cods'-heads, broken starfish, and other relics of their trade.

My way up the valley to Elsden and Otterburne became every step wilder, and to me therefore more attractive. It was a glorious day, at once sunny and breezy. The way laid along the foot of the high craggy fells on the one hand, here and there

stretching out into cultivated uplands; and on the other side of the valley rose the stern and dark mountains of Simonside. When about half-way—it was twelve miles—the roads became very bad indeed. I reached the crossing of the Coquet; and here the wooden bridge was gone, some scattered fragments on the banks only testifying to its past existence. I proceeded up the side of the river, supposing that the people must have another and a newer one, but I only came to the ruins of a chain bridge, of which the chains lying in the meadow, sticking here and there in the grass, and on the opposite bank part of the woodwork and dangling links, told a tale of violence and ruin.

I still advanced, as a farm-house was not far off on the other side, and the track led me to a row of stepping-stones, which evidently formed the people's way over, but were by no means a tempting way, for the water flowed with great violence over them. Seeing a woman and little girl coming up the valley, I lay down on the river bank, curious to see by what process they would pass. The woman, who appeared to be a very respectable farmer's wife, and a fine, tall, large-built, ruddy-faced dame too, seemed to pause in some degree of astonishment. I asked her if that was the only way over, and she replied, "Yes; but how she was to manage it she did not know, for it would take her over the shoes, and it would not do for her to get wet, as she had lately not been very well." The little girl got two sticks, and with their support, boldly attempted to go across; but when she got three parts of the way, the stream came with such fury that she paused, turned round, shook her head, and came back.

I then asked the woman if the people opposite had no stilts. She said, "She dared say they had not; *they* had always plenty at *their* house, but then that was a good way down." I inquired if I could not get another way. She said, "O yes! by Halystanes, going three miles round up the hills." As I did not fancy that, I plucked up resolution, marched over the stones, through the water and all, and the woman and girl followed my example.

I thought the woman, who seemed a very kind-hearted creature, shewed great friendship to go through the river thus, at the risk of her health, to see her friends; and more especially as, though we stood there opposite the house a long time, evidently in perplexity what to do, not a soul came out, except a great lad to set three collies at a stray horse. I stayed not, however, to make inquiries, but speedily found that as I proceeded I had to cross and re-cross with the windings of the stream, the valley becoming more solitary, wild, and desolate. Alpine bridges, such as they have in Scotland, composed of two poles and a little turf, or at least the remains of them, were now the means of transit, and as these were at least a dozen feet above the stream, they were pretty good testimony of the height to which floods rise in this valley. I learned afterwards that it was the great rainy time of last harvest that had raised the river so as to carry away all these bridges together; and that the river will sometimes rise, rapidly, twenty feet above its ordinary channel. Indeed, the vast shoals of gravel and huge stones that are lying here and there in the bed of the river, and the river itself run-

ning like a silver thread, amid a wide expanse of this debris, between its shaggy banks, shew the fury of the waters that sometimes pass along here.

About two-thirds of the way I came to an old park, which occupies the bottom of the valley and the sides of the hills for a large compass; its old grey walls running over the black stony fells, and through the thick copses which fill the hollows. Its old gates, with large stone gate-posts, peeped out close to me unawares, amongst the alders in the bottom of the vale up which I was advancing, and deer and black cattle shewed themselves on the distant slopes. It was one of the most lovely things I ever beheld: there is no house belonging to it; the gloomy cragged summits, and brown, heathery, and stony wastes of Simonside, expanded themselves into the sky on the opposite ridge of the valley; and on my side, high fells also, and long deep glens filled with bushes shewed themselves over the alder wood, through which I wended, along the river bank. All in the distance was silent and basking; all about me were the scents of the woodland, and fresh green of young leaves and young grass, of primroses peeping under the boughs, and bluebells in their first beauty, not as with us in the south, worn out with the old age of a few warm weeks, but as if fled hither with the cuckoo, and smiling at our southern notion that they were dead—

> Gone to their death-bed,
> All under the willow tree.

This park belongs to a gentleman who resides at a distance—

Mr. Ord of Nunnykirk, and being a general appurtenance to a large house, and yet fixed here where no such house is to be found, it has the air of an enchanted domain, watched over by some invisible hunters. But I dare say, did we venture to give chase to one of its deer, a substantial keeper would soon issue from some hidden hut in a woody nook!

The place is, however, most wild and solitary. Here and there, when you mount the road which passes over a vast hill skirting the park, you can see a brown thatched hut standing in the open parts of the valley; and on the high, partly cultivated slopes, the huts of shepherds and small farm-steads.

It was at an old peel, or tower, above this park, that the old woman lived whom Winter murdered, and for which murder, most curiously discovered, he was afterwards gibbeted on Whiskershields Common, on the other side of Elsden. Winter was one of a large class of travelling hawkers of pots, etc.—here called Muggers, as tinkers are called Faws—who, in these wild and solitary parts of the country, went about to the farm-houses and secluded hamlets, and under pretence of seeking business committed all sorts of depredations, and by their menaces and savage looks and language inspired the country people with terror. Those farmers who did not allow them to lodge in their outhouses, or camp in their lanes; who did not give them provisions, or pay them a sort of black-mail in money, were sure to suffer for it in one shape or other. This fellow was the most terrific of the clan. He was a huge vagabond, of a black and savage aspect, whose hair hung in shaggy masses about his ears,

and who seemed to glory in his power of mischief. His father and brother, two desperate scoundrels, had been hanged at Morpeth a few years before; and a universal terror ran through a village, or a solitary house, when he appeared. The inhabitants secured their doors as soon as they perceived his approach, before which he would parade to and fro, as richly enjoying the horror he inspired. This sturdy vagabond particularly associated with two girls of the gang of the name of Clark. These girls were in the habit of going to the house of the old woman, Margaret Crozier, or of meeting her on her perambulations through the neighbourhood—for she not only kept a little shop, but travelled the country with a basket of small wares. It is probable that in those rounds she fell in with this gang sometimes, and that they had got an idea that she possessed a secret hoard of money. Be this as it may, the old woman was found murdered in her solitary dwelling, and suspicion fell on Winter and these two girls. They were apprehended and brought before the magistrates, but here there was found to be no actual evidence whatever of their commission of the deed. The popular opinion was strong against them, but all proof failed. It was feared that they must be discharged, when a shepherd lad asserted that he was sure it was them. He was immediately brought forward, and on seeing them reiterated his conviction. On being examined, he stated, that being the day before the murder on Whiskershields Common, herding, he saw Winter and these girls approaching on the road. Being alarmed at the sight of so fearful a character in that solitary place, he skulked

behind a large bush, in the hope that they would pass without observing him. To his terror, however, they turned out of the road, made directly for this bush, and there, at the moment he expected they would seize him, they sate down on the other side of it, and took out their dinners to eat. He deposed to taking particular notice of a *gully*, or long knife, which Winter produced, and with which he cut the fat mutton on which he dined. He even heard them in their conversation mention this old woman repeatedly; and as Winter sate on the turf with his feet opposite to him, he noticed and counted some particularly large nails that were in his shoes. The moment he heard of the murder he felt sure that these were the perpetrators. Winter's shoes on this were immediately examined, and found to present the very number and kind of nails which the lad described. The knife was produced amongst others, and he immediately selected it from the rest. It was found to be stained with blood. It was in vain that Winter and his associates tried to make him prevaricate in his evidence, especially by producing knives of the same kind; and on the shoes being carried to the old woman's house, and compared with some footmarks found near it, not only their general size and form, but every nail tallied exactly.

This was considered so conclusive, that Winter was condemned at Newcastle, in August 1792, together with the two women. The bodies of the women were given to the surgeons; but Winter's body was hung in chains near the spot where his crime had been so wonderfully brought to light—a spot also

perhaps the most conspicuous of any in that part of the country, and within a few score yards of the Newcastle road. The murderer's bones have long ago disappeared; but in that wild and thinly-peopled part of the country, where numbers of very daring and suspicious vagrants still prowl from one lonely house to another, it has been thought to have a salutary effect to keep up the form of the murderer *in terrorem*, and the County Court of Sessions has been since then twice amused by a charge appearing in the accounts for gibbeting Winter. A wooden figure painted black, and of a grim aspect, has been on these occasions suspended, but which has chiefly served the herdboys for an object to throw at. There now remains again little but the head. It was evening as I walked up to it, and observed that the spot gave you views of a complete circle of hill and moorland for many miles round. At that hour, the cries of the curlews, brown plovers, and pewits, all most melancholy in their kind, as they circled about the gibbet, were enough to scare any shepherd lads away; and, in faith, there were none to be seen. Summer noons and company give them their boldness.

What a hero and a subject have been here overlooked by Ainsworth and his scoundrel-admiring disciples! What a grand scene for laying the plot of one of these rawhead-and-bloody-bone stories! This wild country of heaths and hills, hidden valleys and headlong rivers;—wandering gangs of Faws, and the terrors of solitary houses;—murders and gibbets, and wild encampments in savage glens and ruinous huts;—and then

what a breathless interest might be made to hang about this shepherd lad, who might be made a great genius, and turn out the son of a knight or a noble, wiled away by some wicked nurse, or Faw beldam, into this strange region; especially as these Faws vowed destruction to him for his evidence against Winter; and he was obliged to give up his shepherd life, and was taken into the house and service of Walter Trevelyan, Esq. of Netherwitton. The lyings-in-wait of these Faws and Muggers for this lad; their watching about his father's house, with wild black eyes and tremendous whiskers, and shaggy heads of hair. Their glancing out of the ends of horrid glens; their lurking in lanes and copses; their passing close by him on a dark night as he came from the next town, and miraculously not seeing him, though his blood ran in prickly globules, and his hair lifted his hat up like a toadstool on its stalk. How he was chased—how he was *almost* taken—how he *was* taken, and all the dreadful scenery of rocks and caves, and camps and incantations that he passed through, with all the wonderful characters of the Faw gang—the prophetic beldams, and mysterious tinker-chiefs, who practise astrology and sketch diagrams, and are connected with all the great tinkers and gipsies in the East, and all over the world!—What a subject! and how they are just going to kill the lad, and how it happens that they don't kill him! And then how Walter Trevelyan, Esq. rises in his wrath and his greatness, and pursues these wretches to destruction! How a little to the south-west of Hepple, were some old houses, formerly occupied by colliers employed in an

adjoining pit, but on the working of the colliery being abandoned, the workmen removed, and their cottages were immediately occupied by the Faws! How, on a Sunday morning, Walter Trevelyan found seventeen of this gang, stout young fellows, stript, and jumping on the green before these houses; and how, the next day he advanced to the spot with several other county magistrates, and a posse of constables; set fire to the houses and burnt them to the ground, amidst the plaudits of an immense concourse of spectators! The lad has then only to be recognised by some ring or jewel, or some personal mark, to be somebody, and to marry a fine lady, and behold! a cut-throat romance with a 4000*l.* value in Great Marlborough or Regent Street!

From Elsdon, not only remarkable for these transactions, but for being an old Roman station, and for, at present, being distinguished by a singular green mount called the Mote-Hill, about which antiquarians have had many conjectures, and by a quaint old tower of the Umfranvilles, now the residence of Archdeacon Singleton, I betook myself to Otterburne for the night.

Otterburne is a name familiar as a household word to every lover of the ballad poetry of his nation. The battle of Otterburne, the greatest and most desperately fought, and the one attended with the most chivalric circumstances of all that fell between the Douglas and the Percy, seems to have fired the spirits of the old minstrels to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm and of consequent success. Not only the two ballads under that name—one given by Percy in the Reliques, and the

other by Scott in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, each fine in their kind—but the grand old ballad of Chevy-Chase, sprung out of this fervour of admiration. Scott himself is said to have kindled up into an expression of great animation when he has begun to repeat this ballad:

It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When husbandmen do win their hay,
Earl Douglas is to the English wood,
And a' with him to fetch a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays light,
With them the gallant Gordons gay,
The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
And Sir Hugh the Montgomery, upon a gray.

They have harried Northumberland,
And sae have they Bambro'shire;
The Otterdale, they have burned it haill,
And set it a' in a blaze o' fire.

We have mentioned the occasion of this celebrated battle in touching on the most striking historic events connected with Newcastle. The Earl Percy had sent his two sons, Ralph and Henry, afterwards so well known under the name of Hotspur, to resist this incursion of the Scots; and in a skirmish, Douglas took a pennon from Hotspur, when fighting hand to hand, and said tauntingly—"This will I carry into Scotland, and plant it on my castle of Dalkeith in token of the Percy's prowess." "That," exclaimed Hotspur, "Earl Douglas, thou never shalt! Thou shalt not even bear it out of Northumberland." Accordingly, the Scots having retreated towards their own country with their booty, had arrived within sixteen miles of the Border, and staying to assault the castle of Otterburne, were there over-

taken by Hotspur and his army. Froissart has given a very animated and full description of this battle, the main facts of which were these. Hotspur came upon the Scotch camp suddenly by night, and fell on it with great fury, crying, "a Percy! a Percy!" but having made the assault on the quarter belonging to the common men, it gave some time to the knights and men-at-arms to equip themselves, when they rushed forth crying—"a Douglas! a Douglas!" The Earl himself forgetting, or not waiting to put on his helm, ran forth with bare head, but with a ponderous mace in his hands, with which he struck down all before him, but was at length overpowered and slain. Hotspur and his brother Ralph were made prisoners, and Hotspur was carried by his captor, Lord Montgomery, into Scotland, where he built the castle of Polnoon for his ransom, now belonging to the Earl of Eglington. The battle was fought on the 15th of August, 1388. The minstrels and the historians all differ amongst themselves respecting the forces brought into action on both sides. The old English ballad says—

Theare was slayne upon the Scottishe syde,
For southe as I you saye,
Of four and forty thousand Scotts
Went but eighteene awaye.

Theare was slayne uppon the Englyshe parte,
For southe as I you saye,
Of nine thousand Englishe mene,
Fyve hondred came awaye.

The other weare slayne in the field,
Christe keep thear sowles from wo,
Seeinge theeare was so fewe frendes
Against so many foo.

Then on the morowe they made them beeres
Of byrche and haselle graye;
Many a wydowe with weepinge teeres
Their maks they fette away.

Both the numbers of the combatants and of the slain are probably much exaggerated; but all authorities agree that it was one of the most bravely contested fields which ever fell between the Scots and English, and the impression which it made on the public mind bears testimony to the fact. There is no particular beauty or interest about the place, exclusive of the fame of this action. Wide, wild moors and bleak hills appear around, apparently more convenient for the frays of Border warfare than they have shewn themselves capable of modern improvement. A stone near the roadside marks the spot where Douglas fell; the body of the warrior itself being carried to Melrose.

Reedsdale, up which I passed to Carter-gate, the toll-bar where you enter Scotland, is also more famous for the daring and predatory character of its former inhabitants than for any very romantic features. It is wild and moorland. Near the Carter-gate, and on the left hand before you arrive there, you see the Reedswire, the scene of another Border skirmish, well known to all readers of the Minstrelsy. It lies on the slope of the great range of the Carter-Fell, and the fray arose out of a dispute between the Wardens of the Marches, Sir John Carmichael for the Scotch, and Sir John Forster for the English, who were met with their men to settle the usual complaints on the Borders. The ballad tells its own story. A true bill being

found against a notorious English freebooter, Farnstein, Sir John Forster alleged that he had fled from justice, and Carmichael considering this a mere pretext to avoid paying the fine, used injurious words, which were retorted, and soon came to blows. The Scotch minstrel says—

Yet was our meeting meek enough,
Began with merriment and mowes,
And at the brae aboon the heugh,
The clark sate down to call the rowes.*
And some for kine, and some for ewes,
Called in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
We saw come marching o'er the knowes
Five hundred Fennicks in a flock.

With jack and speir, and bowes all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will;
Although we were na weel content,
Yet, by my troth, we feared no ill.
Some gaed to drink, and some stood still,
And some to cairds and dice them sped,
Till on one Farnstein they fyled a bill,
And he was fugative and fled.

Carmichael bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
The other answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood:
He raise, and raxed† him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his marrows;
The Tindaill heard them reason rude,
And they let off a flight of arrows.

Then there was nought but bow and speir,
And every man pulled out a brand, etc.

One of the most striking views in the north country is that which burst on me at the Carter-gate. It is the first view

* Stretched himself up. † Rolls.

that you get of Scotland after ascending out of Reedsdale to the ridge of the Carter-Fell; and a strange and impressive scene it must have been to our countrymen in former ages, when they came hither as invaders and assailants. It is a region of great tawny hills, all lying silent and bare, without a living creature to be seen, but inspiring a feeling of multitudes living deep in the valleys and glens hidden from view. On all sides, mountain tops and naked ridges lying under those soft, light, transparent veils of haze and shadows of clouds that are seen only in a mountainous country. To my right was the great back of Cheviot, with the multitudinous summits of his lesser attendants; the Kurch, a chain of singular height, its green ridges running nearly in a direct line from the Cheviots towards me; far to the right the hills of Dunse; nearer, and in the direct view before me, the double rounded summits of the Eildon Hills; near to the left, the long, high, and mottled ridge of Ruberslaw; and all to the left, southwards, the Ettrick and other mountains.

Striking across the moorland, I soon met two women whose mode of travelling was enough to shew that I had passed out of England. The one seemed to be a lady, young and pretty, having her gown skirt thrown over her head by way of hood, and walking along without shoes or stockings. The other appeared to be the servant, who carried a bundle after her mistress, and had good black stockings on, but no shoes. By the directions of the men at the Carter-gate, I steered my way over the wide moorlands to the left, in order to make a shorter

cut to the toll-bar at the head of Liddesdale, which has the singular name of the Note-of-the-Gate. The country people being at work on the moors, cutting and piling their peats for fuel, I was enabled pretty well to proceed in the right direction. I followed a stream which I learned was the Ravenburn, and kept in view a hill called the Dodhead. Yet I soon found it one of the most solitary and trackless regions I ever was in. The curlews and pewits rose and soared round me in numbers, accompanying me the whole way with their melancholy cries; and I did not wonder at the dislike which the Covenanters had to these birds, whose plaintive clamours often revealed their places of meeting to the soldiers, and for which reason the southern shepherds, descendants of the Covenanters, are said still to break their eggs wherever they find them. A long wade through deep heather,—a single shepherd going his round barefoot, and a woman or two looking out from a lonely hut, as I passed, where perhaps no stranger is seen twice in a life,—and I found myself on—Dandy Dinmont's Farm!

Yes! I was now at the head of Liddesdale, once the grand retreat of Border thieves—the land of the Armstrongs and Elliotts—and on the very ground which supplied Scott with the prototype of one of the most genuine rough diamonds of humanity which his own or any works have presented to public admiration. The farm-house lies on the Jedburgh road, not far from the Note-of-the-Gate. It is called Hendley Farm. James Davison was the hearty fellow's name, whose character was so well known, and so exactly touched off by Scott, that everybody

immediately recognised it, and he bore the name as if it were really his own. He afterwards went to live at Lenderne in Ettrick Forest, where he died. His son, a weakly young man and a cripple, was educated for the medical profession, but went to Australia, and died there. It was believed or asserted that another person was originally intended for Dandie Dinmont by Scott, but the character so exactly fitted James Davison, that it was at once and by everybody applied, and much to the annoyance of his family, who it seems had not the discernment to perceive at once the high honour of this distinction. There could be no mistake about the matter; for the honest, generous heart—the rough and ready hospitality—the broad racy humour—the otter-hunting and fishing—and the pepper and mustard dogs, were not likely to be all found together in the possession of many men at once. But Dandie and his family, his Peppers and his Mustards, are all vanished, not only from this farm, now occupied by a Mr. Pringle, but from the North; and as we are not likely to meet with such men every day in our rambles, it was a satisfaction to me even to see the spot where such a noble specimen of rustic nature had lived; to walk over his farm, and follow for some distance the windings of his rocky and rapid stream, where his little Peppers and Mustards had kept a sharp look out for the lurking otter.

But strongly-marked and original characters are by no means extinct in the ancient precincts of Liddesdale, as we shall see. At the Note-of-the-Gate, where I stopped some time for a rest, the old man and woman were a right hearty old couple.

When they heard over what a moorland I had steered my course, they were astonished that I had ever found the way; and said that I must be dreadfully tired and hungry. They would, therefore, cook me a rasher of bacon, and soon produced good white bread, and equally good beer. But it was their conversation that was the most refreshing. They were so keenly curious of news, and so humorous in their observations on it. When I said I came from London—"Eh! London, that's a gran' place! Ye're wise folk at London," said the old man. "How so?" I asked. "Why, ye ha just noo fetched a callant out o' a furrin country to be the queen's husband, and gein him thritty thousand pounds a-year for it; and there's many a braw chiel here wad ha' takken the job for noothing, and done it weel too. It was a great shame," he added, "that a woman should rule all the men in England, and find none of them good enough for her into the bargain."

The old man was much more enthusiastic in his praises of Sir Walter Scott, and other literary men of that quarter, than he appeared to be of royalty. He said Sir Walter and Jamie Hogg too, were "rare hawns"—rare hands,—and that some young men of that neighbourhood, being in places which they could not leave without a substitute, lately paid others to do their work for them, while they went to see Abbotsford.

Issuing from the Note-of-the-Gate, we find ourselves at the head of Liddesdale, and look down into it with astonishment to see it so very different a place to what the reading of Scott's novels and Sir Ralph Saddler's papers have given us an idea of.

One cannot help exclaiming—"What! is this that wild region of bogs and fastnesses into which the Liddesdale Borderers retreated when pursued by their enemies, and set all pursuit at defiance? Where are the bogs;—where the dismal glens;—where those forest ravines, into which fleeing, they cut down trees behind them to fall across the passage, and thus made an effectual barrier against pursuit? The whole is changed by the herds of peace and cultivation! In the whole island you do not look on a greener, softer, more cultivated, or more accessible region. There are here, indeed, at the dale head, lofty hills interlocking with each other, so that no valley lies between, and the stream has only room to run, leaping from rocky ledge to rocky ledge, as it bounds hurrying away between their protruded bases. But all is green and cheerful to the very tops of the highest hills, and rich flocks are seen on them, indicating profound peace and security, and wealth, their natural result. Round the sides of the hills too wind as excellent macadamized roads as the neighbourhood of London can boast; and, as you descend, the hills retreat from each other; they become of less altitude—a rich vale still expanding the farther you go, rolls itself out before you with its hawthorn hedges; its farms, villas, villages, and plantations; its flocks and herds of fine sheep and cattle, till you are almost persuaded that you cannot be in Liddesdale, but in some valley of Kent or Devon. No doubt in the days of Border feud this region was very different, and even down to a late period; and probably did we penetrate many of those narrow valleys, and advance into the heart of the hills,

to the right or the left, we might still find enough of morass and obstacle to satisfy us; and the remains of square old towers, yet standing here and there on knolls and hill-sides, tell us that many a sturdy Armstrong and Elliott, who once looked down thence as hawks for their prey, are now removed out of our track. Yet wherever I did go, the feeling was that of surprise, at the universal cultivation, the excellent roads, and the general air of civilization and wealth.

Yet I had soon evidence of a very primitive state of things lingering amongst these hills. I was extremely fatigued with my wade through the heather over the moorlands, and inquired if there was no inn nearer then Newcastletown, six or seven miles farther, and was informed that at Rickerton Mill, a little before me, I should find a good country inn. As I went on towards this mill, I saw on the road before me a figure which appeared to be that of a woman, with her gown skirt thrown over her head by way of hood, as is so much the custom here. I was soon surprised to observe the manner and vagaries of this figure: though it kept on at a good round pace, it displayed a great variety of gesticulations, now starting to one side of the road and now to the other, plucking a bent of grass or a flower, waving it about for a second or two, and then flinging it away. As I drew nearer, I could perceive that this singular person was in earnest conversation with itself. I concluded that it was some maniac; and making haste to pass by, I was still surprised to see the gown pulled so closely over the face that you could see nothing of it; and the person seemed so wrapped

up in its own ideas and discourse, that it did not seem in the least aware of my approach or passing. Having a curiosity to see what sort of a visage this odd creature had, I spoke loudly, asking the way to the mill. At once the gown was dropped, and a strong head of grisly hair, cut in man's fashion, and an equally strong set of man's features were revealed. The surprise was mutual. I was astonished at such a figure with such a countenance and head, and the man or woman, whichever it was, was equally surprised at my presence, starting back and giving a look of blank and dumb astonishment. When, however, I repeated my question; the countenance of the woman—for it was a woman—brightened into a sunny smile, she came close up to me, and pointing down the valley to the left, said—"O, the mill! the mill! it was there; and a good mill, and a good inn it was; and good, very good people at it;" and so ran she on with a volubility that surprised me equally with her former vagaries.

From her own account, and that of the people at the mill, I found that her name was Jenny Elliott. That she was the natural child of some man of substance, and had relatives well off in the world, but who, having that convenient plea of her being a *natural* child, were *unnatural* enough to take no notice of her. She was left with a diseased intellect to fight her way through the world, not finding that blood was, spite of the proverb, any warmer or thicker than the water that leaped over the rocky stream-bed by her way side. She was, in fact, the post between Jedburgh and Newcastletown, for the villages and

separate houses which lay between. For she said the ladies and gentlemen would rather trust their "bit letters" to her to take to those towns, than wait till the market-days, or have the trouble of sending them. She appeared a strange mixture of sense, shrewdness, goodnature, and deficiency—just one of those beings whom Scott has invested with a sort of supernatural faculty, and made to figure in most of his stories. Had he met with her, there is no doubt that Jenny Elliott would have figured in a more prominent scene than she is now ever likely to do. For my part, my wonder at the strangeness of her aspect and appearance was, no doubt, greatly heightened by her presenting a strong and ludicrous likeness to Sir Richard Frederick, an old country magistrate, before whom I had had just before to bring some business, and who now seemed to be playing a droll part in the disguise of this poor creature.

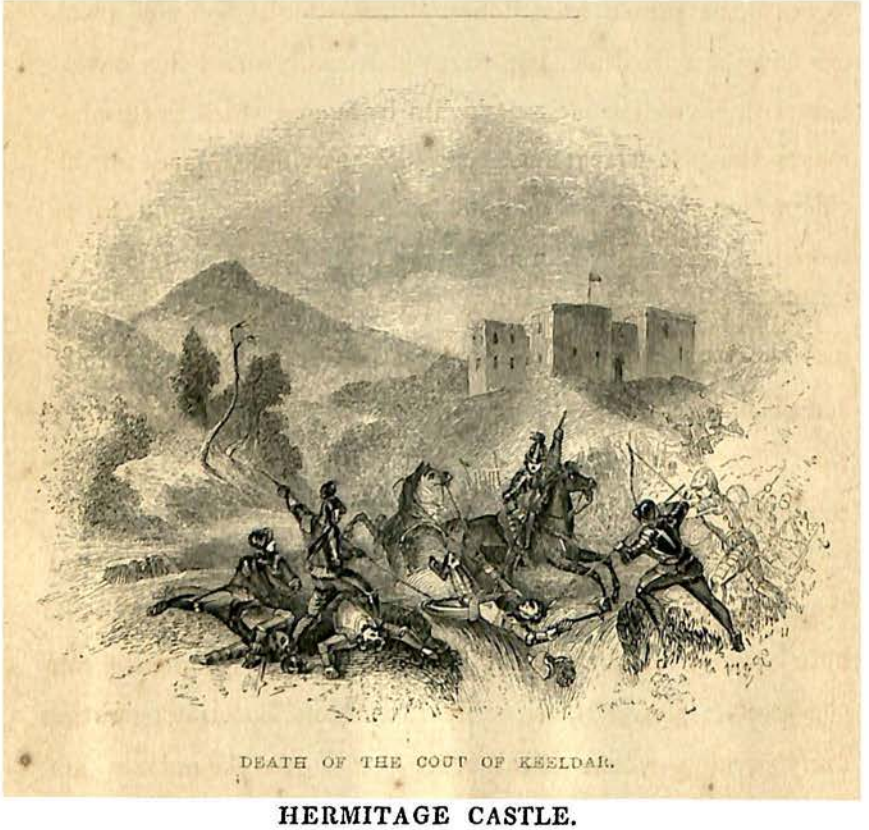
The mill to which my advisers had directed me, reminded me vividly of the story of the King and the Miller of Mansfield. It was old and spacious, seated on the edge of brimful dams, and was at once mill and inn. The landlady, who was a tall, comely, and respectable looking woman, when I asked her if they could give me a clean bed and a supper, replied, "O! certainly!" but with a look that seemed to say to herself—"I wonder how though." There was a number of men drinking round a good peat fire, but she said, "Come this way, sir, a moment, and I will make a room upstairs ready for you." Accordingly I stepped into a room to the right, where she set me a chair, and said she would be ready in a minute. Looking

around me, I saw on this floor, bags, saddles, boots, and what surprised me more, two heaps of men's clothes. Seeing a large cupboard with its two doors standing open, and hearing something move there, I advanced to it, and behold there lay two great fellows in bed! I asked them what they were gone to bed at seven o'clock for, and they replied that they were going off with a load of flour at two o'clock in the morning. "O, then," said I, "get to sleep with you as fast as you can;" and I walked into the other room, and sate down by the fire where the men were drinking. My presence for a moment seemed to strike an astonishment and a profound silence into them, but when I had asked a few questions, they grew very talkative and communicative. They were limeburners from Carter-Fell, who came there occasionally on an evening to chat with their neighbours, dispel the solitude of the hills, and then off again early in the morning. I soon had them discussing all the old stories, and present condition of the dale; and the scene of the whole group and room would have made a good rustic painting. At the fire, bannocks were baking. Around sate these sturdy young fellows with ruddy faces, full of health and sense, clad in rude garb, singed and tinged with their lime-burning, and with their pots of beer circling amongst them. From the low roof hung smoky hams, and various household articles; and from another cupboard-bed just opposite to me, I saw some five or six children's wild heads lifted up, and protruded to look at the strange man, and listen to what we were saying.

My landlady now made her appearance, announcing that my room was ready, to which ascending I found it at once a bed and sitting room. There were two beds, a chair, a large table as for a dining-room, a chest of drawers, a tea-tray, and an old sampler of a young damsel sitting on a bank, her dog by her, and a cottage peeping from amongst trees. This was all the furniture. There was no water-jug nor ewer; not an inch of carpet; but nicks between every oak board large enough for me to see and count every man drinking below. There was a looking-glass of about four inches by six, but broken, and the fragments left were of that peculiarly wrinkled manufacture, that when you look into it, instead of yourself you find a monster with his mouth running up to his eyebrow, and his nose twisting into his left ear.

The good woman soon however appeared with tea and broiled ham, and at my request added a large brown dish with water and a clean napkin. Thus provided for the night, I got my tea and went to bed, but as to sleeping that was another thing. Till twelve o'clock did the good fellows below keep up their carouse, every hour getting more merry and vociferous, and for the greater part of the time keeping the hostess fry, fry, fry—so that how the smoky hams could outlast the inroads on them, how she could fry them, or they could discuss them, was a subject of wonder not readily to be got rid of. But there was still a greater wonder—where they all stowed themselves away for the night, for they all stayed there, most likely littered down on the floor with bags and skins, for by five o'clock they

were all up again, and the frying and talking going on as actively as before. At six they all sallied out at once, leaving a silence behind that seemed to astonish the house. My bill for this night's entertainment, and for an excellent breakfast of broiled trout, hung beef, eggs, and coffee, was *two shillings!* and when I gave the hostess five, she was quite distressed, and said, "O, no! it was too much! quite too much!"



DEATH OF THE COUT OF KEELDAR.

HERMITAGE CASTLE.

THE most interesting place in Liddesdale unquestionably is Hermitage Castle. History and tradition, and its present state, as well as the beauty of its situation, all combine to

make it so. It was at one time the property of the Soulis family, who possessed the whole district of Liddesdale, with Westerkirk and Kirkandrews, in Dumfriesshire, the lands of Gilmerton near Edinburgh, and the rich baronies of Nisbet, Longnewton, Caverton, Maxtoun and Mertoun, in Roxburghshire. William Lord Soulis, the most famous of the name, forfeited all these great possessions by entering into a conspiracy to wrest the throne from Robert Bruce—Soulis being of royal descent. It is tradition, however, which has invested this nobleman with his widest and most awful fame, and which to this day makes the peasant shudder, and look with fearful eyes on the old castle, where the power of his spells is yet supposed to remain.

Lord Soulis was, in reality, on the proof and confession of his treasonable design, confined for life in Dumbarton Castle, and all his estates were forfeited; but tradition has given him a very different and more horrible fate. His character and fate cannot be better related than they are by Scott:

"Local tradition, more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of the chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruel avarice, dissimulation and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event in life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to

such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the king of Scotland. For which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners: 'Boil him, if you please, but let me hear no more of him.' Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission, which they accomplished, by boiling him on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration, but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground, and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conference with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid

to look, for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow, inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled or stripped of its bark when drawn back."

The castle became the property of the Douglases, and afterwards of the Earls of Bothwell. It was during this period that the notorious Earl of that name, being severely wounded by a desperate freebooter, the Queen of Scots hearing of his mischance, rode from Jedburgh to this castle to visit him and back in an October day, the whole distance thither and back being little short of fifty miles. She must at this period have entertained the fatal passion for that nobleman which led to such melancholy results. It was at the narrow risk of her life that she performed this journey, and perhaps it would have been better both for herself and her subjects had she then terminated her career. Crossing the moorlands between Hawick and Hermitage, her white palfrey foundered in a morass, out of which it was with difficulty that steed and rider were extricated, and on the following morning her great exertions, and probably anxiety of mind, brought on a violent fever, which threatened her life.

I was told that this castle was not worth visiting, but I found it quite the contrary. It stands about five miles off the highway from Carlisle to Jedburgh; and nothing could give you a more vivid idea of the old Border castle. It is situated in a pleasant valley, surrounded by high, green, but still somewhat distant hills. The Hermitage Water, as it is called, is a lovely mountain stream running over its bed of rock, overhung with fine old alders with massy branches, and leaves then green as

with earliest spring. It is one of those streams which goes leaping over stony ledges, and curling round huge stones, and spreading and dimpling in broad pools, transparent as the air itself; while fine trout, almost before you can see them, shoot across the water swift as shadows. It is one of those streams that allow you to walk on their rocky pavement and ledges, into the very middle of their busy waters; while the sound of the stream, and the sight of the green banks swelling up on each side with their fens and mosses, are very soothing and delightful. This stream comes down a most sweet pastoral dale, the lower slopes and mounds of which are finely dotted with birches and other trees, standing out, here and there, almost perpendicularly from the side of the hill, and contrasting finely with the naked smooth verdure of the uplands and mountains around. It is such a scene as you see in Claude and the old painters, and in none else.

The castle stands upon the north side of the river, upon a strip of level land between the stream and a low range of hills. It is a square grey mass, and seen from whatever point of view shews well against the bulk of the mountains beyond. Like many of the old keeps, it seems to have trusted to its own strength, and to the bogs and wildernesses around it, rather than to the strength of immediate position. It has, east and west, a tall portal, at which, when you arrive, you find no entrance, but a blank wall built within; as if the object of the builder had been to attract the persons approaching to them, when they would find instead of a gate various loopholes and an open

space above, whence arrows and stones could be cast down with tremendous effect. Indeed, on all sides of the tower are slits and small windows, and round holes with the large stones through which they are cut scooped outward in such a manner that an arrow could be sent far aslant. In fact, it would not be possible to approach the castle in any direction, without arrows being shot at you by those unseen within.

Beyond the keep, which is well moated, lies, about a hundred yards off, the burial-ground, where the ruins of the ancient chapel may yet be traced; but so long has it been destroyed that an ash tree has grown old within the west end; so old that it has bent its bole double, and yet fixing fast its roots amongst the stones of the foundation, it has again lifted its head, and is very flourishing. The wall of the burial-ground is grey and ruinous, and the ground itself is scattered with shapeless stones, as if taken rough from the moors—fitting marks for the graves of the rude race of mosstroopers.

Beyond the burial-ground there seems to have been another ground or building, fenced and moated in, and some fortifications seem to have run up the hill opposite to the chapel, and down in the direction of the castle moat. There are headstones of Armstrongs, Telfers, and others of as recent a date as 1834. But the most remarkable monument is the gigantic grave of the Cout of Keeldar, marked by two rude stones, one at the head, and one at the foot. The story of the Cout's death is one of the most interesting in the history of the warlock Lord Soulis. The Cout was chief of Keeldar, a place in the moun-

tains just on the other side of the Border. He was a fine fellow, the very antipodes of Soulis. He was young, brave, generous; and what particularly recommended him to popular esteem, was his being the enemy of Soulis. He was called the Cout, it is said, from his strength and agility being as that of a colt. Dr. Leyden has written one of his best ballads on the death of the Cout of Keeldar. He is invited to dine with Lord Soulis. His wife warns him against going; and the Brown Man of the Moors being invoked, appears and prognosticates evil. Still the Cout goes, trusting to his armour of proof and to his charmed weapons.

In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;
And my casque of sand by a mermaid's hand
Was formed beneath the sea.

But as they sit at table, enchantment fixes to his seat all the Cout's men. He alone bursts forth, and is pursued by the warriors of Soulis. Their weapons have no effect on his armour, but stumbling as he escapes across the river, they hold him down with their spears, till he is drowned in a pool just below the castle, still called the Cout's Linn.

The holly floated to the tide,
And the leaf of the rowan pale;
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.
Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

There weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old grey stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In a deadly sleep must aye remain
Till the ruined towers downfall.

Each in his hunter's garb arrayed,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

On the Nine-stane-Rig too still remain the marks of the spot where the enemies of Soulis triumphed over him as he had done over the noble Cout, and boiled him in lead—

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones, but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall,
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still,
The men of Liddesdale can show:
And on the spot where they boiled the pot,
The spreat* and the deer-hair† ne'er shall grow.

Within, the whole construction and strength of the castle well accord with its outward appearance, and with the character of its former master. There is the dungeon where the prisoners were immured; a cage so safe that no captive could possibly escape from it, except the castle was taken by his friends. To arrive at it you must mount up by a ladder, for there is neither door nor window below, and then descend into it from above

* A species of water-rush.

† A species of coarse, pointed grass, which in May bears a very minute, but beautiful yellow flower.

by means of another ladder. It is enclosed in walls so thick and massy, that despair must have been the only sensation of those who descended into it. This is the room which the people believe is closed by the keys given to the spirit Redcap by Lord Soulis when he went away, and that therefore no mortal can find the door of it.

In the kitchen, the place is still seen where the great copper stood, in which they boiled beef for the troop of hungry hunters or rievers; and an old stone mortar in which, when besieged, they could pound their corn. There is also the well, as usual, within the walls of the building—a necessary provision for time of beleaguerment. The heads of arches on the outside, just peeping out of the ground, and in one place a bracket where an image has stood, shew that the earth has accumulated round the castle in the course of ages, and has thus no doubt given rise to the superstitious belief of the people, of its having sunk partly into the earth with the weight of the warlock's sins.

There is a beautiful, but solemn, solitude about the place, which in winter, and by night, must give a feeling of awe to those who have been brought up amid the terrors of its traditions; but in summer and in broad day, nature assumes her authority, and love and light-heartedness find the banks of the Hermitage Water beautiful as ever. As I sate on the Cout of Keeldar's grave, I saw a cart and horse come up the valley on the other side, without driver or attendant. The horse seemed to keep the track as steadily and accurately as if he was transacting business on his own account, and not on that of a master.

But far behind, I beheld a youth and maiden with arms locked about each other, slowly following. Ever and anon they stopped. They were in deep and earnest, and evidently very agreeable conversation. They stopped, they advanced a little, various endearments passed—but the steady horse went on his way. At length he stood stock still, and the youthful couple seeing that, stood still too. It was evident that the lover came from some place a good way up the valley, and had passed through his maiden's village, or by her residence, whence occurred this tender opportunity. Long did their parley continue: there were various embraces, various attempts to part; hands were shaken over and over; the horse, however, took it into his head to go on again, and passing out of sight by a turn in the road, the reluctant swain was obliged to snatch a hasty kiss, and run off at full speed. The damsel stood a minute to look after her lover. He came to the turn, wheeled round, waved his hat, kissed his hand, and disappeared. The damsel, who had returned these parting salutes with a hearty vivacity, also now wheeled round homewards, and set up a song which shewed that this interview, this little pastoral, had filled her bosom with a magic of joy that put down all the warlock spells of the castle of Soulis, and made her see nothing but the beauty of nature, the clear bright heavens, the running waters, and the flowery banks and braes of this sweet and solitary vale. So fall the terrors of tyrants, the might of martial spirits, the strongholds that seemed built for eternity; captives cease to groan within them; the torturer and the tortured disappear;—but love and youth, hope and

passion, the beauty of nature, and the poetry of human life endure for ever, and are as fresh and buoyant here to-day as they were a thousand years ago. John Keats felt this truth when he addressed the nightingale:—

> Thou wert not made for death, immortal bird!
> No hungry generations tread thee down;
> The voice I hear to-night, the same was heard
> In ancient days, by emperor and clown.

This castle, as all this district, belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch. It is kept locked up, to prevent depredations. In order to obtain the key, you have to call on the Duke's agent at Newlands, about a mile before you reach the castle. Mr. Armstrong, the steward, not only sent a boy with me to shew me the way and open the doors, but insisted on my dining with him on my return. I found, that though Lord Soulis was gone, Mr. Armstrong was not a much less dangerous warlock, having possession of a most potent spell in the shape of a whisky bottle, of which I advise those that enjoy his hospitality to tak' tent, and beware. From him I learnt, to my great satisfaction, that the annual Liddesdale games for both Scotch and English Borderers were to take place the next day at Castletown, a few miles farther down the dale. These games have been revived or encouraged by the Duke of Buccleuch; and his brother, Lord John Scott, was to be there to witness them. This was an opportunity not to be lost; and accordingly, the next day, I took my way towards the meadow where were to be celebrated these—

ANNUAL BORDER GAMES.

They were to commence at twelve o'clock; and as I went towards the appointed spot, numbers of the young people were streaming thitherward from all quarters. It was an excellent opportunity to see the muster of the Border youths from both sides; and a finer or more healthy race need not be seen. I found a ring in the centre of a meadow marked out with stakes and a rope. There were several hundred young people of both sexes already on the ground, and the number every moment was receiving fresh accessions. There were also booths raised on one side of the field for refreshments; and many a shepherd from the hills wrapped in his plaid, and with a face that wore the hue and hardness of resistance to a thousand storms, was waiting with impatience the commencement of these contests, in which he had once won glory, and for which his sons or village neighbours were now to strive. There was a poor attempt at archery at first, which was neither skilful in itself, nor did it attract much attention. It was not the true growth of the soil. But when the umpires came from the tent, where they had taken down the names of all the candidates, and appeared in the ring, then at once there was a running and a crowding. Those who were lying listlessly on the grass, sprung up; the talkers in knots all broke off, and thronged round the arena—there was an earnest and breathless attention.

It was interesting to me to recollect that some years ago, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was one of the most active participants in these scenes. He was generally an umpire, and full

of the spirit of the contest. It was equally interesting to hear the names of those called over, and to see them step into the ring;—the Robsons, Scotts, Daggs, Elliotts, and Armstrongs; all names that any one acquainted with the North would assign with the utmost ease to their respective districts. There was a Leyden from Denham, the very neighbourhood of Dr. Leyden, and a branch of the same family. For strength and activity he appeared almost as remarkable as his celebrated relative was for the grasp of his mind and memory.

The first game was that of flinging the hammer—a sledge hammer weighing fourteen pounds. This ponderous and monstrous weapon was slung to and fro, till acquiring the full sweep of the athlete's arm, it was swung away to perhaps the distance of a dozen yards or more. It appeared a most dangerous machine, for as it was swung to and fro it was difficult to calculate exactly in what direction it would be discharged, and even the most accustomed spectators might, by the unskilfulness of the thrower, or by an accidental slip, be surprised by its coming their way; and if it struck, it would probably kill. It was impossible to witness its discharge without anxiety: on more than one occasion the people were obliged to run; and in one case it reached a flyer from the crowd, and gave him an awkward blow with the handle. Leyden was the victor.

The heavy ball was next thrown. This weighed twenty-three pounds. The principal contenders were Leyden, Scott of Castletown, Robson of Emmethaugh, and Matthew Dagg of Wauchope. Scott was the victor. Then followed the throwing of

the light ball, or one of nine pounds only, the combatants being the same, and Matthew Dagg the victor. Then came leaping, which was contested chiefly by Little of Denham, a remarkably light and nimble fellow, Robson of Emmethaugh, a Douglas, and a Rutherford. Then the single leap, the competitors the same; and then the high leap over a bar.

In all these feats of leaping, Little of Denham carried off the prizes with the utmost ease. The candidates stripped to their shirts and drawers, and leapt in their stockings on the grassy turf of the meadow. The leaping, as well as the throwing, appeared to me admirable; but all the old men said, "O, it's nothing to what we've seen! Our dalesmen have degenerated somehow of late years." These men, it must be understood, were not only from Liddesdale and the neighbouring parts of Scotland, but also from Tynedale, Reedsdale, and other places in Northumberland. The last species of leaping, however, was to me a total novelty, and so performed as made me utterly deaf to all talk of degeneracy. This was what they call the Hitch-and-Kick. A pole was brought, and set down in the centre of the ring. On it was placed a strong sliding wire, standing out horizontally about a foot from the pole, and having a large ring at the end, as if for the reception of a lamp. Instead of a lamp, however, upon this ring was laid a sort of drum-head of parchment, or small tambourine. The wire was slid down the pole to the distance of six feet from the ground. The thing required of the contenders was to take a short run, give a little hop, or what they call a hitch, then spring up, and with the

same foot from which they spring kick off the tambourine, alight again on the same foot, and give another little hop or hitch. If they failed in any one of these particulars they failed altogether. The leaping in this case was the finest gymnastic practice I ever saw. The manner in which they flung themselves up into the air, and kicked away the tambourine at six feet from the ground, recovering themselves and giving the necessary hitch before they put the other foot to the ground, was splendid. The wire was successively raised, and the tambourine still kicked off by all till it nearly reached eight feet high, when the number of the contenders who could reach it was reduced to about three, who had a hard strift for it—Leyden, Scott, and Robson. It eventually reached eight feet three, when neither Leyden, Scott, nor Robson could any longer touch it, and the game was supposed to be finished, when a little fellow, Oliver of Mains, who did not seem to have shewn much spirit or elasticity in the earlier part of the game, suddenly put forth a most extraordinary display of agility, kicked off the tambourine with ease, and left all the competitors far behind! A new soul of emulation seemed to animate them all at the sight. They again put out all their strength, especially Leyden, who shewed a dogged perseverance; but it was vain. His strength, as well as that of his rivals, was exhausted by their previous efforts, and they gave way. Lord John Scott, with a friend or two, had now arrived. These appeared on the ground; also a brother of Sir James Graham, Mr. Maxwell the sheriff of the county, and other gentlemen. The concourse also was become great. There was an eager

pressure round the ring, about which also were collected blind beggars, ballad-singers, purveyors of nuts and oranges, and above all, the Duke of Buccleuch's piper—a stately fellow in his gay tartans, and with showy ribbons fluttering from the tops of his pipes, who marched with a solemn and proud gait continually round the circumference of the crowd, making the air resound once more with that stirring music to which the Elliotts and Armstrongs, the Kerrs and Fernihersts, had for centuries before marched against the English Borderers, whose descendants were now mingled with them in these peaceful contests. The whole scene was novel and striking. A gentleman who was with Lord John Scott was as much surprised as myself at the feat of the hitch-and-kick leaping, and offered a sovereign to any one who would kick off the tambourine at one inch higher still. It was set, therefore, to eight feet four from the ground, and again Oliver of Mains dislodged it; seeming to fling himself up into the air as if he could fling himself over a house, and regaining his foot so as to give the final hitch with the most perfect lightness and completeness.

Next came on the wrestling. As this is one of the exercises for which the North is famous, no less than two-and-thirty pairs were found to have entered themselves, and their precedence in entering the ring was decided by lot. There were men here from Cumberland, which particularly prides itself on its wrestling. Matthew Dagg and Robert Mitchell Hill were the first drawn, and I watched with interest the proceedings of these northern wrestlers, so opposite to the practice of the men of the west of

England. There, they stand at arm's length, trying by all the art they can to lay hold one of the other, and preventing the getting a hold by all possible vigilance. A hold once gained, be it only with the thumb and finger, by the jacket sleeve, they speedily close, and then comes the tug of war. But here, advancing at once, they lay their heads on each other's right shoulders, plant their chests firmly together, and throw their arms round each other. The great struggle with both is to get a good and firm hold round the opposed waist. At once to effect this each for himself, and prevent it in his antagonist, you see them standing as far apart from one another as possible with their legs, while their heads are laid together, and their arms are gliding over each other's shoulders in a most lithe and snakelike manner. Now you will see one or other make a vigorous clasp, in the hope of finding that he has got a good hold, while the other endeavours to frustrate his object by stretching out backward his lower limbs and loins. This silent and curious contest they will continue for a long time; and frequently, when both are disappointed of success, will pause, separate, look at each other quietly, then as quietly close again in the same manner. When, at length, one or both finds that he has got a good clasp of his antagonist's waist, and low enough, the contest is decided in a moment. They strain each other with a boa-constrictor compression, and one of them, almost before you are aware that they have got hold, is lifted from his feet and laid on his back.

I watched several rounds between Robert Newton of Falstone

in Tynedale, and Robert Rutledge; John Blair of Sowport Mill, and Scott of Castletown; Andrew Scott and a man of Bewcastle; and one or two more, and then I left the ground, as the remainder of the matches were likely to occupy the greater part of the day. As I took a farewell glance at the group, I was more struck than when in the midst of it, with its Border-like character. The mixture of colour in the costume—the English dress and the Tartan. Shepherds in their plaids, having about them the look of their out-of-door life; and others with beards, rough heads, and plaid caps, that reminded one for all the world of the old race of rievers; the Dick's o' the Cou, and Jocks o' the Side, that formerly gloried in their cunning, and their defiance of all danger and effeminacy. Tough as badgers, hard as door-nails, and reckless as the storms that blow over the Liddesdale Hills. One old man's appearance particularly attracted my attention. He appeared about eighty years of age. He sate on the ground just within the ring, wrapped in his grey plaid, and kept one steady, earnest, but melancholy gaze upon the contests. On inquiry, I found that he had been a famous athlete in his day, and for many a year carried off all the prizes of the Border games.

The wrestling is succeeded by foot-races, and the whole is wound up by a steeple-chase, in which a whole troop scour away, dash through the river Liddell, and hold on up the opposite hills over stock and stone to a certain distant object, for a specific prize. This is said to occasion more fun and laughter than all the rest of the games. My time however did not allow

me to wait to witness it; and as I withdrew through the meadows I came to the remains of a strong square keep, just one of those small but sturdy peels which stood on the Borders, and in which one wonders how the freebooters when pursued could manage to camp themselves, with their horses and cattle. I asked what this had been—and it was Mangertoun! the chief residence and original seat of the Armstrongs! I did not see it before, but now it came clearly upon me in all its appropriateness, why the Border Games had been held in this meadow. It was the classic ground of Liddesdale! The chief head-quarters for many an age of the once great proprietors and leaders of this noted portion of the Border. Johnny Armstrong's tower at Gilnockie, was but an offset from, and subsequent affair to, this; this was the centre, round which all the mosstrooping interest of the whole surrounding district had gathered; it was Mangertoun of the Armstrongs! When looking at it, and admiring into what a small heap this once formidable residence of a formidable race had shrunk, one could not help feeling that after all, the Armstrongs had been harshly used. They had been a great defence against the inroads of the English; and when Johnny Armstrong is represented by the old ballad, as induced by "a loving letter" from the king, to set out to meet his sovereign, and welcome him to Gilnockie, we revolt at the royal stratagem, and gaze with pity after the unconscious victims, as in their joy—

They ran their horses on the Langhorne howm,
And brak their speirs wi' mickle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows—
"God bring our men weel back agen!"

Johnny cut a gallant figure when he came before the king, who on seeing him at a distance, said, "What wants yon knave that a king should have?"

When Johnie came before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him,
He weened he was a king as well as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my Liege," said he.

But all the answer that he could get to his prayers, and his offers of "four-and-twenty milk-white steeds;" as much English gold as four of them could carry; "four-and-twenty goode ganging mills; four-and-twenty sisters' sons to fight for him; and the yearly rent of all the land between Eskdale and Newcastle," was—

Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon mayst thou be!
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin with thee.

John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant cumpanie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
To see sae mony brave men die—

Because they saved their country dier,
Frae Englishmen! Nane were so bauld,
While Johnny lived on the Border syde,
Nane of them durst cum near his hauld.

I quitted the old tower of Mangertoun, thinking that nothing inspired a feeling of finer melancholy for this last faint trace

of a once powerful family than the first of the only two remaining verses of Armstrong's Good-Night itself—

> This night is my departing night,
> For here nae longer must I stay;
> There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
> But wishes me away.

KEELDAR CASTLE.

I now hastened back over the Borders into Northumberland. My course was over high, green mountains, without track and without tree. The moorcocks rose noisily from the grass around me as I went on; the sheep fled like wild deer as I approached; and far and wide nothing could be seen but green and naked hills. So lonely, so pathless was the whole region, that had the Brown Man of the Moors started up, I should scarcely have felt it stranger than seemed the whole unusual scenery about me. My directions from a countryman, however, were to steer south over these hills till I saw a great patch of black woods lying in the midst of these green and silent mountains. And at length these woods appeared; but it was nine at night before I reached them. A deep gloaming had fallen over the whole scene. The moon then rose, and as I entered these woods it appeared like approaching some enchanted castle, or some place described in the Faery Queene. Around, on the slopes of the hills, sate scores and scores of the great black grouse; the river went moaning along the valley below. The bark of a shepherd's dog came from some distant and unseen hut; and as I advanced through

the wood of scattered birches, the moon before me shone brightly through their thin pensile boughs, and a silence most profound lay on the whole forest.

At length I caught sight of the grey battlements of the castle, and entered the open gates of its court with some caution, lest, as a stranger at that time of night, I might be set upon by some large dogs. I now heard the merry sound of bagpipes within, and approaching a door whence a light came—for nobody was in the court-yard, nor could I see a bell—I discerned a large kitchen, with a famous peat fire, and before it a woman with a child on her knees. This was Mrs. Dagg, the wife of the Duke of Northumberland's head keeper here, and mistress of the house. I explained to her that I wished to visit the scene of the ancient abode of the Cout of Keeldar, and that I was afraid that I must petition for a night's lodging, as I understood that there was no inn within eleven miles. Mrs. Dagg, who was a tall and intelligent-looking woman, looked rather strange at this proposition, but said that she was expecting her husband every moment from the Liddesdale Games, and she had no doubt he would accede to my request. She then asked me to sit down, and begged to know my name. I told her my name would be quite strange to her, as I came from London, and never was there before, but that it was Howitt. "Howitt?" said she, "that is a name very familiar to me. Pray are you at all related to the lady of that name who writes such beautiful poetry?" I told her that it gave me equal surprise and pleasure, in that secluded region, to find that my wife's poetry was so well

known to her." "Here, Janet!" she cried, rising up, "take the bairn. Pray come this way, sir; I am delighted to see you, and so will my husband be." She speedily led the way into a handsome parlour; asked what I would take; made tea for me, and again expressed her delight in seeing the husband of Mary Howitt. While she made tea, she inquired if anything had been cleared up about the mysterious fate of poor L. E. L., talked of her poetry, and of Mrs. Hemans', and was impatient for the arrival of her husband. Presently, two young men entered, who seemed well acquainted with books; and we sate, most unexpectedly to me, talking of literature, and the legends and history of the Border, till twelve o'clock. Mr. Dagg did not appear, and I felt a reluctance in retiring to rest in a man's house without seeing him, after having walked into it in so unceremonious a manner; but my new friends thought he possibly would not come, and so there was no alternative. The first thing which I saw on looking out of my window the next morning, was a man in front of the castle, with one child on his shoulder, another on his arm, and two or three pulling at the skirts of his coat. "That," said I, "is Mr. Dagg, and the very man for me! One is sure of a hospitable welcome in the house of such a child's playfellow as that." Accordingly when I came down, he hastened to me, gave me a hearty shake of the hand, a hearty welcome to his house, and to breakfast, which was waiting. I found Dagg a thorough Dandie Dinmont. Dandie he used to know; and Hogg, he knew; and he had all the hearty frankness and bluntness of Dandie. He was fond of

hares, of hunting, and all field sports; was full of the games where he had been the day before as an umpire, and where he used often to clear off the prizes himself in running and leaping.

This hearty and genuine specimen of Northumberland worth and sense, insisted on accompanying me down the valley to some distance when I set out—attended by his dogs, amongst which was one of the real Dandie Dinmont breed—pointing out the beauties of the situation of the castle, amid its birch woods, on its pleasant brae, and surrounded by its green and lonely hills. The castle is a shooting box of the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. Dagg said his father and grandfather had held the same post as himself there before him. Besides this, he was an extensive farmer. How few men are more to be envied than such a one as this Dandie Dinmont of the Northumbrian Border. With a wide scope for all his strong country tastes, and a wife full of intelligence and a love of reading, to make his fireside as cheerful as his own spirit seems to be constitutionally.

The grave of Brandy Leish, said to be a brother of the Cout of Keeldar, and the Cout's Stone, where the Brown Man appeared to him, are at some distance from the castle.

My course now, long and interesting in itself—down the north vale of Tyne, once so famous for its martial tribes, by Falstone, Charlton, the seat of the Charltons, one of the oldest and formerly most numerous and powerful families of Tynedale; Bellingham, Chipchase, and other places, full of historical and present picturesque effect, but not of such variety of detail as to claim separate notice—brought me to the Roman

Wall at Chesters, above Hexham; where, after pacing its still visible foundations, entering one of the old towers yet remaining, and now occupied by an old woman and her spinning-wheel, I dropped down to Hexham, surveyed its antique church, and thence to Dilston,—where I beg leave to turn over my readers to the account of that beautiful and highly interesting place, and of its former unfortunate possessors, drawn up for me by Mrs. Grey, the lady of John Grey, Esq., of Dilston Hall itself. Mrs. Grey has had access to original papers, and has here presented the only good account yet given, of the share which the Earl of Derwentwater had in the rebellion of 1715.

DILSTON HALL IN 1616

VISIT TO DILSTON HALL.

DILSTON, the ancient seat of the Earls of Derwentwater, is beautifully situated on an eminence, within a mile of the river Tyne, at its confluence with the "Devil's Water," three miles east of Hexham, and eighteen west of Newcastle. Dilston is a corruption of Devilstone, and was originally the residence of the family of that name. William, son of Aluric, was Lord of Devylstone in the reign of Henry I.

The ruins of the tower still remain; but the mansion-house, which was erected in 1616, by Francis, the first earl, was allowed to fall into decay after the execution of the unfortunate James Earl of Derwentwater and the confiscation of his estates, and in 1768 was completely removed, under the direction of Mr. Smeaton, the then receiver for Greenwich Hospital, afterwards better known as the engineer of the Bridgewater canals.

The situation of Dilston Hall and its surrounding scenery is highly picturesque. The stream called the Devil's Water encircles two sides of the proud knoll on which the house stood. Its waters, when swollen by rains, dash with noisy impetuosity over its rocky channel, giving a character of gloomy wildness to the deep and wooded dell through which it flows; while in summer, it seems to repose beneath the overhanging cliffs, or murmurs gently among green haughs and bowery glades—

Where bursts of golden sunshine quiver through the leaves.

The terrace on which the house was placed rises nearly a hundred feet above the bed of the rivulet, and commands an extensive view over a highly cultivated plain, through which flows the river Tyne. The park was at one time very extensive. The "Deer park," on the opposite side of the rivulet, was approached by a bridge of one handsome arch, which is still entire; and the remains of terraced drives and rides may yet be traced in the adjoining woods; nearer the mansion, the ground was laid out in courts and gardens. An avenue of noble chestnut trees still exists; and during the summer's drought—

The spot where once a garden smiled,

is distinctly observable in the parched grass of the field which now surrounds the ruin: broad walks, once gravelled, and extending in the form of a cross from the western entrance of the mansion, may at the moment I write (24th June) be easily traced. A slightly hollowed space in the centre marks the site of a fountain; while the squares between the limbs of the cross

seem to have been laid out in variously-shaped flower-beds; but now no flowers, excepting a few wild roses, remain for the imagination to dwell upon, as

> A rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To mark where a garden has been.

The high wall of the orchard was only removed a few years ago; and some of the fruit trees to which it gave support, are still standing. One of these, a venerable apple tree, was blown down by the hurricane in January 1839; and even in its prostrate condition continues to blossom and bear fruit; and may "seem to a fanciful view" an appropriate emblem of its unfortunate owner, whose benevolence and amiable qualities are still held in lively estimation amid the scenes of his early life—

> Left, like a noble deed, to grace
> The memory of a noble race.

The mansion, erected in 1616, occupied three sides of a square, enclosing a handsome court, paved with black limestone, in the middle of which was a fountain, supplied with water brought in pipes from a hill at a considerable distance; but now

> The fountain's stream is choked and dry,

and the only part of the once noble edifice which remains, is the old tower,* two or three apartments of which are still distinguishable. These are described in the *plans* (now in the

* The "old original" tower of the Devylstones appears to have been a strong Border "keep;" and when the new mansion was built it was attached to the tower, which formed as it were a *nucleus* for the modern building; the doors and stairs communicating with which are marked in the *plans;* and now the fireplaces and chimneys, etc. which belonged to the new house, are still visible on the *outside* of the walls of the old ruin.

Greenwich Hospital's office at Dilston), as "the nurseric," and "nurses' rooms." It is an affecting subject of contemplation, that while the spacious halls, the banqueting rooms, the "Hunting Room,"—doubtless once decorated with the insignia of rural sports—the "marble court," and costly fountains, are leveled in the dust, the *nursery* alone has "a local habitation and a name," but—

Ruined and lone is their roofless abode—

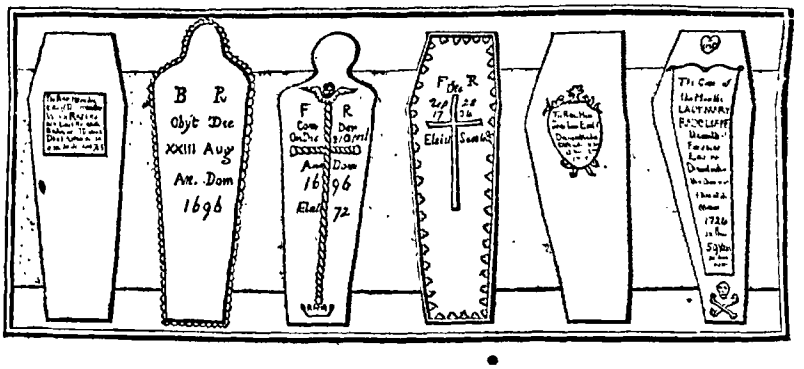
weeds carpet its floor; the bat and the owl build their nests there; and "the warrior's arm," which in careless infancy was cradled here on its downy bed, or encircled a mother's neck in its loving clasp, now

Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame.

His dishonoured ashes sleep in the family-vault below the adjoining chapel; a simple unornamented building, containing merely a few oaken pews and altar rails, a space being left for benches, probably occupied by the servants and neighbouring cottagers. The vault was opened in 1805,* by desire of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, in order to ascertain whether the Earl of Derwentwater's head was buried with the body, which had been doubted. The body, which was found to be deposited in several coffins, was embalmed, and the head lying by it, with the marks of the axe clearly discernible. The hair was quite perfect; the features regular, and wearing the appearance of youth, and the shroud but little decayed. On

* Tyne Mercury newspaper for 1805. Surtees, in his History of Durham, says 1807.

this occasion, a sufficient guard was not kept over the vault; for many of the country people got access; and a blacksmith in the neighbourhood extracted several of the Earl's teeth, which he sold for half-a-crown a-piece, and which, like other relics, multiplied exceedingly with the demand for them, some scores of teeth having been sold as genuine. Three years ago, in consequence of the accidental loosening of some of the stones, Mr. Grey was induced again to open and inspect the vault. On this occasion, no one was permitted to enter but the members of our own family, one of whom made the accompanying plan of the coffins as they are situated in the vault, the decorations,



and the inscriptions they bear. They are all of lead; the outer coffins having now decayed, with the exception of that of the last Earl, of which the sides, nails, and gilt ornaments are in tolerable preservation. The Earl's coffin was not reopened; but a square leaden box, which before appears to have been overlooked, was discovered, nearly buried in dust, below the coffin, in which, on part of the lid being opened, the heart, etc. were

found to have been deposited. It was removed to a safer position, and the entrance of the cemetery again sealed. Two low brick walls are built across the vault, to support the coffins and keep them from the earthy floor, in which bodies at one time must have been deposited, the *debris* bearing clearly the marks of "human mould." Adjoining the chapel is an ancient gateway, which led into the Fountain Court, facing the principal

DILSTON HALL GATEWAY.

entrance of the mansion. The initials F. R. (Francis Radcliffe) and J. R. (James Radcliffe), and the date 1616, are quite perfect.

The family of Derwentwater is of ancient and honorable descent. They are supposed to have had their origin from the Radclyffe's of the county of Lancaster, who for some ages bore the title of Earl of Sussex, and were highly distinguished in the state. But the earliest authentic record is derived from a genealogical chart copied from the Herald's Office, now in the

possession of the Antiquarian Society in Newcastle.* In it we find "Sir Edward Radclyffe of Cartington Tower, Northumberland, Lord of Dilston, Knight Banneret, jure uxoris—High Sherriff of Northumberland, 17th Henry VII. Knight of the Body to King Henry VIII." Sir Francis Radclyffe was the first of the family who was advanced to the dignity of the peerage. His wish was to have revived the title of Earl of Sussex, for in articles (of which a MS. copy still exists) dated May 1672, preliminary to a marriage between his son and Lady Charlotta, a daughter of Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland, the last article runs thus: "When the estate is thus settled, and the young people are married with years of consent, the king to confer the title of Earl of Sussex upon Sir Francis and his heirs male." The proposed match, however, did not take place. And previous to the marriage of Edward Radclyffe, son of Sir Francis, to Lady Mary Tudor, a daughter of Charles by Mrs. Davis, Mr. Lennard married another daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland, and the title of Earl of Sussex was conferred upon him. Sir Francis was therefore created Earl of Derwentwater the year after† his son's union with Lady Mary Tudor, which took place in August 1687, when the lady was scarcely fourteen years of age. The following is a copy of an original letter (in the office at Dilston) from Sir Francis to his second son—

* For a sight of this, and several valuable pamphlets, I am indebted to the kindness of John Adamson Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

† 4th March—seventh year of James II.

"Ffrank.—I am extreemly well satisfied with what you have don in order to his Maistie's command. I confess I thought myselfe obliged to use my utmost indeavours for the Ladie's conversion, or at least hir promiss of it before marriage, but seeing his Maiestie is of another mind, I doe most humbly acquiess, knowing that non is more tender in that point than his sacred Maiestie, whom Heaven preserve." (He gives the rental of his estates as 5033*l.*, to be settled upon the marriage) "according to my proposalls to his Maiestie." (Out of this he states) "My Sonne is to make choyse of 2000*l.* per ann. present mentenance, wher he pleaseth, onlie Dilston excepted." (From this sum the lady was to have 400*l.* a-year) "for cloaths, if desyrd."—[See Note 1, p. 608].

Francis, the first earl,* died 1697, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried at Dilston. He was succeeded in the earldom and estates by his son Edward, who had married Lady Mary Tudor. Edward died in 1705.

In 1706 his widow married a second husband, and he dying within the year, she was in 1707 led to the altar for the third time!

Earl Edward left three sons: James, "the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater;" Francis, who died unmarried; and Charles, who after a life of adventure, was beheaded in 1746. James, third Earl of Derwentwater, was born on the 28th June 1689, and succeeded to his father's extensive estates and immense wealth in his seventeenth year. He was educated at St. Germains, along with the Pretender; a circumstance that gave rise to an intimate friendship between them, and, cemented by his alliance with the blood-royal through his mother, issued in that attachment to the House of Stuart which induced him to take

* Sir Edward Radcliffe, father of Francis the first earl, was a distinguished loyalist; for which his estates were sequestrated by Parliament. Died December 1663.

part in the unhappy rebellion for which he suffered. After his return from abroad he resided chiefly at Dilston, in the exercise of almost princely hospitality: he was regarded with affectionate veneration by men of every rank, and was in the habit of visiting the cottages upon his estates, that his own eye might discover, and his own hand relieve, the wants and distresses of the poor. He is described to have been rather under the middle size, slender and active, with a countenance handsome, prepossessing, and indicative of a mild benignity of disposition.

The following extract from a letter, written soon after his return home, by Dr. Radcliffe, founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, gives attestation to this character.

"These, To Sir Wm. Swinburne at Capheaton.

My Lord Derwentwater, his brother, and Mr. Fenwick, are come safe from Holland and are very well—we shall drink your health together this night. My Lord intends to be with you very speedily in the country. I do not doubt but you will extremely like his conversation; for he has a great many extraordinary good qualities, and I do not doubt he will be as well beloved as his uncle."

A letter from Sir William Swinburne may also be added, as illustrative of his life at this period.

"To my Lady Swinburne at Capheaton—These.

Dear love! My Lord Derwentwater is very well pleased with Dilston, and says it answers all that he has heard of it; but he is resolved to build a new House, though Rodger Fenwick told him he thought his Lordship need not alter a stone of it. Upon thursday my Lord dines at Dilston. * * * My Lord's leg is a little troublesome, but he intends to hunt the Fox to-morrow, and it is the rule all to be abed at ten o'clock the night before. * * * My Lord killed a *squirl* (squirrel) and Sir Marmaduke a pheasant or two, and myself one, this morning."

In 1712 the Earl of Derwentwater married Anna Maria,

eldest daughter of Sir John Webb, of Canford in Dorsetshire, soon after which he wrote as follows:—

"To Lady Swinburne Junr. of Capheaton.

Katherope, July 13th, 1712.

Dear Cousen!—I was maried to my great content in every respect on thursday last. My dear wife, her father and mother charme me more and more every day. I could wish with all my heart you were a witness of my happiness, and that I had your opinion upon my choise, which if approav'd of by soe good a judge would double my pleasure, and augment the obligations ever due to your Ladyshippe from your humble and obedient servant

DARWENTWATER."

Two years later he writes thus:—

"For my Lady Swinburne. *May 6th,* 1714, *Katherope.*

Now I write with pleasure to your Ladyshippe, since I hope to be so happie as to injoy your good companie in a few months, I mean immediately after York races, for my two years will be out here the 10th July. Indeed, Sir John has behaved himself wonderfully well to us quite through the holl time, really performing in every thing more than I could have expected from a man of honnor, as indeed I had reason to believe him. My lady is not of so steady a temper, but however we agree very well, and she is mighty fond of my wife, which I take very kindly, since as yet we are but one. Never anybody could be so desirous to goe to the North as my wife is, espetially just comming from the divertions of London, except your Ladyshippe or myself who longs to be established there, that we may at least be out of the way of such inhuman proceedings as we saw this year in London. My poor dear Uncle's case may serve for one instance. After getting the better in all the courts, and that lastly the Lord Chancellor and 11 Judges had given there decree in favour of Will Constable and my Uncle, a factious party most young rakes have reversed the decree and given it for Roper, by a divition of 53 against 23 Torrys who were resolute enouf to appear in a good cause, being forsaken by there bretheren who were affeard to be called favourers of poperie. I long to hear what my Uncle will say to this newes, if he be well it will nettle him in spite of his resignation. Gibson writes me word they are at Douay, I do not know where to wish him, for I do not know how he is.* It is certaine my Uncle writes in another stille than usuall, for in letters of business he continually mentions the Almighty, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints. Brother Ffrank is recovered, but is the very same man. Brother Charles is mighty uneasy he is noe ritcher, tho' I doe what I can in helping him in his pleasures, etc. .

DARWENTWATER."

* The Uncle appears to have been disordered in his mind.

It was thought that Lord Derwentwater did not enter into the rebellion of 1715, so heartily as was expected, for he might doubtless have brought into the field a much greater force. His large estates, the great numbers of men employed in his lead mines on Alston Moor, his interest among the Catholic gentry, and above all, his popularity in the county, could not have failed to procure him many hundreds of followers had he been zealous in the cause. Patten,* the historian of the rebellion, who was his contemporary, says—"The sweetness of his temper and disposition, in which he had few equals, had so secured him the affection of all his tenants, neighbours, and dependants, that multitudes would have liv'd and dy'd with him; the truth is, he was a man formed by Nature to be generally beloved, for he was of so universal a benificence that he seem'd to live for others." It is generally known that the rebellion commenced in the eastern part of Scotland, about the end of August 1715, under the auspices of the Earl of Mar, the Marquis of Tullibardane, Lord Breadalbane, and others. Measures had also been concerted by the Pretender's friends in London, and by them communicated to the Catholic gentry in Northumberland who were friendly to the House of Stuart, and preparations were made to enable them to appear in arms upon the first warning. It was considered unsafe to employ the usual mode of carrying on so important a correspondence, and therefore there were (says Patten) several gentlemen from sundry

* Patten was chaplain to the rebel forces, and saved his own head by giving evidence against his officers.

parts of the kingdom, riding from place to place as travellers, pretending a curiosity to view the country, and thereby carrying intelligence, discoursing with persons, and settling and appointing their business. All these rid like gentlemen with servants, and were armed with swords and pistols, and they kept always moving till things ripened for action. Superstition even enlisted in their cause the services of the "*good folks*," who in those days busied themselves in the affairs of mortals. There is a story told in the neighbourhood connected with some old Roman altars at a village called Fourstones, near Hexham; one of these was denominated "The Fairy Stone," because the focus of this altar was formed into a square recess with a cover, to receive the correspondence of the rebel chiefs, and a little boy *clad in green*, came in the twilight every evening to receive the letters left in it for Lord Derwentwater, and deposit his answers, which were *spirited away* in the same manner by the agents of his friends.* The ministry of that day, knowing the Earl's powerful interest in Northumberland, were aware that his taking up arms against Government would be the signal for a large party to join him; they therefore issued a warrant for the apprehension of himself and his brother Charles; but the design being known at the Secretary of State's office, one of the clerks, from affection for his Lordship, communicated the secret to his friends in London, who immediately gave him warning of messengers having been despatched to secure his person. Lord Derwentwater was in consequence obliged to quit his home, and take

* Hodgson's History of Northumberland.

refuge in the cottage of a humble but faithful retainer of his family.* Desirous, however, of an interview with his wife and child, he stole secretly into his own residence, when Lady Derwentwater reproached him with some asperity, saying—"It was not fitting that the Earl of Derwentwater should continue to hide his head in hovels from the light of day, when the gentry were up in arms for the cause of their rightful sovereign;" moreover, so history saith, "she at the same time threw down her fan, indignantly exclaiming, 'take that, and give your sword to me!"' Her reproaches decided him at once to risk his fate with the rebels; and without waiting to muster a larger troop, he ordered every man and horse about the castle to be in immediate readiness —even the coach-horses were put in requisition for the occasion —and assembling his small company in the court-yard, he commanded them to draw their swords and follow him. At this juncture Mr. Forster, a Protestant gentleman of Northumberland who had been chosen General of the rebel forces, requested all who were well affected to the cause to muster their followers and meet him at a place called Greenrigg, on the 6th of October 1715. About twenty gentlemen had already repaired to the rendezvous, and then proceeded to the top of a hill called the Waterfalls, from whence they could reconnoitre the approach of either friend or foe; and presently they perceived the Earl of Derwentwater and his troop advancing to join them. When the whole party was assembled, it was found to consist of about sixty horse, most of whom were gentlemen, and their attendants.

* See Note 2, p. 609.

Amongst them was Charles Radcliffe, Lord Derwentwater's youngest brother, who was then in his twenty-second year; he was a youth of spirit and courage, bold and daring even to rashness, and appearing to set no value upon his life where honour might be won or service performed. This intrepidity rendered him a favourite with the rebel chiefs; and although he had never been in the army, induced the Earl to appoint him captain of his troop. The party proceeded northwards to the river Coquet, where they were joined by a number of friends, and then went on to Warkworth, a small town on the sea-coast, their numbers increasing on the way. Here Mr. Forster, in disguise, proclaimed the Pretender in the streets as King James III.—Warkworth being the first place in England where that ceremony was performed. On the 10th of October they came to Morpeth, where they were joined by sixty Scots horse, by which their number was increased to 300. The next attempt was to attack Newcastle, and Charles Radcliffe, by his brother's orders, seized the post at Felton Bridge without opposition, "for as yet nobody did oppose them." Their designs upon Newcastle were frustrated by the alacrity with which the inhabitants prepared to defend the town, and the rebels turned aside to Hexham—"an ancient town famous for its privileges and immunities, and its once stately but now ruined cathedral, formerly for many years a bishop's seat, of whom three were canonized."*

From this place they were led, few of them knowing whither,

* Patten.

to a large heath or moor adjoining Dilston, and there they halted, waiting for an opportunity to surprise Newcastle; but, as Patten observes, "Newcastle is not a place to be entered as an open village, but has an old and very strong stone wall about it, and very good gates." And upon this occasion the townspeople "*walled up the gates with stone and lime, very strong,*" in case of any attempt. But General Carpenter having arrived there in pursuit of the rebels, the insurgents again retired to Hexham, where they proclaimed the Pretender, nailing the proclamation to the Market-cross, where it was allowed to remain several days after they had left the town. General Carpenter continuing his pursuit, a council of war was held; Mr. Radcliffe proposing to commence an attack before the king's troops should recover from the fatigues of their march, but the other officers objected to it, because most of their men were raw and inexperienced, while those of General Carpenter were well disciplined—they therefore proceeded to join the Scots forces headed by Lords Kenmure, Nithsdale, Carnwath, and others, and together entered Scotland, where they were assured of a large body of adherents. On the horse arriving at Jedburgh, they learnt that General Carpenter had attacked their foot, who were considerably in the rear; this threw them into consternation, and Charles Radcliffe mounting his horse, called on "all those who had any courage," to mount and follow him. Some gallant spirits obeyed his voice, and galloped to the relief of their friends—the alarm proved false, so they returned, says Patten, "worse frighted than hurt." From Jedburgh they marched to

Hawick, and at a house belonging to the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Derwentwater, his brother, and other chiefs were hospitably entertained. Mr. Charles Radcliffe, who had hitherto had no opportunity of seeing the world, "fancied himself now upon his travels, and accordingly it was great part of his amusement to make observations on whatever he met with that deserved notice: at every town he came to, he inquired what were the most remarkable customs and curiosities of the place; what monuments of famous men or actions, or other noted pieces of antiquity were remaining among them; and whatever information he could get of this kind, he noted down in his book. Nor was he less curious in observing the various tempers and passions of men, as well in council as in the field, in action as in conversation. When any alarm was given that the king's forces were at hand, and ready to fall upon them, he was sure to take particular notice of the countenances of the officers about him, when they were ordered to head their corps and march against the enemy. Some of them he observed were covered with paleness, and looked as if the men were already half dead, while others he saw flushing with fire and fury, or settled into a composed sternness, these he always found to be the best soldiers in the time of battle."*

While lying at Hawick, the Highlanders who had joined the rebels became disaffected, refusing to march into England, and having separated from the rest of the army, they retired to a

* From a pamphlet entitled "Genuine and Impartial Memoirs," by one of the Radclyffe family published in 1746.

rising ground, and resting on their arms declared their determination not to stir a step further, but to fall back upon the west of Scotland and join the clans there, or to offer their assistance to the Earl of Mar, in attacking the Duke of Argyle's party. While this humour lasted, they would allow no one to speak to them but the Earl of Wintoun, who had worked upon their ignorance with the assurance that if they entered England they would assuredly be all cut in pieces, or sold as slaves. The English troops, on the contrary, were resolved to march into England. Lord Derwentwater and his brother alone took part with the Highlanders, being of opinion that they would be better able to serve the cause in which they were embarked by joining the army in Scotland, than by continuing their route to England, where it was uncertain what assistance they might obtain, many of their friends there being men of fortune, and having too large an interest at stake to embark in the affair without strong assurance of success. Lord Derwentwater conceived it the wiser policy to strike a bold stroke in Scotland, and endeavour to complete the conquest of that country, which would enable them to raise a powerful army and march upon England with an overwhelming force, possessing, at the same time, resources for supplies, and a place of retreat in case of any disaster. Whereas in England, should they be defeated, the cause would be ruined, having no means of retrieving the misfortune. The leaders having refused to listen to this prudent counsel, Charles Radcliffe begged for only an hundred horse, that with them he might take his fortune along with the Highlanders. This also

was refused, lest it should weaken their forces. At last, after many consultations, the Highlanders consented to remain with the army so long as it should remain in Scotland, but on no account to cross the Tweed. After moving for some time from place to place, the English leaders became impatient, and announced the receipt of letters from Lancashire, which they said contained assurances that upon appearing there they might command a reinforcement of 20,000 men. Whether they ever received such assurances is doubtful, but they urged the advantages of the measure with such vehemence as to bear down all opposition. Lord Derwentwater continued strongly to protest against it, as certain to end in their ruin, which the unfortunate event too fully proved.

The Highlanders having separated from them, the army proceeded by rapid marches into Lancashire, and after various adventures arrived at Preston on the 10th November, where a number of Papist gentlemen and their retainers joined the ranks. An alarm being given that the king's forces were about to attack the place, the rebels prepared for a resolute defence; they quitted the town, posting themselves in a lane which commanded the bridge of the Ribble, a place easily defended, for "the lane is indeed very deep, and so narrow that in several places two men cannot ride abreast. This is that famous lane at the end of which Oliver Cromwell met with a stout resistance from the king's forces, who from the height rolled down upon him and his men huge large stones, and if Oliver himself had not forced his horse to jump into a quicksand, he had luckily

ended his days there."* By some unfortunate oversight, the rebels abandoned this advantageous post, and took up their position in the churchyard at Preston, under the command of the Earl of Derwentwater, Charles Radcliffe, and some others. Both the brothers displayed great bravery, animating their men with words and example, and maintaining their ground with a resolution which obliged the king's troops to give way. The Earl is said to have stripped to his waistcoat, that he might be less encumbered in the fight, and to have given the soldiers money to induce them to cast up trenches and make a vigorous defence. "He ordered Mr. Patten to bring him constantly an account from all quarters how the attack went, and where succours were wanted, which Mr. Patten did till his horse was shot under him." But being encompassed on all sides, his bravery was of no avail, and he was obliged, with the rest of the rebel army, to submit to a capitulation. Mr. Charles Radcliffe, however, with his usual intrepidity, declared "he would rather die sword in hand, like a man of honour, than yield to be dragged like a felon to the gallows, there to be hanged like a dog."† After this defeat, many of the prisoners of inferior rank were shot; but the leaders were brought to London, the Earl of Derwentwater being committed to the Tower along with the other nobles, and Charles Radcliffe, and the rest of the gentry, to Newgate. Having lain in the Tower till the 9th of February 1716, Lord Derwentwater was carried to Westminster Hall for trial, and the articles of impeachment having been read,

* Patten's History of the Rebellion. † Memoir, 1746.

he pleaded guilty, and was allowed till the 19th to prepare his answer. In his defence he pleads his youth and inexperience, and declares that "he rashly, and without premeditation, engaged in the affair;"* that the truth of this was evinced by his having no preparation of "horses, arms, or other warlike accoutrements;" that he took the first opportunity of submitting to the king's mercy, and was solicitous to prevent any further destruction to his Majesty's subjects, but rather to induce them to submit; and concludes with relying on his Majesty's clemency and goodness, which will lay him under the highest obligations of duty and affection to his Majesty. In spite of these arguments, however, he was condemned to suffer death in its most horrible form, with all the aggravated tortures which the cruel temper of the times permitted. His sentence was afterwards mitigated, and orders were issued that he should be beheaded and his body given up to his friends.

Great interest was made with the Court and both Houses of Parliament on behalf of the Earl. His Countess, attended by her sister the Duchess of Cleveland, and several other ladies of rank, were, by the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans, introduced into the king's bed-chamber, where she implored his clemency for her unfortunate husband. His Majesty's reply having been unfavourable, she went on the 21st into the lobby of the House of Lords to beg their intercession, but here also her petition was disregarded. The next day she went to Westminster with a numerous attendance, to petition both Houses of

* Proceedings in Parliament, published by order of the House of Peers, 1716.

Parliament. The Duke of Richmond, a near relative of the Earl, consented to present her petition, yet voted against it. The House appeared inclined to shew clemency, but decided to leave the case to his Majesty, which at once determined the fate of this unfortunate nobleman; for so resolute was the king in his intention of making an example of the leaders in this rebellion, that those who ventured to speak in their favour drew down upon themselves his marked displeasure. The same evening orders were given for the execution on the following morning. At daybreak on the 23d of February, several detachments of guards were stationed on Tower Hill; and at ten o'clock Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure were conveyed in a hackney-coach from the Tower to the Transport-office on Tower Hill, where a room hung with black was prepared for them; from this room a railed gallery, clothed with the same mournful drapery, led to the scaffold. Lord Derwentwater was first conducted to the fatal spot. He was observed to look pale, but his behaviour was resolute and serious. He requested to be allowed to read a paper he had drawn up, which was granted. This address is not in accordance with his former declaration at his trial, for in it he asserts—"I never owned any other than king James the Third for my lawful sovereign, having had an inclination to serve him from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy; and though he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereto

bound by the laws of God and man."* After reading the paper from which the above is an extract, he turned to the block, and examining it closely, he found a rough place, which he desired the executioner to chip off, "lest it might offend his neck;" he then fitted his head to the block, telling the executioner that upon his repeating for the third time the sentence, "Lord Jesu receive my spirit," he was to perform his office, which was done by severing the head from the body at one stroke. The evening before his death, Lord Derwentwater sent for Mr. Rome, an undertaker, to speak to him about his funeral, and requested that a silver plate might be put upon his coffin, with an inscription importing that "he died a sacrifice to his lawful sovereign;" but Mr. Rome scrupling to comply with this, he was dismissed. This was the reason no hearse was provided for his body at his execution; his head was merely taken up by one of his servants and put into a clean handkerchief, and the body being wrapped in black cloth, they were both conveyed to the Tower. The remains were subsequently said to have been buried at St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, London; whether a sham funeral took place, or they were afterwards disinterred, is not known; but it is certain that they were carried into Northumberland, and deposited in the family vault at Dilston. During her lord's imprisonment, Lady Derwentwater rented the house at Dagnam Park near Romford, and not far from Thorndon, Lord Petre's residence. The chapel was fitted up with oak in the Catholic style, and in it Lord Derwentwater's body rested till it could be

* Proceedings in Parliament against James Earl of Derwentwater, 1716.

conveyed to Dilston; and a story was propagated that his ghost walked in the adjoining gallery. There was, some years ago, in the almshouse at Ingatestone (founded by Lord Petre's family), an old woman, who had frequently heard from her mother (what indeed was otherwise known) that she assisted in sewing on the head.* At Thorndon there is an oaken chest, with an inscription in brass engraved by Lady Derwentwater's orders, containing Lord Derwentwater's dress which he wore on the scaffold—coat, waistcoat, and breeches of black velvet; stockings that rolled over the knee; a wig of very fair hair, that fell down on each side of the breast; a part of his shirt, the neck having been cut away; the black serge that covered the scaffold; and also a piece which covered the block, stiff with blood, and with the marks of the cut of the axe in it.

The impression made by Lord Derwentwater's fate, was deep and painful in proportion as his early promise had been great, and the apparent cruelty of his execution led to his being esteemed in the light of a martyr; handkerchiefs steeped in his blood were preserved as sacred relics; and when the mansion-house was demolished amid the regrets of the neighbourhood, there was great difficulty in obtaining hands to assist in a work of destruction which was considered almost sacrilegious. The ignorant peasantry too were not slow to receive the superstitious stories that were propagated, and often has the wandering rustic beside the winter's hearth listened to the fearful tale—of how the

* This does not agree with the account of the head having been found detached, but is given on the authority of a letter from Mr. Howard of Cowley Castle.—*Surtees' History of Durham.*

spouts of Dilston Hall ran blood; and the very corn which was in the act of being ground, came from the mill tinged with a sanguine hue on the day the Earl was beheaded. The Aurora Borealis was observed to flash with unwonted brilliancy on that fatal night—an omen, it was said, of heaven's wrath; and to this day many of the country people know that meteor only by the name of "Lord Derwentwater's lights."

At the time the Earl joined the rebels, he sent all the family title-deeds to the same cottage which had afforded him a place of refuge [see Note 2, p. 609.] Here they remained hid under a bed till removed to Sir William Swinburne's at Capheaton, where they were concealed between two walls behind a chimney. A slater in the neighbourhood, who was a rigid Presbyterian, when engaged in some repairs, discovered the place of concealment, and saw the chests with the Derwentwater arms upon them. He gave information to Sir William Middleton, who in 1745, being deputy for the Duke of Somerset when he searched Capheaton for arms, was observed to measure particularly the space between the windows, both externally and internally, and on discovering the spot described in the information, he caused the wall to be broken into, and found the records deposited there. These were seized and carried to London, and are now at Greenwich Hospital. Prior to this, Government lost some trials, in consequence of not being able to produce all the title-deeds. Lord Derwentwater's only son died in France, at the age of nineteen, *it is said,* in consequence of his horse having taken fright and dashed through a doorway with him, by which he was so much

injured as to cause his death. His daughter Anna Maria, born in 1716, after her father's death married Lord Petre—1732. Lady Derwentwater died of small-pox at the age of thirty, and was buried at Louvaine. The fate of Charles Radcliffe, though protracted to a later period, was no less disastrous than that of his brother. He was arraigned at Westminster for high treason, May the 8th, 1716, to which he pleaded not guilty; but having little to say in his own defence he was found guilty. A few days after he (with eleven other rebel chiefs) was taken to Westminster to have sentence of death passed upon them. On the way thither, when the coach which conveyed Mr. Radcliffe was going along Fleet Street, his Majesty George I. happened to be passing with his retinue, on his route to Hanover for the first time since his accession to the throne. "This obliged Mr. Radcliffe's coach to stop, which happening opposite a distiller's shop (the third door on the right hand towards Temple Bar), he called for half-a-pint of aniseed, which he and his fellow prisoner drank, and then proceeded to Westminster, where sentence of death was pronounced upon them." He was several times respited, and might in the end have been pardoned; but fearing to trust to so uncertain an event, he determined to effect his escape, in which he with several others at length succeeded. On the day appointed for the purpose, the rebel chiefs gave a grand entertainment to their friends in a room called the Castle, situated at the upper part of the prison. Mr. Radcliffe was dressed in a suit of black, and when the party were in the height of their merriment, observing a

little door in the corner of the room open, he went out followed by thirteen of the rebels—the passage from this door led to the debtors' side, where the turnkey, ignorant of their persons, and supposing them to be strangers who had come to visit the prisoners, let them out. Having got clear of Newgate, he escaped to France in a packet-boat, and lived there in a state of great indigence, till the Pretender being obliged to quit the French dominions, Mr. Radcliffe followed him, and subsisted on a pension allowed him by that prince. After remaining with the Pretender for some time, he returned to Paris, where, in 1724, he married Lady Charlotte Mary Livingstone, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, widow of Thomas Clifford, Esq. son of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. In 1733 he visited England, and resided publicly in Pall-Mall; but so long as he gave no disturbance to Government, it was not thought expedient to molest him. In 1735 he again came to England, and endeavoured, though without success, to obtain a pardon. At last in 1745, when the rebellion was revived in Scotland, this restless and ardent spirit was again roused to action, and with his son, accompanied by several Scotch and Irish officers, embarked for Scotland on board the Esperance privateer. They were pursued by a man-of-war and taken, and the prisoners lodged in the Tower. His son, when captured, was supposed to be the youngest son of the Pretender; but the mistake being discovered, he was sent to France in exchange; for having been born in France, he could not be considered a traitor to the king of England. On the 20th of November 1745, Charles

Radcliffe was again carried under a strong guard to Westminster, to be arraigned under the former charge of high treason. On this occasion he endeavoured to perplex the Court as to his identity, contending that he was not Charles Radcliffe, but Count de Derwentwater, a subject of the French King. The trial was therefore deferred till witnesses could be procured who could swear to his person. One ——, "close shaver" to Newgate, deposed to having operated on the individual before him as Charles Radcliffe, at the time he shaved the prisoners taken at the battle of Preston. Three witnesses were also brought from Northumberland, who had not seen him for thirty years; one of these had been his schoolfellow at Corbridge, a village near Dilston. These persons recognised him by a scar on his face, the effect of a wound he had received when a boy, playing in a blacksmith's shop at Dilston, and watching the forging of a horse's shoe, a piece of iron flew off and struck his face. Tradition says, that not one of the three persons who thus received the "price of blood," died a natural death; one of them fell off his horse, dead, on the road near Dilston, not far from the spot where his unlucky companion received the fatal *mark*. On the 8th of December 1745, thirty years after his first sentence, and at the age of fifty-three, Charles Radcliffe [see Note 3, p. 610] was executed on Tower Hill. He came upon the scaffold dressed in a scarlet suit, faced with black velvet; gold laced waistcoat, scarlet breeches, white silk stockings, and a white feather round his hat. "He conducted himself," says Chambers, "throughout the dreadful scene with a manly courage and proud bearing,

which seemed to indicate that he held the malice of his enemies and the stroke of death in equal scorn." After his execution his body was conveyed to the Nag's Head, Grays-Inn Lane, from whence it was removed in the dead of night, to a house in Red-Lion Square, and afterwards to St. Giles'-in-the-Fields; and notwithstanding the secresy with which the funeral was conducted, a mob was collected, who rose to oppose his burial on account of his being a Roman Catholic.

The Derwentwater estates were confiscated to Government after the execution of James in 1716, and were held by trustees until 1735, when they were conferred upon that noble and truly national institution, the Royal Hospital for Seamen, at Greenwich.

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My fathers' ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each kindly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear;
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,
I'll rove in autumn gray;
No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day;—
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington.
And Foster ever true—
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu!

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my Lady dear,
Ill, ill thou councill'dst me;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee!

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
Last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease;
My trouble's nearly o'er;
Yon sun that rises from the sea,
Shall rise on me no more!

Albeit that here, in London Tower,
It is my fate to die,—
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie.
There chant my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale,
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My fathers' ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

[Note 1.]

The following letters, though not immediately connected with this *history*, are curious documents in their way. They are copied from the originals in the office at Dilston, and in the *original spelling*. They were both addressed to the "Sir Francis" in the text, afterwards first earl. *Spindlestone* (the steward of which place writes one of the letters) is a large estate, still part of the Derwentwater property, near Bamborough. It is the *seat* of the famous "Laidley Worm."

"To the Honourable Sr. Ffrancis Radclyffe, Baronet, at Dilston p. Newcastle in Northumberland, these humbly present.

Aprill the 8th, 1682.

I have no newes to present your Honour with, but that, to wellcome home his Majesty and his Royal Highness'.* Jack Presbyter was trust up like a jack—but with great formallity, in Drury Lane, near the place where I now live. He was mounted at the Toppe of a Pyramid made of ffaggotts, standing in a Tubb, with Treason on one arm, Rebellion on the other, and Anarchy on his breast; a pretty litle plain presbiterian band was about his neck, which was no sooner fyr'd, than a shout was given that one might have heard from Dilston to Bywell—great rejoycing appears in every street for their return, and the more because of the Duke's being come who has been so long absent; the Queen came yesternight, the Morocco Embassador on thursday. I must mention him, for he is admired next to the Royall family. I saw Mr. Swann to-day, and he hopes that when ever any of your Sonnes come to Towne, they will doe him the honour to lodge with him; the truth is, his lodgings are very genteel, and in a good ayry place; but on the borders of Whigg land, near So hoe in the land of promise. I have the no more to write but that I am your Honour's most obedient servant, JOSH. BOWDES."

"The verses I made of His R Highnesse return are printed, but I coud not gett one of them to night. In Common garden there was the Rump burnt with the same formallity as before."

"Ffor Sr Francis Radcliffe, Bart, These at Dilston.

May it please yr Honr. *Spindleston, 11th of Janry* 1683—4.

I humbly take the boldnesse to send these few lynes unto you, which are to lett yr honr know how all things are hear. This longe & sad storme, which hath continued these 40 dayes, that we have not seen the Ground, & ye greatest part of the tyme a very deep snow, that we were forst to feed all

* Charles II. and James Duke of York, afterwards James II.

yo^r^ sheep with hay both old & yonge, blessed be the Lord they are very well yett & the beass alsoe, this daye it doth make an offer as if it would be fresh wether. Sir, I doe humbly desyre to know yo^r^ pleasure concerninge the servants yo^r^ sheepherds & others, whether yo^r^ honour intends to change any of them, Candlemass drawes nye at wch time they will ecspect to know wht they must trust too. As to their honesty I must declare my conssious I canot tax any of them, and most of them lived upon the ground when George Ffran lived hear, & are his ffriends and relations. Hon^d^ S^r^, I make bold to acquaint you with a litle Scotts newes, which is this, My Lord Hume hath been at London for some season, in his absience this Chrissmas, his Lady sent for some Gentle men y^t^ were her friends and neigbours to bear her company thess Chrissmas hollydays, amongst the rest the Leard of Nyncholes and y^e^ Leard of Hilton, on Saint Steephens day at night they fell to Cards, with y^e^ Lord Hume's brother, who is Shereife of the Merse, one of the Leards won all the Shereife's monie, w^h^ made him angry. Some reflecting words did pass amongst them at that tyme. At last they went all to their 3 sev'll Chambers. Hilton beinge in his bed the Shereife ranne up a pair of back stayrs, with a Candle in one hand, & his sword drawn in the other, & came into Hilton's Chamber & bid him rise and give him sattissfaction, Hilton ariseinge to gett up, Hume runn him throw y^e^ body in his bed, and gave him 7 wounds more. Nynehole's Chamber being by, hearing y^e^ trussle (& Hilton cryinge murder) came to see what was y^e^ matter. Hume meets him att y^e^ door, runn him throw alsoe, & gave him 11 wounds, he dyed pressently, y^e^ other is yett alive. Hume ranne downe stayres and meets one of theer serv^ts^, and gave him 4 wounds & then fled, his man holdynge his horses all this tyme at y^e^ gate, he was at Egbinggaen 3 days after, be pleasd to excuse my boldnesse and tedeouseness, with my humble servise to yo^r^ hon^r^. I humbly subsscribe myselfe Hon^rd^. Sir, Y^e^ Humble Serv. HUMP. HUGHES."

[NOTE 2.]

Copy of a letter from James Earl of Derwentwater, whilst in hiding in a cottage near Dilston:—

"Mr. Hunter, *Dilston, August 27th*, 1715.

As I know nobody is more ready to serve a friend than yourself, I desire the favour you will keep my grey horse. I believe they will be troublesome, for it is say'd the D' of Ormond is gone from his house. God send us peace and good naborhood (blessings unknown since I was born). Pray ride my horse about the fields, or any where you think he will not be known, and you will oblige,

Sir, your humble serv. DARWENTWATER."

[Note 3.]

The following is a copy of a letter written from the Tower the night before his execution, by Charles Radcliffe; who, whilst in prison, openly assumed the title of Earl of Derwentwater:—

"*From the Tower, the 7th Dec.* 1746.

The best of friends takes his leave of you, he has made his will; he is resigned. To-morrow is the day—love his memory—let his friends join with you in prayer—'t is no misfortune to die prepared—let's love our enemies and pray for them. Let my sons be men like me—let my daughters be virtuous women like you. My blessing to them all—my kind love to Fanny, that other tender mother of my dear children.

Adieu, dear Friend,

DERWENTWATER."

The eldest son of Charles Radcliffe became Earl of Newburgh on the death of his mother.

DILSTON HALL CHAPEL.

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